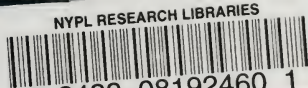


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❖ A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States

In the Years 1853-1854

With Remarks on Their Economy

By

Frederick Law Olmsted

[Originally Issued in 1856]

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Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr.

And

With an Introduction by

William P. Trent

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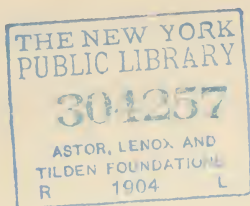
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THE SEABOARD SLAVE STATES

CHAPTER I

SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA

PASSING through long stretches of cypress swamps, with occasional intervals of either pine-barrens, or clear water ponds, in about two hours we came, in the midst of the woods, to the end of the rails. In the vicinity could be seen a small tent, a shanty of loose boards, and a large, subdued fire, around which, upon the ground, there were a considerable number of men, stretched out asleep. This was the camp of the hands engaged in laying the rails, and who were thus daily extending the distance which the locomotive could run.

The conductor told me that there was here a break of about eighty miles in the rail, over which I should be transferred by a stage coach, which would come as soon as possible after the driver knew that the train had arrived. To inform him of this, the locomotive screamed loud and long.

The negro property, which had been brought up in a

freight car, was immediately let out on the stoppage of the train. As it stepped on to the platform, its owner asked, "Are you all here?"

"Yes, massa, we is all heah," answered one; "Do dysef no harm, for we 's all heah," added another, quoting Saint Peter, in an undertone.

The negroes immediately gathered some wood, and, taking a brand from the railroad hands, made a fire for themselves; then, all but the woman, opening their bundles, wrapped themselves in their blankets and went to sleep. The woman, bare-headed, and very inadequately clothed as she was, stood for a long time alone, perfectly still, erect and statue-like, with her head bowed, gazing in the fire. She had taken no part in the light chat of the others, and had given them no assistance in making the fire. Her dress, too, was not the usual plantation apparel. It was all sadly suggestive.

The principal other freight of the train was one hundred and twenty bales of Northern hay. It belonged, as the conductor told me, to a planter who lived some twenty miles beyond here, and who had bought it in Wilmington at a dollar and a half a hundred weight, to feed to his mules. Including the steamboat and railroad freight, and all the labor of getting it to his stables, its entire cost to him would not be much less than two dollars a hundred. This would be at least four times as much as it would have cost to raise and make it in the interior of New York or New England. Now, there are not only several forage crops which can

be raised in South Carolina, that cannot be grown on account of the severity of the winter in the free States, but, on a farm near Fayetteville, a few days before, I had seen a crop of natural grass growing in half-cultivated land, dead upon the ground ; which, I think, would have made, if it had been cut and well treated in the summer, three tons of hay to the acre. The owner of the land said that there was no better hay than it would have made, but he had n't had time to attend to it. He had as much as his hands could do of other work at the period of the year when it should have been made.

Probably the case was similar with the planter who had bought this Northern hay at a price four times that which it would have cost a Northern farmer to make it. He had preferred to employ his slaves at other business.

The inference must be either that there was most improbably-foolish, bad management, or that the slaves were more profitably employed in cultivating cotton, than they could have been in cultivating maize, or other forage crops.

I put the case, some days afterwards, to an English merchant, who had had good opportunities, and made it a part of his business, to study such matters.

"I have no doubt," said he, "that, if hay cannot be obtained here, other valuable forage can, with less labor than anywhere at the North ; and all the Southern agricultural journals sustain this opinion, and declare it to be purely bad management that neglects

these crops, and devotes labor to cotton, so exclusively. Probably, it is so—at the present cost of forage. Nevertheless, the fact is also true, as the planters assert, that they cannot afford to apply their labor to anything else but cotton. And yet, they complain that the price of cotton is so low, that there is no profit in growing it; which is evidently false. You see that they prefer buying hay, to raising it, at, to say the least, three times what it costs your Northern farmers to raise it. Of course, if cotton could be grown in New York and Ohio, it could be afforded at one-third the cost it is here—say at three cents per pound. And that is my solution of the Slavery question. Bring cotton down to three cents a pound, and there would be more abolitionists in South Carolina than in Massachusetts. If that can be brought about, in any way—and it is not impossible that we may live to see it, as our railways are extended in India, and the French enlarge their free-labor plantations in Algiers—there will be an end of Slavery.”

It was just one o'clock when the stage-coach came for us. There was but one passenger beside myself—a Philadelphia gentleman, going to Columbia. We proceeded very slowly for about three miles, across a swamp, upon a “corduroy road;” then more rapidly, over rough ground, being tossed about in the coach most severely, for six or eight miles farther. Besides the driver, there was on the box the agent or superintendent of the coach line, who now opened the doors, and we found ourselves before a log stable, in the midst of

a forest of large pines. The driver took out a horse, and, mounting him, rode off, and we collected wood, splitting it with a hatchet that was carried on the coach, and, lighting it from the coach lamp, made a fire. It was very cold, ice half an inch thick, and a heavy hoar frost. We complained to the agent that there was no straw in the coach bottom, while there were large holes bored in it, that kept our feet excessively cold. He said that there was no straw to be had in the country. They were obliged to bed their horses with pine leaves, which were damp, and would be of no service to us. The necessity for the holes he did not immediately explain, and we, in the exercise of our Yankee privilege, resolved that they were made with reference to the habit of expectoration, which we had observed in the car to be very general and excessive.

In about half an hour the driver of the new stage came to us on the horse that the first had ridden away. A new set of horses was brought out, and attached to the coach, and we were driven on again. An hour later, the sun rose; we were still in pine-barrens, once in several miles passing through a clearing, with a log farm-house, and a few negro huts about it; often through cypress swamps, and long pools of water. At the end of ten miles we breakfasted, and changed horses and drivers at a steam saw-mill. A few miles farther on, we were asked to get on the top of the coach, while it was driven through a swamp, in which the water was over the road, for a quarter of a mile, to such a depth that it covered the foot-board. The

horses really groaned, as they pushed the thin ice away with their necks, and were very near swimming. The holes in the coach bottom, the agent now told us, were to allow the water that would here enter the body to flow out. At the end of these ten miles we changed again, at a cotton planter's house—a very neat, well-built house, having pine trees about it, but very poor, old, negro quarters.

Since the long ford we had kept the top, the inside of the coach being wet, and I had been greatly pleased with the driving—the coachman, a steady, reliable sort of fellow, saying but little to his horses, and doing what swearing he thought necessary in English; driving, too, with great judgment and skill. The coach was a fine, roomy, old-fashioned, fragrant, leathery affair, and the horses the best I had seen this side of Virginia. I could not resist expressing my pleasure with the whole establishment. The new team was admirable; four sleek, well-governed, eager, sorrel cobs, and the driver, a staid, bronzed-faced man, keeping them tight in hand, drove quietly and neatly, his whip in the socket. After about fifteen minutes, during which he had been engaged in hushing down their too great impetuosity, he took out a large silver hunting-watch, and asked what time it was.

“Quarter past eleven,” said the agent.

“Twelve minutes past,” said the Philadelphian.

“Well, fourteen, only, I am,” said the agent.

“Thirteen,” said I.

“Just thirteen, I am,” said the driver, slipping back

his watch to its place, and then, to the agent, "ha'an't touched a hand of her since I left old Lancaster."

Suddenly guessing the meaning of what had been for some time astonishing me—"You are from the North?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And you, too, Mr. Agent?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the coach, and the cattle, and all?"

"All from Pennsylvania."

"How long have you been here?"

"We have been here about a fortnight, stocking the road. We commenced regular trips yesterday. You are the first passenger through, sir."

It was, in fact, merely a transfer from one of the old National Road lines, complete. After a little further conversation, I asked, "How do you like the country, here?"

"Very nice country," said the agent.

"Rather poor soil, I should say."

"It's the cussedest poor country God ever created," snapped out the driver.

"You have to keep your horses on——"

"*Shucks!* damn it."

The character of the scenery was novel to me, the surface very flat, the soil a fine-grained, silvery white sand, shaded by a continuous forest of large pines, which had shed their lower branches, so that we could see from the coach-top, to the distance of a quarter of a mile, everything upon the ground. In the swamps,

which were frequent and extensive, and on their borders, the pines gave place to cypresses, with great pedestal trunks, and protuberant roots, throwing up an awkward dwarf progeny of shrub cypress, and curious bulbous-like stumps, called "cypress-knees." Mingled with these were a few of our common deciduous trees, the white-shafted sycamore, the gray beech, and the shrubby black-jack oak, with broad leaves, brown and dead, yet glossy, and reflecting the sunbeams. Somewhat rarely, the red cedar, and, more frequently than any other except the cypress, the beautiful holly. Added to these, there was often a thick undergrowth of evergreen shrubs. Vines and creepers of various kinds grew to the tops of the tallest trees, and dangled beneath and between their branches, in intricate network. The *Tillandsia* hung in festoons, sometimes several feet in length, and often completely clothed the trunks, and every branch of the trees in the low ground. It is like a fringe of tangled hair, of a light gray pearly color, and sometimes produces exquisite effects when slightly veiling the dark green, purple and scarlet of the cedar, and the holly with their berries. The mistletoe also grew in large, vivid, green tufts, on the ends of the branches of the oldest and largest trees. A small, fine and wiry, dead grass, hardly perceptible, even in the most open ground, from the coach-top, was the only sign of herbage. Large black buzzards were constantly in sight, sailing slowly, high above the tree-tops. Flocks of larks, quails, and robins were common, as were also doves, swiftly flying in small

companies. The red-headed woodpecker could at any time be heard hammering the old tree-trunks, and would sometimes show himself, after his rat-tat, cocking his head archly, and listening to hear if the worm moved under the bark. The drivers told me that they had, on previous days, as they went over the road, seen deer, turkeys, and wild hogs.

At every tenth mile, or thereabout, we changed horses ; and, generally, were allowed half an hour, to stroll in the neighborhood of the stable—the agent observing that we could reach the end of the staging some hours before the cars should leave to take us farther ; and, as there were no good accommodations for sleeping there, we would pass the time quite as pleasantly on the road. We dined at “ Marion County House,” a pleasant little village (and the only village we saw during the day), with a fine pine-grove, a broad street, a court-house, a church or two, a school-house, and a dozen or twenty dwellings. Towards night, we crossed the Great Pedee of the maps, the *Big* Pedee of the natives, in a flat-boat. A large quantity of cotton, in bales, was upon the bank, ready for loading into a steamboat—when one should arrive—for Charleston.

The country was very thinly peopled ; lone houses often being several miles apart. The large majority of the dwellings were of logs, and even those of the white people were often without glass windows. In the better class of cabins, the roof is usually built with a curve, so as to project eight or ten feet beyond the log-wall ; and a part of this space, exterior to the logs, is inclosed

with boards, making an additional small room—the remainder forms an open porch. The whole cabin is often elevated on four corner-posts, two or three feet from the ground, so that the air may circulate under it. The fire-place is built at the end of the house, of sticks and clay, and the chimney is carried up outside, and often detached from the log-walls ; but the roof is extended at the gable, until in a line with its outer side. The porch has a railing in front, and a wide shelf at the end, on which a bucket of water, a gourd, and hand-basin, are usually placed. There are chairs, or benches, in the porch, and you often see women sitting at work in it, as in Germany.

The logs are usually hewn but little ; and, of course, as they are laid up, there will be wide interstices between them—which are increased by subsequent shrinking. These, very commonly, are not “chinked,” or filled up in any way ; nor is the wall lined on the inside. Through the chinks, as you pass along the road, you may often see all that is going on in the house ; and, at night, the light of the fire shines brightly out on all sides.

Cabins, of this class, would almost always be flanked by two or three negro-huts. The cabins of the poorest class of whites were of a meaner sort—being mere square pens of logs, roofed over, provided with a chimney, and usually with a shed of boards, supported by rough posts, before the door.

Occasionally, where the silvery sand was darkened by a considerable intermixture of mould, there would

be a large plantation, with negro-quarters, and a cotton-press and gin-house. We passed half a dozen of these, perhaps, during the day. Where the owners resided in them, they would have comfortable-looking residences, not unlike the better class of New England farm-houses. On the largest one, however, there was no residence for the owner, at all, only a small cottage, or whitewashed cabin, for the overseer. It was a very large plantation, and all the buildings were substantial and commodious, except the negro-cabins, which were the smallest I had seen—I thought not more than twelve feet square, interiorly. They stood in two rows, with a wide street between them. They were built of logs, with no windows—no opening at all, except the doorway, with a chimney of sticks and mud; with no trees about them, no porches, or shades, of any kind. Except for the chimney—the purpose of which I should not readily have guessed—if I had seen one of them in New England, I should have conjectured that it had been built for a powder-house, or perhaps an ice-house—never for an animal to sleep in.

We stopped, for some time, on this plantation, near where some thirty men and women were at work, repairing the road. The women were in majority, and were engaged at exactly the same labor as the men; driving the carts, loading them with dirt, and dumping them upon the road; cutting down trees, and drawing wood by hand, to lay across the miry places; hoeing, and shovelling.

They were dressed in coarse gray gowns, generally

very much burned, and very dirty ; which, for greater convenience of working in the mud, were reefed up with a cord drawn tightly around the body, a little above the hips—the spare amount of skirt bagging out between this and the waist-proper. On their legs were loose leggins, or pieces of blanket or bagging wrapped about, and lashed with thongs ; and they wore very heavy shoes. Most of them had handkerchiefs, only, tied around their heads, some wore men's caps, or old slouched hats, and several were bare-headed.

The overseer rode about among them, on a horse, carrying in his hand a raw-hide whip, constantly directing and encouraging them ; but, as my companion and I, both, several times noticed, as often as he visited one end of the line of operations, the hands at the other end would discontinue their labor, until he turned to ride towards them again. Clumsy, awkward, gross, elephantine in all their movements ; pouting, grinning, and leering at us ; sly, sensual, and shameless, in all their expressions and demeanor ; I never before had witnessed, I thought, anything more revolting than the whole scene.

At length, the overseer dismounted from his horse, and, giving him to a boy to take to the stables, got upon the coach, and rode with us several miles. From the conversation I had with him, as well as from what I saw of his conduct in the field, I judged that he was an uncommonly fit man for his duties ; at least ordinarily amiable in disposition, and not passionate ; but deliberate, watchful, and efficient. I thought he would be

not only a good economist, but a firm and considerate officer or master.

If these women, and their children after them, were always naturally and necessarily to remain of the character and capacity stamped on their faces—as is probably the opinion of their owner, in common with most wealthy South Carolina planters—I don't know that they could be much less miserably situated, or guided more for their own good and that of the world, than they were. They were fat enough, and did n't look as if they were at all overworked, or harassed by cares, or oppressed by a consciousness of their degradation. If that is all—as some think.

Afterwards, while we were changing at a house near a crossing of roads, strolling off in the woods for a short distance, I came upon two small white-topped wagons, each with a pair of horses feeding at its pole ; near them was a dull camp-fire, with a bake-kettle and coffee-pot, some blankets and a chest upon the ground ; and an old negro, sitting with his head bowed down over a meal sack, while a negro boy was combing his wool with a common horse-card. “ Good evening, uncle,” said I, approaching them. “ Good evening, sar,” he answered, without looking up.

“ Where are you going ? ”

“ Well, we ain't goin' nowar, master ; we 's peddlin' tobacco roun'.”

“ Oh! peddling tobacco. Where did you come from ? ”

“ From Rockingham County, Norf Car'lina, master.”

"How long have you been coming from there?"

"'T will be seven weeks, to-morrow, sar, since we left home."

"Have you most sold out?"

"We had a hundred and seventy-five boxes in both wagons, and we 's sold all but sixty. Want to buy some tobacco, master?" (Looking up.)

"No, thank you; I am only waiting here, while the coach changes. How much tobacco is there in a box?"

"Seventy-five pound."

"Are these the boxes?"

"No, them is our provision boxes, master. Show de gemman some of der tobacco, dah." (To the boy.)

A couple of negroes here passed along near us; the old man hailed them:

"Ho dah, boys! Doan you want to buy some backey?"

"No." (Decidedly.)

"Well, I 'm sorry for it." (Reproachfully.)

"Are you bound homeward, now?" I asked.


"No, massa; wish me was; got to sell all our to-backey fuss; you don't want none, master, does you? Doan you tink it pretty fair tobacco, sar, just try it: it 's right sweet, reckon you 'll find."

"I don't wish any, thank you; I never use it. Is your master with you?"

"No, sar; he 's gone across to Marion, to-day."

"Do you like to be travelling about, in this way?"

"Yes, master; I likes it very well."



“ Better than staying at home, eh ? ”

“ Well, I likes my country better dan dis ; must say dat, master, likes my country better dan dis. I ’se a free nigger in my country, master.”

“ Oh, you are a free man, are you ! North Carolina is a better country than this, for free men, I suppose.”

“ Yes, master, I likes my country de best ; I gets five dollar a month for dat boy.” (Hastily, to change the subject.)

“ He is your son, is he ? ”

“ Yes, sar ; he drives dat wagon, I drives dis ; and I haant seen him fore, master, for six weeks, till dis mornin’.”

“ How were you separated ? ”

“ We separated six weeks ago, sar, and we agreed to meet here, last night. We didn’, dough, till dis mornin’.”

The old man’s tone softened, and he regarded his son with earnestness.

“ ’Pears dough, we was bofe heah, last night ; but I could n’t find dem till dis mornin’. Dis mornin’ some niggars tole me dar war a nigger camped off yander in de wood ; and I knew ’t was him, and I went an’ found him right off.”

“ And what wages do you get for yourself ? ”

“ Ten dollars a month, master.”

“ That ’s pretty good wages.”

“ Yes, master, any nigger can get good wages if he ’s a mind to be industrious, no matter wedder he ’s slave or free.”

“So you don’t like this country as well as North Carolina?”

“No, master. Fac is, master, ’pears like wite folks doan ginerally like niggars in dis country; day doan’ ginerally talk so to niggars like as do in my country; de niggars ain’t so happy heah; ’pears like de wite folks was kind o’ different, somehow. I doan’ like dis country so well; my country suits me very well.”

“Well, I ’ve been thinking, myself, the niggers did not look so well here as they did in North Carolina and Virginia; they are not so well clothed, and they don’t appear so bright as they do there.”

“Well, massa, Sundays dey is mighty well clothed, dis country; ’pears like dere an’t nobody looks better Sundays dan dey do. But Lord! workin’ days, seems like dey haden no close dey could keep on ’um at all, master. Dey is a’mos’ naked, wen deys at work, some on ’em. Why, master, up in our country, de wite folks, why, some on ’em has ten or twelve niggars; dey doan’ hev no real big plantation, like dey has heah, but some on ’em has ten or twelve niggars, may be, and dey juss lives and talks along wid’ em; and dey treats ’um most as if dem was dar own chile. Dey doan’ keep no niggars dey can’t treat so; dey won’t keep ’em, won’t be bodered wid’ ’em. If dey gets a nigger and he doan behave himself, dey won’t keep him; dey juss tell him, sar, he must look up anudder master, and if he doan’ find hisself one, I tell ’ou, when de trader cum along, dey sell him, and he totes him away. Dey allers sell off all de bad niggers out of our

country ; dat's de way all de bad niggas and all dem no-account niggas keep a cumin' down heah ; dat 's de way on't, master.

" Yes, that 's the way of it, I suppose ; these big plantations are not just the best thing for niggers, I see that plainly."

" Master, you wan't raise in dis country, was 'ou ? "

" No ; I came from the North."

" I tort so, sar, I knew 'ou wan't one of dis country people, 'peared like 'ou was one o' my country people, way 'ou talks ; and I loves dem kine of people. Won't you take some whisky, sar ? Heah, you boy ! bring dat jug of whisky dah, out o' my wagon ; in dah, in dat box under dem foddar."

" No, don't trouble yourself, I am very much obliged to you ; but I don't like to drink whisky."

" Like to have you drink some, massa, if you 'd like it. You 's right welcome to it. 'Pears like I knew you was one of my country people. Ever been in Greensboro' massa ? dat's in Guilford."

" No, I never was there. I came from New York, farther North than your country."

" New York, did 'ou, massa ? I heerd New York was what dey calls a Free State ; all de niggas free dah."

" Yes, that is so."

" Not no slaves at all ; well, I expec dat's a good ting, for all de niggas to be free. Greensboro' is a right comely town ; tain't like dese heah Souf Car'lina towns."

“ I have heard it spoken of as a very beautiful town, and there are some very nice people there.”

“ Yes, dere’s Mr. — —, I knows him, he ’s a mighty good man.”

“ Do you know Mr. — ? ”

“ O, yes sar, he ’s a mighty fine man, he is, massa ; ain’t no better kind of man dan him.”

“ Well, I must go, or the coach will be kept waiting for me. Good-by to you.”

“ Far’well, master, far’well, ’pears like it ’s done me good to see a man dat ’s cum out of my country again. Far’well, master.”

We took supper at an exquisitely neat log-cabin, standing a short distance off the road, with a beautiful evergreen oak, the first I had observed, in front of it. There was no glass in the windows, but drapery of white muslin restrained the currents of air, and during the day would let in sufficient light, while a great blazing wood-fire both warmed and lighted the room by night. A rifle and powder-horn hung near the fireplace, and the master of the house, a fine, hearty, companionable fellow, said that he had lately shot three deer, and that there were plenty of cats, and foxes, as well as turkeys, hares, squirrels, and other small game in the vicinity. It was a perfectly charming little backwoods farm-house, good wife, supper, and all ; but one disagreeable blot darkened the otherwise most agreeable picture of rustic civilization—we were waited upon at table by two excessively dirty, slovenly-dressed,

negro girls. In the rear of the cabin were two hovels each lighted by large fires, and, apparently crowded with other slaves belonging to the family.

Between nine and ten at night, we reached the end of the completed railroad, coming up in search for that we had left the previous night. There was another camp and fire of the workmen, and in a little white frame-house we found a company of engineers. There were two trains and locomotives on the track, and a gang of negroes was loading cotton into one of them.

I strolled off until I reached an opening in the woods, in which was a cotton-field and some negro-cabins, and beyond it large girdled trees, among which were two negroes with dogs, barking, yelping, hacking, shouting, and whistling, after 'coons and 'possums. Returning to the railroad, I found a comfortable, warm passenger-car, and, wrapped in my blanket, went to sleep. At midnight I was awakened by loud laughter, and, looking out, saw that the loading gang of negroes had made a fire, and were enjoying a right merry repast. Suddenly, one raised such a sound as I never heard before; a long, loud, musical shout, rising, and falling, and breaking into falsetto, his voice ringing through the woods in the clear, frosty night air, like a bugle-call. As he finished, the melody was caught up by another, and then, another, and then, by several in chorus. When there was silence again, one of them cried out, as if bursting with amusement: "Did yer see de dog?—when I began eeohing, he turn roun' an' look me straight into der face; ha! ha! ha!" and the

whole party broke into the loudest peals of laughter, as if it was the very best joke they had ever heard.

After a few minutes I could hear one urging the rest to come to work again, and soon he stepped towards the cotton bales, saying, "Come, brederen, come ; let 's go at it ; come now, eoho ! roll away ! eeoho-eeoho-weeioho-i !" —and the rest taking it up as before, in a few moments they all had their shoulders to a bale of cotton, and were rolling it up the embankment.

About half-past three, I was awakened again by the whistle of the locomotive, answering, I suppose, the horn of a stage-coach, which in a few minutes drove up, bringing a mail. A negro man and woman, sleeping near me, replenished the fire ; two other passengers came in and we started.

In the woods I saw a negro by a fire, while it was still night, shaving shingles very industriously. He did not even stop to look at the train. No doubt he was a slave, working by task, and of his own accord at night, that he might have the more daylight for his own purposes.

The negroes greatly enjoy fine blazing fires in the open air, and make them at every opportunity. The train on this road was provided with a man and maid-servant to attend to the fire and wait on the passengers —a very good arrangement, by the way, yet to be adopted on our own long passenger trains. When we arrived at a junction where we were to change cars, as soon as all the passengers had left the train, they also

left; but instead of going into the station-house with us, they immediately collected some pine branches and chips, and getting a brand from the locomotive, made a fire upon the ground, and seated themselves by it. Other negroes soon began to join them, and as they approached were called to, "Doan' yer cum widout som' wood! Doan' yer cum widout som' wood!" and every one had to make his contribution. At another place, near a cotton plantation, I found a woman collecting pine straw into heaps, to be carted to the cattle-pens. She, too, had a fire near her. "What are you doing with a fire, aunty?" "Oh, jus' to warm my hans wen dey gits cold, massa." The weather was then almost uncomfortably warm to a Northern man.

We were running during the forenoon, for a hundred miles or more, in a southerly direction, on nearly a straight course, through about the middle of the State of South Carolina. The greater part of this distance, the flat, sandy pine barrens continued, scarcely a foot of grading, for many miles at a time, having been required in the construction of the railroad. As the swamps, which were still frequent, were crossed on piles and tressel-work, the roads must have been built very cheaply—the land damages being nothing. We passed from the track of one company to that of another, several times during the day—the speed was from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, with usually very long stoppages at the stations. A conductor said they could easily run forty miles, and had done it, including stoppages; but they were forbidden now to make fast

time, because of the injury it did the road—the superstructure being much more shaken and liable to displacement in these light sands than on our Northern roads. The locomotives that I saw were all made in Philadelphia; the cars were all from the Hartford, Conn., and Worcester, Mass., manufactories, and, invariably, elegant and comfortable. The roads seemed to be doing a heavy freighting business with cotton. We passed at the turnouts half a dozen trains, with nearly a thousand bales on each, but the number of passengers was always small. A slave country can never, it is evident, furnish a passenger traffic of much value. I should suppose a majority of the trains, which I saw used in the South, were not paying for the fuel and wages expended in running them.

For an hour or two we got above the sandy zone, and into the second, middle, or “wave” region of the State. The surface here was extremely undulating, gracefully swelling and dipping in bluffs and dells—the soil a mellow, brown loam, with some indications of fertility, especially in the valleys. Yet most of the ground was occupied by pine woods (probably old-field pines, on exhausted cotton-fields). For a few miles, on a gently sloping surface of the same sort of soil, there were some enormously large cotton-fields.

I again saw women working, in large gangs, with men. In one case they were distributing manure—ditch scrapings it appeared to be—and the mode of operation was this: the manure had been already carted into heaps upon the ground; a number of the

women were carrying it from the heap in baskets, on their heads, and one in her apron, and spreading it with their hands between the ridges on which the cotton grew last year; the rest followed with great, long-handled, heavy, clumsy hoes, and pulled down the ridges over the manure, and so made new ridges for the next planting. I asked a young planter who continued with me a good part of the day, why they did not use ploughs. He said this was rather rough land, and a plough would n't work in it very well. It was light soil, and smooth enough for a parade ground. The fact is, in certain parts of South Carolina, a plough is yet an almost unknown instrument of tillage.

About noon we turned east, on a track running direct to Charleston. Pine barrens continued alternating with swamp, with some cotton and corn-fields on the edges of the latter. A few of the pines were "boxed" for turpentine; and I understood that one or two companies from North Carolina had been operating here for several years. Plantations were not very often seen along the road through the sand, but stations, at which cotton was stored and loading, were comparatively frequent.

At one of the stations an empty car had been attached to the train; I had gone into it, and was standing at one end of it, when an elderly countryman with a young woman and three little children entered and took seats at the other. The old man took out a roll of deer-skin, in which were bank-bills, and some small change.

"How much did he say 't would be?" he inquired.

“ Seventy cents.”

“ For both on us ? ”

“ For each on us.”

“ Both on us, I reckon.”

“ Reckon it 's each.”

“ I 've got jess seventy-five cents in hard money.”

“ Give it to him, and tell him it 's all yer got; reckon he 'll let us go.”

At this I moved, to attract their attention; the old man started, and looked towards me for a moment, and said no more. I soon afterwards walked out on the platform, passing him, and the conductor came in, and collected their fare ; I then returned, and stood near them, looking out the window of the door. The old man had a good-humored, thin, withered, very brown face, and there was a speaking twinkle in his eye. He was dressed in clothes much of the Quaker cut—a broad-brimmed, low hat ; white cotton shirt, open in front, and without cravat, showing his hairy breast ; a long-skirted, snuff-colored coat, of very coarse homespun, short trowsers, of brown drilling, red woollen stockings, and heavy cow-hide shoes. He presently asked the time of day ; I gave it to him, and we continued in conversation, as follows :

“ Right cold weather.”

“ Yes.”

“ G'wine to Branchville ? ”

“ I am going beyond there—to Charleston.”

“ Ah—come from Hamburg this mornin' ? ”

“ No—from beyond there.”

"Did ye?—where 'd you come from?"

"From Wilmington."

"How long yer ben comin'?"

"I left Wilmington night before last, about ten o'clock. I have been ever since on the road."

"Reckon yer a night-bird."

"What?"

"Reckon you are a night-bird—what we calls a night-hawk, keeps a goin' at night, you know."

"Yes—I 've been going most of two nights."

"Reckon so, kinder red your eyes is. Live in Charleston, do ye?"

"No, I live in New York."

"New York—that 's a good ways, yet, aint it?"

"Yes."

"Reckon yer arter a chicken, up here."

"No."

"Ah, ha—reckon ye are."

The young woman laughed, lifted her shoulder, and looked out the window.

"Reckon ye 'll get somebody's chicken."

"I 'm afraid not."

The young woman laughed again, and tossed her head.

"Oh, reckon ye will—ah, ha! But yer must n't mind my fun."

"Not at all, not at all. Where did *you* come from?"

"Up here to —; g'wine hum; g'wine to stop down here, next deeper. How do you go, w'en you get to Charleston?"

"I am going on to New Orleans."

"Is New York beyond New Orleans?"

"Beyond New Orleans? Oh, no."

"*In* New Orleans, is 't?"

"What?"

"*New York is somewhere in New Orleans, ain't it?*"

"No; it 's the other way—beyond Wilmington."

"Oh! been pretty cold thar?"

"Yes; there was a foot and a half of snow there, last week, I hear."

"Lord o' massy! why! have to feed all the cattle!—whew!—ha!—whew!—don't wonner ye com' away."

"You are a farmer."

"Yes."

"Well, I am a farmer, too."

"Be ye—to New York?"

"Yes; how much land have you got?"

"A hundred and twenty-five acres; how much have you?"

"Just about the same. What 's your land worth, here?"

"Some on't—what we call swamp-land—kinder low and wet like, you know—that 's worth five dollars an acre; and mainly it 's worth a dollar and a half or two dollars—that 's takin' a common trac' of upland. What 's yours worth?"

"A hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars."

"What!"

"A hundred and fifty to two hundred."

"Dollars?"

“ Yes.”

“ Not an acre ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Good Lord! yer might as well buy niggers to onst. Do you work any niggers ? ”

“ No.”

“ May be they don’t have niggers—that is, slaves—to New York.”

“ No, we do not. It ’s against the law.”

“ Yes, I heerd ’t was, some place. How do yer get yer work done ? ”

“ I hire white men—Irishmen, generally.”

“ Do they work good ? ”

“ Yes, better than negroes, I think, and don’t cost nearly as much.”

“ What do yer have to give ’em ? ”

“ Eight or nine dollars a month, and board, for common hands, by the year.”

“ Hi, Lordy! and they work up right smart, do they? Why, yer can’t get any kind of a good nigger less ’n twelve dollars a month.”

“ And board ? ”

“ And board ’em? yes; and clothe, and blank, and shoe ’em, too.”

He owned no negroes himself, and did not hire any. “ They,” his family, “ made their own crap.” They raised maize, and sweet potatoes, and cow-peas. He reckoned, in general, they made about three barrels of maize to the acre; sometimes, as much as five. He described to me, as a novelty, a plough, with “ a sort of a

wing, like, on one side," that pushed off, and turned over a slice of the ground; from which it appeared that he had, until recently, never seen a mould-board; the common ploughs of this country being constructed on the same principles as those of the Chinese, and only rooting the ground, like a hog or a mole—not cleaving and turning. He had never heard of working a plough with more than one horse. He was frank and good-natured; embarrassed his daughter by coarse jokes about herself and her babies, and asked me if I would not go home with him, and, when I declined, pressed me to come and see them when I returned. That I might do so, he gave me directions how to get to his farm; observing, that I must start pretty early in the day—because it would not be safe for a stranger to try to cross the swamp after dark. The moment the train began to check its speed, before stopping at the place at which he was to leave, he said to his daughter, "Come, gal! quick now; gather up yer young ones!" and stepped out, pulling her after him, on to the platform. As they walked off, I noticed that he strode ahead, like an Indian or a gipsy-man, and she carried in her arms two of the children and a bundle, while the third child held to her skirts.

A party of fashionably dressed people took the train for Charleston. Two families, apparently, returning from a visit to their plantations. They came to the station in handsome coaches. Some minutes before the rest, there entered the car, in which I was then again alone, and reclining on a bench in the corner, an old

nurse, with a baby, and two young negro women, having care of half a dozen children, mostly girls, from three to fifteen years of age. As they closed the door, the negro girls seemed to resume a conversation, or quarrel. Their language was loud and obscene, such as I never heard before from any but the most depraved and beastly women of the streets. Upon observing me, they dropped their voices, but not with any appearance of shame, and continued their altercation, until their mistresses entered. The white children, in the meantime, had listened, without any appearance of wonder or annoyance. The moment the ladies opened the door, the negroes became silent.

From the Southern Cultivator, June, 1855.

“Children are fond of the company of negroes, not only because the deference shown them makes them feel perfectly at ease, but the subjects of conversation are on a level with their capacity; while the simple tales, and the witch and ghost stories, so common among negroes, excite the young imagination and enlist the feelings. If, in this association, the child becomes familiar with indelicate, vulgar, and lascivious manners and conversation, an impression is made upon the mind and heart, which lasts for years—perhaps for life. Could we, in all cases, trace effects to their real causes, I doubt not but many young men and women, of respectable parentage and bright prospects, who have made shipwreck of all their earthly hopes, have been led to the fatal step by the seeds of corruption which, in the days of childhood and youth, were sown in their hearts by the indelicate and lascivious manners and conversation of their fathers’ negroes.”

From an Address of Chancellor Harper, prepared for and read before the Society for the Advancement of Learning, of South Carolina.

“I have said the tendency of our institution is to elevate the

female character, as well as that of the other sex, for similar reasons.

“And, permit me to say, that this elevation of the female character is no less important and essential to us, than the moral and intellectual cultivation of the other sex. It would, indeed, be intolerable, if, when one class of society is necessarily degraded in this respect, no compensation were made by the superior elevation and purity of the other. Not only essential purity of conduct, but the utmost purity of manners. And, I will add, though it may incur the formidable charge of affectation or prudery, *a greater severity of decorum than is required elsewhere, is necessary among us.* Always should be strenuously resisted the attempts, which have sometimes been made, to introduce among us the freedom of foreign European, and, especially, of continental manners. Let us say: we will not have *the manners* of South Carolina changed.”

Before night, the train arrived at Charleston, where I remained several days.

Charleston, more than any town at the North, has the character of an old town, where careful government and the influence of social organization has been long in operation. It is much more metropolitan and convenient than any other Southern town; and yet, it seems to have adopted the requirements of modern luxury with an ill grace, and to be yielding to the demands of commerce and the increasing mobility of civilized men slowly and reluctantly.

I saw as much close packing, filth, and squalor, in certain blocks, inhabited by laboring whites, in Charleston, as I have witnessed in any Northern town of its size; and greater evidences of brutality and ruffianly character than I have ever happened to see before among an equal population of this class.

The frequent drumming which is heard, the State military school, the cannon in position on the parade-ground, the citadel, the guard-house, with its martial ceremonies, the frequent parades of militia (the ranks mainly filled by foreign-born citizens), and, especially, the numerous armed police, which is under military discipline, might lead one to imagine that the town was in a state of siege or revolution.

Savannah, which is but half a day's sail from Charleston, has, on the other hand, a curiously rural and modest aspect, for a place of its population and commerce. A very large proportion of the buildings stand detached from each other, and are surrounded by gardens, or courts, shaded by trees, or occupied by shrubbery. There are a great number of small public squares, and some of the streets are double, with rows of trees in the centre.

Charleston and Savannah are so easily accessible from the North, and are, in consequence, so much visited, and so much written about, that there is no occasion for me to particularly describe them, or their vicinity. Both towns are chiefly interesting from that in them which is indescribable, and which strangers cannot be expected to fully appreciate.

I described a negro funeral that I witnessed in Richmond, Va. In Charleston, I saw one of a very different character. Those in attendance were mainly women, and they all proceeded on foot to the grave, following the corpse, carried in a hearse. The exercises were simple and decorous, after the form used in the Presbyterian

church, and were conducted by a well-dressed and dignified elderly negro. The women were generally dressed in white, and wore bonnets, which were temporarily covered with a kind of hood, made of dark cambric. There was no show whatever of feeling, emotion, or excitement. The grave was filled in by the negroes, before the crowd, which was quite large, dispersed. Besides myself, only one white man, probably a policeman, was in attendance. The burying-ground was a rough "vacant lot" in the midst of the town. The only monuments were a few wooden posts, and one small marble tablet.

While riding, aimlessly, in the suburbs of Savannah, on returning from a visit to the beautiful rural cemetery of the wealthy whites, which Willis has, with his usual facility and grace, a little over-pictured, I came upon a square field, in the midst of an open pine wood, partially inclosed with a dilapidated wooden paling. It proved to be a graveyard for the negroes of the town. Dismounting, and fastening my horse to a gate-post, I walked in, and found much, in the monuments, to interest me. Some of these were mere billets of wood, others were of brick and marble, and some were pieces of plank, cut in the ordinary form of tombstones. Many family lots were inclosed with railings, and a few flowers or evergreen shrubs had sometimes been planted on the graves; but these were generally broken down and withered, and the ground was overgrown with weeds and briars. I spent some time in examining the inscriptions, the greater number

of which were evidently painted by self-taught negroes, and were curiously illustrative both of their condition and character. I transcribed a few of them, as literally as possible, as follows:

“ SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF HENRY. Gleve, ho
Dide JANUARY 19 1849
Age 44.”

“ BALDWING
In men of CHARLES
who died NOV
20. THE 1846
aged 62 years Blessed are the
dead who dieth
in the LORD
Even so said
the SPerit. For
the Rest From
Thair ”

[The remainder rotted off.]

“ DEAR
WIFE OF
JAMES DELBUG
BORN 1814 DIED 1852.”

“ In Memr
y, of,
M a
gare
-t. Born
August
29 and
died oc
tober 29 1852 ”

34 The Seaboard Slave States

[The following on marble.]

“To record the worth fidelity and virtue of Reynolda Watts, (who died on the 2d day of May 1829 at the age of 24 years, in giving birth to her 3d child).

“Reared from infancy by an affectionate mistress and trained by her in the paths of virtue, She was strictly moral in her deportment, faithful and devoted in her duty and heart and soul a”

[Sand drifted over the remainder.]

There were a few others, of similar character to the above, erected by whites to the memory of favorite servants. The following was on a large brick tomb:

“This tablet is erected to record the demise of Rev. HENRY CUNNINGHAM, Founder and subsequent pastor of the 2d African Church for 39 years, who yielded his spirit to its master the 29 of March 1842, aged 83 years.”

[Followed by an inscription to the memory of Mrs. Cunningham.]

“This vault is erected by the 2d African Church, as a token of respect.”

The following is upon a large stone table. The reader will observe its date; but I must add that, while in North Carolina, I heard of two recent occasions, in which public religious services had been interrupted, and the preachers—very estimable colored men—publicly whipped.

“Sacred to the memory of Andrew Brian pastor of 1st colored Baptist church in Savannah. God was Pleased to lay his honour near his heart and impress the worth and weight of souls upon his mind that he was constrained to Preach the Gospel to dieng world, particularly to the sable sons of africa.

though he labored under many disadvantage yet thought in the school of Christ, he was able to bring out new and old out of the treasury And he has done more good among the poor slaves than all the learned Doctors in America. He was imprisoned for the Gospel without any ceremony was severely whipped. But while under the lash he told his prosecutor he rejoiced not only to be whipped but he was willing for to suffer death for the cause of CHRIST.

“ He continued preaching the Gospel until Oct. 6 1812. He was supposed to be 96 years of age, his remains were interred with peculiar respect an address was delivered by the Rev. Mr Johnston Dr. Kolluck Thomas Williams & Henry Cunningham He was an honour to human nature an ornament to religion and a friend to mankind. His memory is still precious in the (hearts) of the living.

“ Afflicted long he bore the rod
With calm submission to his maker God.
His mind was tranquil and serene
No terrors in his looks was seen
A SAVIOURS smile dispelled the gloom
And smoothed the passage to the tomb.

“ I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth! Yea saith the Spirit that they may rest from the labours.

“ This stone is erected by the First Colored Church as a token of love for their most faithful pastor. A.D. 1821.”

———— PLANTATION, February —.

I left town yesterday morning, on horseback, with a letter in my pocket to Mr. X., a rice-planter, under whose roof I am now writing. The weather was fine, and, indeed, since I left Virginia, the weather, for out-of-door purposes, has been as fine as can be imagined. The exercise of walking or of riding, warms one, at any time between sunrise and sunset, sufficiently to allow an overcoat to be dispensed with, while the air is yet brisk and stimulating. The public-houses are

over-crowded with Northerners, who congratulate themselves on having escaped from the severe cold, of which they hear from home.

All, however, who know the country, out of the large towns, say that they have suffered more from cold here, than ever at the North; because, except at a few first-class hotels, and in the better sort of mansions and plantation residences, any provision for keeping houses warm is so entirely neglected. It is, indeed, too cool to sit quietly, even at midday, out of sunshine, and at night it is often frosty. As a general rule, with such exceptions as I have indicated, it will be full two hours after one has asked for a fire in his room, before the servants can be got to make it. The idea of closing a door or window to exclude cold air, seems really never to have reached any of the negroes. From the time I left Richmond, until I arrived at Charleston, I never but once knew a servant to close a door on leaving a room, unless he was requested at the moment to do so.

The public houses of the smaller towns, and the country houses generally, are so loosely built, and so rarely have unbroken glass windows, that to sit by a fire, and to avoid remaining in a draught at the same time, is never to be expected.

As the number of Northerners, and especially of invalids, who come hither in winter, is every year increasing, more comfortable accommodations along the line of travel must soon be provided; if not by native, then by Northern enterprise. Some of the hotels in Florida, indeed, are already, I understand, under the manage-

ment of Northerners; and this winter cooks and waiters have been procured for them from the North. I observe, also, that one of them advertises that meats and vegetables are received by every steamer from New York.

As soon as comfortable quarters, and means of conveyance are extensively provided, at not immoderately great expense, there must be a great migration here every winter. The climate and the scenery, as well as the society of the more wealthy planters' families, are attractive, not to invalids alone, but even more to men and women who are able to enjoy invigorating recreations. Nowhere in the world could a man, with a sound body and a quiet conscience live more pleasantly, at least, as a guest, it seems to me, than here where I am. I was awakened this morning by a servant making a fire for me to dress by. Opening the window, I found a clear, brisk air, but without frost—the mercury standing at 35° F. There was not a sign of winter, except that a few cypress trees, hung with seed, attached to pretty pendulous tassels, were leafless. A grove which surrounded the house was all in dark verdure; there were green oranges on trees nearer the window; the buds were swelling on a jessamine-vine, and a number of camelia-japonicas were in full bloom; one of them, at least seven feet high, and a large, compact shrub, must have had several hundred blossoms on it. Sparrows were chirping, doves cooing, and a mocking-bird whistling loudly. I walked to the stable, and saw the clean and neatly-dressed negroes

grooming thoroughbred horses. They pawed the ground, and tossed their heads, and drew deep inspirations, and danced as they were led out, in exuberance of animal spirits, and I felt as they did. We drove ten miles to church, in the forenoon, with the carriage-top thrown back, and with our overcoats laid aside; nevertheless, when we returned, and came into the house, we found a crackling wood fire, in the old-fashioned fire-place, as comfortable as it was cheerful. Two lads, the sons of my host, had returned the night before from a "marooning party," with a boat-load of venison, wild fowl and fish, and at dinner this evening there were delicacies which are not to be had in perfection, it is said, anywhere else than on a rice-plantation. The woods and waters around us abound, not only with game, but with most interesting subjects of observation to the naturalist and the artist. Everything encourages cheerfulness, and invites to healthful life.

Now to think how people are baking in their oven-houses at home, or waddling out in the deep snow or mud, or across the frozen ruts, wrapped up to a Falstaffian rotundity in flannels and furs, one can but wonder that those who have means stay there, any more than these stay here in summer; and that my host would no more think of doing than the wild-goose.

But I must tell how I got here, and what I saw by the way.

A narrow belt of cleared land—"vacant lots"—only separated the town from the pine-forest—that great broad forest which extends uninterruptedly, and is

merely dotted with a few small corn and cotton-fields, from Delaware to Louisiana.

Having some doubt about the road, I asked a direction of a man on horseback, who overtook and was passing me. In reply, he said it was a very straight road, and we should go in company, for a mile or two. He inquired if I was a stranger; and, when he heard that I was from the North, and now first visiting the South, he remarked that there was "no better place for me to go to than that for which I was bound. Mr. X. was a very fine man—rich, got a splendid plantation, lived well, had plenty of company always, and there were a number of other show plantations near his. He reckoned I would visit some of them."

I asked what he called "show plantations." "Plantations belonging to rich people," he said, "where they had everything fixed up nice. There were several places that had that name; their owners always went out and lived on them part of the year, and then they kept a kind of open house, and were always ready to receive company. He reckoned I might go and stay a month round on them kind of places on — river, and it would not cost me a cent. They always had a great many Northerners going to see them, those gentlemen had. Almost every Northerner, that came here, was invited right out, to visit some of them, and, in summer, a good many of them went to the North themselves."

During the forenoon, my road continued broad and straight, and I was told that it was the chief outlet and

thoroughfare of a very extensive agricultural district. There was very little land in cultivation within sight of the road, however; not a mile of it fenced, in twenty, and the only houses were log-cabins. The soil varied from a coarse, clean, yellow sand, to a dark, brown, sandy loam. There were indications that most of the land had, at some time, been under cultivation—had been worn out, and deserted.

Long teams of mules, driven by negroes, toiled slowly towards the town, with loads of rice, or cotton. A stage-coach, with six horses to hasten it through the heavy road, covered me, as it passed, with dust; and, once or twice, I met a stylish carriage (not the old Virginia "family chariot, with its six well-conditioned grays," but its descendant in fashion), with fashionably-clad gentlemen and ladies, and primly-liveried negro-servants; but much the greatest traffic of the road was done by small one-horse carts, driven by white men, or women.

These carts, all but their wheels, which come from the North, look as if they were made by their owners, in the woods, with no better tools than axes and jack-knives. Very little iron is used in their construction; the different parts being held together by wooden pins, and lashings of hide. The harness is made chiefly of ropes and undressed hide; but there is always a high-peaked riding-saddle, in which the driver prefers to sit, rather than on his cart. Once, I met a woman riding in this way, with a load of children in the cart behind her. From the axle-tree, often hung a gourd, or an

iron kettle. One man carried a rifle on his pommel. Sometimes, these carts would contain a single bale of cotton, more commonly, an assorted cargo of maize, sweet potatoes, poultry, game, hides, and peltry, with, always, some bundles of corn-leaves, to be fed to the horse. Women and children were often passengers, or travelled on foot, in company with the carts, which were usually furnished with a low tilt. Many of them, I found, had been two or three days on the road, bringing down a little crop to market; whole families coming with it, to get reclothed with the proceeds.

The men with the carts were generally slight, with high cheek-bones and sunken eyes, and were of less than the usual stature of the Anglo-Saxon race. They were dressed in long-skirted homespun coats, wore slouched hats, and heavy boots, outside their trowsers. As they met me, they usually bowed, and often offered a remark upon the weather, or the roads, in a bold, but not uncourteous manner—showing themselves to be, at least, in one respect, better off than the majority of European peasants, whose educated servility of character rarely fails to manifest itself, when they meet a well-dressed stranger.

The household markets of most of the Southern towns seem to be mainly supplied by the poor country people, who, driving in in this style, bring all sorts of produce to exchange for such small stores and articles of apparel as they must needs obtain from the shops. Sometimes, owing to the great extent of the back country from which the supplies are gathered, they are

offered in great abundance and variety; at other times, from the want of regular market-men, there will be a scarcity, and prices will be very high.

A stranger cannot but express surprise and amusement at the appearance and manners of these country traffickers in the market-place. The "wild Irish" hardly differ more from the English gentry, than these rustics from the better class of planters and towns-people, with whom the traveller more commonly comes in contact. Their language, even, is almost incomprehensible, and seems exceedingly droll, to a Northern man. I have found it quite impossible to report it.

I shall not soon forget the figure of a little old white woman, wearing a man's hat, smoking a pipe, driving a little black bull with reins; sitting, herself, bolt upright, upon the axle-tree of a little truck, on which she was returning from market. I was riding with a gentleman of the town at the time, and, as she bowed to him with an expression of ineffable self-satisfaction, I asked if he knew her. He had known her for twenty years, he said, and until lately she had always come into town about once a week, on foot, bringing fowls, eggs, potatoes, or herbs, for sale, in a basket. The bull she had probably picked up astray, when a calf, and reared and broken it herself; and the cart and harness she had made herself; but he did not think anybody in the land felt richer than she did now, or prouder of her establishment.

In the afternoon, I left the main road, and, towards night, reached a much more cultivated district. The

forest of pines still extended uninterruptedly on one side of the way, but on the other was a continued succession of very large fields, of rich, dark soil—evidently reclaimed swamp-land—which had been cultivated the previous year, in Sea Island cotton, or maize. Beyond them, a flat surface of still lower land, with a silver thread of water curling through it, extended, Holland-like, to the horizon. Usually at as great a distance as a quarter of a mile from the road, and from a half mile to a mile apart, were the residences of the planters—large white houses, with groves of evergreen trees about them; and between these and the road were little villages of slave-cabins.

My directions not having been sufficiently explicit, I rode in, by a private lane, to one of these. It consisted of some thirty neatly-whitewashed cottages, with a broad avenue, planted with pride-of-China trees, between them.

The cottages were framed buildings, boarded on the outside, with shingle roofs and brick chimneys; they stood fifty feet apart, with gardens and pig-yards, enclosed by palings, between them. At one, which was evidently the “sick house,” or hospital, there were several negroes, of both sexes, wrapped in blankets, and reclining on the door-steps or on the ground, basking in the sunshine. Some of them looked ill, but all were chatting and laughing as I rode up to make an inquiry. I learned that it was not the plantation I was intending to visit, and received a direction, as usual, so indistinct and incorrect that it led me wrong.

At another plantation which I soon afterwards reached, I found the "settlement" arranged in the same way, the cabins only being of a slightly different form. In the middle of one row was a well-house, and opposite it, on the other row, was a mill-house, with stones, at which the negroes grind their corn. It is a kind of pestle and mortar; and I was informed afterwards that the negroes prefer to take their allowance of corn and crack it for themselves, rather than to receive meal, because they think the mill-ground meal does not make as sweet bread.

At the head of the settlement, in a garden looking down the street, was an overseer's house, and here the road divided, running each way at right angles; on one side to barns and a landing on the river, on the other toward the mansion of the proprietor. A negro boy opened the gate of the latter, and I entered.

On either side, at fifty feet distant, were rows of old live-oak trees, their branches and twigs slightly hung with a delicate fringe of gray moss, and their dark, shining, green foliage meeting and intermingling naturally but densely overhead. The sunlight streamed through and played aslant the lustrous leaves, and fluttering, pendulous moss; the arch was low and broad; the trunks were huge and gnarled, and there was a heavy groining of strong, rough, knotty branches. I stopped my horse and held my breath; for I have hardly in all my life seen anything so impressively grand and beautiful. I thought of old Kit North's rhapsody on trees; and it was no rhapsody—it

was all here and real: "Light, shade, shelter, coolness, freshness, music, dew, and dreams dropping through their umbrageous twilight—dropping direct, soft, sweet, soothing, and restorative from heaven."

Alas! no angels; only little black babies, toddling about with an older child or two to watch them, occupied the aisle. At the upper end was the owner's mansion, with a circular court-yard around it, and an irregular plantation of great trees; one of the oaks, as I afterwards learned, seven feet in diameter of trunk, and covering with its branches a circle of one hundred and twenty feet in diameter. As I approached it, a smart servant came out to take my horse. I obtained from him a direction to the residence of the gentleman I was searching for, and rode away, glad that I had stumbled into so charming a place.

After riding a few miles farther I reached my destination.

Mr. X. has two plantations on the river, besides a large tract of poor pine forest land, extending some miles back upon the upland, and reaching above the malarious region. In the upper part of this pine land is a house, occupied by his overseer during the malarious season, when it is dangerous for any but negroes to remain during the night in the vicinity of the swamps or rice-fields. Even those few who have been born in the region, and have grown up subject to the malaria, are generally weakly and short-lived. The negroes do not enjoy as good health on rice plantations as elsewhere; and the greater difficulty with which

their lives are preserved, through infancy especially, shows that the subtle poison of the miasma is not innocuous to them; but Mr. X. boasts a steady increase of his negro stock of five per cent. per annum, which is better than is averaged on the plantations of the interior.

As to the degree of danger to others, "I would as soon stand fifty feet from the best Kentucky rifleman and be shot at by the hour, as to spend a night on my plantation in summer," a Charleston gentleman said to me. And the following two instances of the deadly work the miasma sometimes does were given to me by another: A party of six ladies and gentlemen went out of town to spend a day at the mansion of a rice-planter, on an island. By an accident to their boat, their return before night was prevented, and they went back and shut themselves within the house, had fires made, around which they sat all night, and took every other precaution to guard against the miasma. Nevertheless, four of them died from its effects, within a week; and the other two suffered severely. Two brothers owned a plantation on which they had spent the winter; one of them, as summer approached, was careful to go to another residence every night; the other delayed to do so until it was too late. One morning he was found to be ill; a physician could not be procured until late in the afternoon, by which time his recovery was hopeless. The sick man besought his brother not to hazard his own life by remaining with him; and he was obliged, before the sun set, to take the last farewell, and leave

him with the servants, in whose care, in the course of the night, he died.

The plantation which contains Mr. X.'s winter residence, has but a small extent of rice-land, the greater part of it being reclaimed upland swamp soil, suitable for the culture of Sea Island cotton, which, at the present market, might be grown upon it with profit. But, as his force of slaves has ordinarily been more profitably engaged in the rice-fields, all this has been for many years "turned out," and is now overgrown with pines. The other plantation contains over five hundred acres of rice-land, fitted for irrigation; the remainder is unusually fertile, reclaimed upland swamp, and some hundred acres of it are cultivated for maize and Sea Island cotton.

There is a "negro settlement" on each; but both plantations, although a mile or two apart, are worked together as one, under one overseer—the hands being drafted from one to another as their labor is required. Somewhat over seven hundred acres are at the present time under the plough in the two plantations: the whole number of negroes is two hundred, and they are reckoned to be equal to about one hundred prime hands—an unusual strength for that number of all classes. The overseer lives, in winter, near the settlement of the larger plantation, Mr. X. near that of the smaller.

It is an old family estate, inherited by Mr. X.'s wife, who, with her children, were born and brought up upon it in close intimacy with the negroes, a large proportion of whom were also included in her inheritance,

or have been since born upon the estate. Mr. X. himself is a New England farmer's son, and has been a successful merchant and manufacturer. He is also a religious man, without the dementifying bigotry or self-important humility, so frequently implied by that appellation to a New Englander, but generous, composed and cheerful in disposition, as well as conscientious.

The patriarchal institution should be seen here under its most favorable aspects; not only from the ties of long family association, common traditions, common memories, and, if ever, common interests, between the slaves and their rulers, but, also, from the practical talent for organization and administration, gained among the rugged fields, the complicated looms, and the exact and comprehensive counting-houses of New England, which directs the labor.

The house-servants are more intelligent, understand and perform their duties better, and are more appropriately dressed than any I have seen before. The labor required of them is light, and they are treated with much more consideration for their health and comfort than is usually given to that of free domestics. They live in brick cabins, adjoining the house and stables, and one of these, into which I have looked, is neatly and comfortably furnished. Several of the house-servants, as is usual, are mulattoes, and good-looking. The mulattoes are generally preferred for indoor occupations. Slaves brought up to housework dread to be employed at field-labor; and those accustomed to the comparatively unconstrained life of the negro-settle-

ment detest the close control and careful movements required of the house-servants. It is a punishment for a lazy field-hand, to employ him in menial duties at the house, as it is to set a sneaking sailor to do the work of a cabin-servant; and it is equally a punishment to a neglectful house-servant, to banish him to the field-gangs. All the household economy is, of course, carried on in a style appropriate to a wealthy gentleman's residence—not more so, nor less so, that I observe, than in an establishment of similar grade at the North.

It is a custom with Mr. X., when on the estate, to look each day at all the work going on, inspect the buildings, boats, embankments and sluice-ways, and examine the sick. Yesterday I accompanied him in one of these daily rounds.

After a ride of several miles through the woods, in the rear of the plantations, we came to his largest negro-settlement. There was a street, or common, two hundred feet wide, on which the cabins of the negroes fronted. Each cabin was a frame building, the walls boarded and whitewashed on the outside, lathed and plastered within, the roof shingled; forty-two feet long, twenty-one feet wide, divided into two family tenements, each twenty-one by twenty-one; each tenement divided into three rooms—one, the common household apartment, twenty-one by ten; each of the others (bed-rooms), ten by ten. There was a brick fire-place in the middle of the long side of each living room, the chimneys rising in one, in the middle of the roof. Besides these rooms, each tenement had a cock-loft, entered by

steps from the household room. Each tenement is occupied, on an average, by five persons. There were in them closets, with locks and keys, and a varying quantity of rude furniture. Each cabin stood two hundred feet from the next, and the street in front of them being two hundred feet wide, they were just that distance apart each way. The people were nearly all absent at work, and had locked their outer doors, taking the keys with them. Each cabin has a front and back door, and each room a window, closed by a wooden shutter, swinging outward, on hinges. Between each tenement and the next house, is a small piece of ground, inclosed with palings, in which are coops of fowl, with chickens, hovels for nests, and for sows with pig. There were a great many fowls in the street. The negroes' swine are allowed to run in the woods, each owner having his own distinguished by a peculiar mark. In the rear of the yards were gardens—a half-acre to each family. Internally the cabins appeared dirty and disordered, which was rather a pleasant indication that their home-life was not much interfered with, though I found certain police regulations were enforced.

The cabin nearest the overseer's house was used as a nursery. Having driven up to this, Mr. X. inquired first of an old nurse how the children were; whether there had been any births since his last visit; spoke to two convalescent young mothers, that were lounging on the floor of the portico, with the children, and then asked if there were any sick people.

“ Nobody, oney dat boy Sam, sar.”

“ What Sam is that ? ”

“ Dat little Sam, sar; Tom’s Sue’s Sam, sar.”

“ What ’s the matter with him ? ”

“ Don’ ’spec dere ’s noting much de matter wid him now, sar. He came in Sa’dy, complainin’ he had de stomach-ache, an’ I gin him some ile, sar; ’spec he mus’ be well, dis time, but he din go out dis mornin’.”

“ Well, I ’ll see to him.”

Mr. X. went to Tom’s Sue’s cabin, looked at the boy, and, concluding that he was well, though he lay abed, and pretended to cry with pain, ordered him to go out to work. Then, meeting the overseer, who was just riding away, on some business off the plantation, he remained some time in conversation with him, while I occupied myself in making a sketch of the nursery and the street of the settlement in my note-book. On the verandah and the steps of the nursery, there were twenty-seven children, most of them infants, that had been left there by their mothers, while they were working their tasks in the fields. They probably make a visit to them once or twice during the day, to nurse them, and receive them to take to their cabins, or where they like, when they have finished their tasks—generally in the middle of the afternoon. The older children were fed with porridge, by the general nurse. A number of girls, eight or ten years old, were occupied in holding and tending the youngest infants. Those a little older—the crawlers—were in the pen, and those big enough to toddle were playing on the steps, or before the house.

Some of these, with two or three bigger ones, were singing and dancing about a fire that they had made on the ground. They were not at all disturbed or interrupted in their amusement by the presence of their owner and myself. At twelve years of age, the children are first put to regular field-work; until then no labor is required of them, except, perhaps, occasionally, they are charged with some light kind of duty, such as frightening birds from corn. When first sent to the field, one-quarter of an able-bodied hand's day's work is ordinarily allotted to them, as their task.

But very few of the babies were in arms; such as were not, generally lay on the floor, rolling about, or sat still, sucking their thumbs. The nurse was a kind-looking old negro woman, with, no doubt, philoprogenitiveness well developed; but she paid very little attention to them, only sometimes chiding the older ones for laughing or singing too loud. I watched for half an hour, and in all that time not a baby of them began to cry; nor have I ever heard one, at two or three other plantation-nurseries which I have visited. I remember, in Amsterdam, to have seen two or three similar collections of children, voluntarily deposited by their mothers, who went out from home to work. These seemed to be looked out for by two or three poor women, who probably received a small fee for their trouble, from the parent thus relieved. Not being able to converse in Dutch, I could get no particular information about it; but I especially noticed, in each case, that there was no crying or fretting. On the contrary,

they appeared to be peculiarly well-disposed and jolly, as if they were already on the straight road to the right place, and were fully satisfied with the vehicles they had got to drive through the world. They had, in short, thus early learned that it did not do any good to cry—for the nurse could n't, if she would, feed, or cuddle, or play with one every time she was wanted to. I make a note of it, as indicating how young the little twig is bent, how early the formation of habits commences, and that, even in babyhood, the "product of happiness is to be found, not so much in increasing your numerator, as in lessening your denominator."

From the settlement, we drove to the "mill"—not a flouring mill, though I believe there is a run of stones in it—but a monster barn, with more extensive and better machinery for threshing and storing rice, driven by a steam-engine, than I have ever seen used for grain on any farm in Europe or America before. Adjoining the mill-house were shops and sheds, in which blacksmiths, carpenters, and other mechanics—all slaves, belonging to Mr. X.—were at work. He called my attention to the excellence of their workmanship, and said that they exercised as much ingenuity and skill as the ordinary mechanics that he was used to employ in New England. He pointed out to me some carpenter's work, a part of which had been executed by a New England mechanic, and a part by one of his own hands, which indicated that the latter was much the better workman.

I was gratified by this, for I had been so often

told, in Virginia, by gentlemen, anxious to convince me that the negro was incapable of being educated or improved to a condition in which it would be safe to trust him with himself—that no negro-mechanic could ever be taught, or induced to work carefully or nicely—that I had begun to believe it might be so.

We were attended through the mill-house by a respectable-looking, orderly, and gentlemanly-mannered mulatto, who was called, by his master, “the watchman.” His duties, however, as they were described to me, were those of a steward, or intendant. He carried, by a strap at his waist, a very large number of keys, and had charge of all the stores of provisions, tools, and materials of the plantations, as well as of all their produce, before it was shipped to market. He weighed and measured out all the rations of the slaves and the cattle; superintended the mechanics, and himself made and repaired, as was necessary, all the machinery, including the steam-engine.

In all these departments, his authority was superior to that of the overseer. The overseer received his private allowance of family provisions from him, as did also the head-servant at the mansion, who was his brother. His responsibility was much greater than that of the overseer; and Mr. X. said, he would trust him with much more than he would any overseer he had ever known.

Anxious to learn how this trustworthiness and intelligence, so unusual in a slave, had been developed or

ascertained, I inquired of his history, which was, briefly, as follows.

Being the son of a favorite house-servant, he had been, as a child, associated with the white family, and received by chance something of the early education of the white children. When old enough, he had been employed, for some years, as a waiter; but, at his own request, was eventually allowed to learn the blacksmith's trade, in the plantation-shop. Showing ingenuity and talent, he was afterwards employed to make and repair the plantation cotton-gins. Finally, his owner took him to a steam-engine builder, and paid \$500 to have him instructed as a machinist. After he had become a skilful workman, he obtained employment, as an engineer; and for some years continued in this occupation, and was allowed to spend his wages for himself. Finding, however, that he was acquiring dissipated habits, and wasting all his earnings, Mr. X. eventually brought him, much against his inclinations, back to the plantations. Being allowed peculiar privileges, and given duties wholly flattering to his self-respect, he soon became contented; and, of course, was able to be extremely valuable to his owner.

I have seen another slave-engineer. The gentleman who employed him told me that he was a man of talent, and of great worth of character. He had desired to make him free, but his owner, who was a member of the Board of Brokers, and of Dr. —'s Church, in New York, believed that Providence designed the negro race for slavery, and refused to sell him for that

purpose. He thought it better that he (his owner) should continue to receive two hundred dollars a year for his services, while he continued able to work, and then he should feel responsible that he did not starve, or come upon the public for a support, in his old age. The man himself, having light and agreeable duties, well provided for, furnished with plenty of spending money in gratuities by his employer, patronized and flattered by the white people, honored and looked up to by those of his own color, was rather indifferent in the matter; or even, perhaps, preferred to remain a slave, to being transported for life to Africa.

The watchman was a fine-looking fellow: as we were returning from church, on Sunday, he had passed us, well-dressed and well-mounted, and as he raised his hat, to salute us, there was nothing in his manner or appearance, except his color, to distinguish him from a gentleman of good-breeding and fortune.

When we were leaving the house, to go to church, on Sunday, after all the white family had entered their carriages, or mounted their horses, the head house-servant also mounted a horse—as he did so, slipping a coin into the hands of the boy who had been holding him. Afterwards, we passed a family of negroes, in a light wagon—the oldest among them driving the horse. On my inquiring if the slaves were allowed to take horses to drive to church, I was informed that, in each of these three cases, the horses belonged to the negroes who were driving or riding them. The old man was infirm, and Mr. X. had given him a horse, to enable

him to move about. He was probably employed to look after the cattle at pasture, or at something in which it was necessary, for his usefulness, that he should have a horse: I say this, because I afterwards found, in similar cases on other plantations, that it was so.

But the watchman and the house-servant had bought their horses with money. The watchman was believed to own three horses; and, to account for his wealth, Mr. X.'s son told me that his father considered him a very valuable servant, and frequently encouraged him in his good behavior, with handsome gratuities. He receives, probably, considerably higher wages, in fact (in the form of presents), than the white overseer. He knew his father gave him two hundred dollars at once, a short time ago. The watchman has a private house, and, no doubt, lives in considerable luxury.

Will it be said, "therefore, Slavery is neither necessarily degrading nor inhumane"? On the other hand, so far as it is not, there is no apology for it. It may be that this fine fellow, if he had been born a freeman, would be no better employed than he is here; but, in that case, where is the advantage? Certainly not in the economy of the arrangement. And if he was self-dependent, and if, especially, he had to provide for the present and future of those he loved, and was able to do so, would he not necessarily live a happier, stronger, better, and more respectable man?

But, to arrive at this conclusion, we have had to suppose such a state of society for the free laborer as to

make it a matter of certainty that by the development of industry, talent, and providence, he is able to provide for himself and for those whose happiness is linked with his own.

As a general rule, this is the case in all free-labor countries. Nowhere, I suspect, are the exceptions to it so frequent as are the exceptions to humane and generous treatment of slaves by their masters. Nevertheless, it is the first duty of those who think Slavery wrong to remove to the utmost all such excuse for it as is to be found in the occasional hardships and frequent debasement and ignorance of the laboring class in free communities.

After passing through tool-rooms, corn-rooms, mule-stables, store-rooms, and a large garden, in which vegetables to be distributed among the negroes, as well as for the family, are grown, we walked to the rice-land. It is divided by embankments into fields of about twenty acres each, but varying somewhat in size, according to the course of the river. The arrangements are such that each field may be flooded independently of the rest, and they are subdivided by open ditches into rectangular plats of a quarter acre each. We first proceeded to where twenty or thirty women and girls were engaged in raking together, in heaps and winrows, the stubble and rubbish left on the field after the last crop, and burning it. The main object of this operation is to kill all the seeds of weeds, or of rice, on the ground. Ordinarily it is done by tasks—a certain number of the small divisions of the field

being given to each hand to burn in a day; but owing to a more than usual amount of rain having fallen lately, and some other causes, making the work harder in some places than others, the women were now working by the day, under the direction of a "driver," a negro man, who walked about among them, taking care that they left nothing unburned. Mr. X. inspected the ground they had gone over, to see whether the driver had done his duty. It had been sufficiently well burned, but, not more than quarter as much ground had been gone over, he said, as was usually burned in task-work,—and he thought they had been very lazy, and reprimanded them for it. The driver made some little apology, but the women offered no reply, keeping steadily, and it seemed sullenly, on at their work.

In the next field, twenty men, or boys, for none of them looked as if they were full-grown, were ploughing, each with a single mule, and a light, New-York-made plough. The soil was very friable, the ploughing easy, and the mules proceeded at a smart pace; the furrows were straight, regular, and well turned. Their task was nominally an acre and a quarter a day; somewhat less actually, as the measure includes the space occupied by the ditches, which are two to three feet wide, running around each quarter of an acre. The ploughing gang was superintended by a driver who was provided with a watch; and while we were looking at them he called out that it was twelve o'clock. The mules were immediately taken from the ploughs, and the

ploughboys mounting them, leaped the ditches, and cantered off to the stables, to feed them. One or two were ordered to take their ploughs to the blacksmith, for repairs.

The ploughmen got their dinner at this time: those not using horses do not usually dine till they have finished their tasks; but this, I believe, is optional with them. They commence work at sunrise, and at about eight o'clock have breakfast brought to them in the field, each hand having left a bucket with the cook for that purpose. All who are working in connection leave their work together, and gather in a social company about a fire, where they generally spend about half an hour, at breakfast time. The provisions furnished them consist mainly of meal, rice, and vegetables, with salt and molasses, and occasionally bacon, fish, and coffee. The allowance is a peck of meal, or an equivalent quantity of rice per week, to each working hand, old or young, besides small stores. Mr. X. says that he has lately given a less amount of meat than is now usual on plantations, having observed that the general health of the negroes is not as good as formerly, when no meat at all was customarily given them. The general impression among planters is, that the negroes work much better for being supplied with three or four pounds of bacon a week.

Leaving the rice-land, we went next to some of the upland fields, where we found several other gangs of negroes at work; one entirely of men engaged in ditching; another of women, and another of boys and girls,

“listing” an old corn-field with hoes. All of them were working by tasks, and were overlooked by negro drivers. They all labored with greater rapidity and cheerfulness than any slaves I have before seen; and the women struck their hoes as if they were strong, and well able to engage in muscular labor. The expression of their faces was generally repulsive, and their *tout ensemble* anything but agreeable to the eye. The dress of most of them was uncouth and cumbrous, dirty and ragged; reefed up, as I have once before described, at the hips, so as to show their heavy legs, wrapped round with a piece of old blanket, in lieu of leggings or stockings. Most of them worked with bare arms, but wore strong shoes on their feet, and handkerchiefs on their heads; some of them were smoking, and each gang had a fire burning on the ground, near where they were at work, to light their pipes and warm their breakfast by. Mr. X. said this was always their custom, even in summer. To each gang a boy or girl was also attached, whose business it was to bring water for them to drink, and to go for anything required by the driver. The drivers would frequently call back a hand to go over again some piece of his or her task that had not been worked to his satisfaction, and were constantly calling to one or another, with a harsh and peremptory voice, to strike harder or hoe deeper, and otherwise taking care that the work was well done. Mr. X. asked if Little Sam (“Tom’s Sue’s Sam”) worked yet with the “three-quarter” hands, and learning that he did, ordered him to be put with

the full hands, observing that though rather short, he was strong and stout, and, being twenty years old, well able to do a man's work.

The field-hands are all divided into four classes, according to their physical capacities; the children beginning as "quarter-hands," advancing to "half-hands," and then to "three-quarter hands;" and, finally, when mature, and able-bodied, healthy and strong, to "full hands." As they decline in strength, from age, sickness, or other cause, they retrograde in the scale, and proportionately less labor is required of them. Many, of naturally weak frame, never are put among the full hands. Finally, the aged are left out at the annual classification, and no more regular field-work is required of them, although they are generally provided with some light, sedentary occupation. I saw one old woman picking "tailings" of rice out of a heap of chaff, an occupation at which she was literally not earning her salt. Mr. X. told me she was a native African, having been brought when a girl from the Guinea coast. She spoke almost unintelligibly; but after some other conversation, in which I had not been able to understand a word she said, he jokingly proposed to send her back to Africa. She expressed her preference to remain where she was, very emphatically. "Why?" She did not answer readily, but being pressed, threw up her palsied hands, and said furiously, "I lubs 'ou mas'r, oh, I lubs 'ou. I don't want go 'way from 'ou."

The field-hands are nearly always worked in gangs,

the strength of a gang varying according to the work that engages it; usually it numbers twenty or more, and is directed by a driver. As on most large plantations, whether of rice or cotton, in Eastern Georgia and South Carolina, nearly all ordinary and regular work is performed *by tasks*: that is to say, each hand has his labor for the day marked out before him, and can take his own time to do it in. For instance, in making drains in light, clean meadow land, each man or woman of the full hands is required to dig one thousand cubic feet; in swamp-land that is being prepared for rice culture, where there are not many stumps, the task for a ditcher is five hundred feet; while in a very strong cypress swamp, only two hundred feet is required; in hoeing rice, a certain number of rows, equal to one-half or two-thirds of an acre, according to the condition of the land; in sowing rice (strewing in drills), two acres; in reaping rice (if it stands well), three-quarters of acre; or, sometimes a gang will be required to reap, tie in sheaves, and carry to the stack-yard the produce of a certain area, commonly equal to one-fourth the number of acres that there are hands working together. Hoeing cotton, corn, or potatoes, one-half to one acre. Threshing, five to six hundred sheaves. In ploughing rice-land (light, clean, mellow soil) with a yoke of oxen, one acre a day, including the ground lost in and near the drains—the oxen being changed at noon. A cooper, also, for instance, is required to make barrels at the rate of eighteen a week. Drawing staves, 500 a day. Hoop poles, 120.

Squaring timber, 100 ft. Laying worm-fence, 50 panels per hand. Post and rail do., posts set $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 ft. deep, 9 ft. apart, nine or ten panels per hand. In getting fuel from the woods, (pine, to be cut and split,) one cord is the task for a day. In "mauling rails," the taskman selecting the trees (pine) that he judges will split easiest, one hundred a day, ends not sharpened.

These are the tasks for first class able-bodied men; they are lessened by one quarter for three-quarter hands, and proportionately for the lighter classes. In allotting the tasks, the drivers are expected to put the weaker hands, where (if there is any choice in the appearance of the ground, as where certain rows in hoeing corn would be less weedy than others,) they will be favored.

These tasks certainly would not be considered excessively hard, by a Northern laborer; and, in point of fact, the more industrious and active hands finish them often by two o'clock. I saw one or two leaving the field soon after one o'clock, several about two; and between three and four, I met a dozen women and several men coming home to their cabins, having finished their day's work.

Under this "Organization of Labor," most of the slaves work rapidly and well. In nearly all ordinary work, custom has settled the extent of the task, and it is difficult to increase it. The driver who marks it out, has to remain on the ground until it is finished, and has no interest in over-measuring it; and if it should be systematically increased very much, there is danger

of a general stampede to the "swamp"—a danger the slave can always hold before his master's cupidity. In fact, it is looked upon in this region as a proscriptive right of the negroes to have this incitement to diligence offered them; and the man who denied it, or who attempted to lessen it, would, it is said, suffer in his reputation, as well as experience much annoyance from the obstinate "rascality" of his negroes. Notwithstanding this, I have heard a man assert, boastingly, that he made his negroes habitually perform double the customary tasks. Thus we get a glimpse again of the black side. If he is allowed the power to do this, what may not a man do?

It is the driver's duty to make the tasked hands do their work well. If, in their haste to finish it, they neglect to do it properly, he "sets them back," so that carelessness will hinder more than it will hasten the completion of their tasks.

In the selection of drivers, regard seems to be had to size and strength—at least, nearly all the drivers I have seen are tall and strong men—but a great deal of judgment, requiring greater capacity of mind than the ordinary slave is often supposed to be possessed of, is certainly needed in them. A good driver is very valuable and usually holds office for life. His authority is not limited to the direction of labor in the field, but extends to the general department of the negroes. He is made to do the duties of policeman, and even of police magistrate. It is his duty, for instance, on Mr. X.'s estate, to keep order in the settlement; and, if two

persons, men or women, are fighting, it is his duty to immediately separate them, and then to "whip them both."

Before any field of work is entered upon by a gang, the driver who is to superintend them has to measure and stake off the tasks. To do this at all accurately, in irregular-shaped fields, must require considerable powers of calculation. A driver, with a boy to set the stakes, I was told, would accurately lay out forty acres a day, in half-acre tasks. The only instrument used is a five-foot measuring rod. When the gang comes to the field, he points out to each person his or her duty for the day, and then walks about among them, looking out that each proceeds properly. If, after a hard day's labor, he sees that the gang has been overtasked, owing to a miscalculation of the difficulty of the work, he may excuse the completion of the tasks; but he is not allowed to extend them. In the case of uncompleted tasks, the body of the gang begin new tasks the next day, and only a sufficient number are detailed from it to complete, during the day, the unfinished tasks of the day before. The relation of the driver to the working hands seems to be similar to that of the boatswain to the seamen in the navy, or of the sergeant to the privates in the army.

Having generally had long experience on the plantation, the advice of the drivers is commonly taken in nearly all the administration, and frequently they are, *de facto*, the managers. Orders on important points of the plantation economy, I have heard given by the pro-

prietor directly to them, without the overseer's being consulted or informed of them; and it is often left with them to decide when and how long to flow the rice-grounds—the proprietor and overseer deferring to their more experienced judgment. Where the drivers are discreet, experienced, and trusty, the overseer is frequently employed merely as a matter of form, to comply with the laws requiring the superintendence or presence of a white man among every body of slaves; and his duty is rather to inspect and report, than to govern. Mr. X. considers his overseer an uncommonly efficient and faithful one, but he would not employ him, even during the summer, when he is absent for several months, if the law did not require it. He has sometimes left his plantation in care of one of the drivers for a considerable length of time, after having discharged an overseer; and he thinks it has then been quite as well conducted as ever. His overseer consults the drivers on all important points, and is governed by their advice.

Mr. X. said, that though overseers sometimes punish the negroes severely, and otherwise ill-treat them, it is their more common fault to indulge them foolishly in their disposition to idleness, or in other ways to curry favor with them, so they may not inform the proprietor of their own misconduct or neglect. He has his overseer bound to certain rules, by written contract; and it is stipulated that he can discharge him at any moment, without remuneration for his loss of time and inconvenience, if he should at any time be dissatisfied

with him. One of the rules is, that he shall never punish a negro with his own hands, and that corporal punishment, when necessary, shall be inflicted by the drivers. The advantage of this is, that it secures time for deliberation, and prevents punishment being made in sudden passion. His drivers are not allowed to carry their whips with them in the field; so that if the overseer wishes a hand punished, it is necessary to call a driver; and the driver has then to go to his cabin, which is, perhaps, a mile or two distant, to get his whip, before it can be applied.

I asked how often the necessity of punishment occurred.

“Sometimes, perhaps, not once for two or three weeks; then it will seem as if the devil had got into them all, and there is a good deal of it.”

As the negroes finish the labor required of them by Mr. X., at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they can employ the remainder of the day in laboring for themselves, if they choose. Each family has a half-acre of land allotted to it, for a garden; besides which, there is a large vegetable garden, cultivated by a gardener for the plantation, from which they are supplied, to a greater or less extent. They are at liberty to sell whatever they choose from the products of their own garden, and to make what they can by keeping swine and fowls. Mr. X.'s family have no other supply of poultry and eggs than what is obtained by purchase from his own negroes; they frequently, also, purchase game from them. The only restriction upon

their traffic is a "liquor law." They are not allowed to buy or sell ardent spirits. This prohibition, like liquor laws elsewhere, unfortunately, cannot be enforced; and, of late years, grog-shops, at which stolen goods are bought from the slaves, and poisonous liquors—chiefly the worst whisky, much watered and made stupefying by an infusion of tobacco—are clandestinely sold to them, have become an established evil, and the planters find themselves almost powerless to cope with it. They have, here, lately organized an association for this purpose, and have brought several offenders to trial; but, as it is a penitentiary offence, the culprit spares no pains or expense to avoid conviction—and it is almost impossible, in a community of which so large a proportion are poor and degraded, to have a jury sufficiently honest and intelligent to permit the law to be executed.

A remarkable illustration of this evil has lately occurred. A planter, discovering that a considerable quantity of cotton had been stolen from him, informed the patrol of the neighboring planters of it. A stragem was made use of, to detect the thief, and, what was of much more importance—there being no question but that this was a slave—to discover for whom the thief worked. A lot of cotton was prepared, by mixing hair with it, and put in a tempting place. A negro was seen to take it, and was followed by scouts, to a grog-shop, several miles distant, where he sold it—its real value being nearly ten dollars—for ten cents, taking his pay in liquor. The man was arrested, and, the

theft being made to appear, by the hair, before a justice, obtained bail in \$2,000, to answer at the higher Court. Some of the best legal counsel of the State has been engaged, to obtain, if possible, his conviction.

This difficulty in the management of slaves is a great and very rapidly increasing one. Everywhere that I have been, I have found the planters provoked and angry about it. A swarm of Jews, within the last ten years, has settled in nearly every Southern town, many of them men of no character, opening cheap clothing and trinket shops; ruining, or driving out of business, many of the old retailers, and engaging in an unlawful trade with the simple negroes, which is found very profitable.

From the Charleston Standard, Nov. 23d, 1854

“This abominable practice of trading with slaves, is not only taking our produce from us, but injuring our slave property. It is true the owner of slaves may lock, watch, and whip, as much as he pleases—the negroes will steal and trade, as long as white persons hold out to them temptations to steal and bring to them. Three-fourths of the persons who are guilty, you can get no fine from; and, if they have some property, all they have to do is to confess a judgment to a friend, go to jail, and swear out. It is no uncommon thing for a man to be convicted of offences against the State, and against the persons and property of individuals, and pay the fines, costs, and damages, by swearing out of jail, and then go and commit similar offences. The State, or the party injured, has the cost of all these prosecutions and suits to pay, besides the trouble of attending Court: the guilty is convicted, the injured prosecutor punished.”

The law which prevents the reception of the evidence of a negro in courts, here strikes back, with a most an-

noying force, upon the dominant power itself. In the mischief thus arising, we see a striking illustration of the danger which stands before the South, whenever its prosperity shall invite extensive immigration, and lead what would otherwise be a healthy competition to flow through its channels of industry.

This injury to slave property, from grog-shops, furnishes the grand argument for the Maine Law at the South.

From an Address to the people of Georgia, by a Committee of the State Temperance Society, prior to the election of 1855

"We propose to turn the 2,200 *foreign* grog-shop keepers, in Georgia, out of office, and ask them to help us. They (the Know-Nothings) reply, 'We have no time for that now—we are trying to turn *foreigners* out of office'; and when we call upon the Democratic party for aid, they excuse themselves, upon the ground that they have work enough to do in keeping these foreigners in office."

From the Penfield (Ga.) Temperance Banner, Sept. 29th, 1855

"OUR SLAVE POPULATION

"We take the following from the *Savannah Journal and Courier*, and would ask every candid reader if the evils referred to ought not to be corrected. How shall it be done?

"By reference to the recent homicide of a negro, in another column, some facts will be seen suggestive of a state of things, in this part of our population, which should not exist, and which cannot endure without danger, both to them and to us. The collision, which terminated thus fatally, occurred at an hour past midnight—at a time when none but the evil-disposed are stirring, unless driven by necessity; and yet, at that hour, those negroes and others, as many as chose, were passing about the country, with ample opportunity to commit any act which might happen to enter their heads. In fact, they did engage, in the public highway, in a broil terminating in homicide. It

is not difficult to imagine that their evil passions might have taken a very different direction, with as little danger of meeting control or obstacle.

“ ‘ But it is shown, too, that to the impunity thus given them by the darkness of midnight, was added the incitement to crime drawn from the abuse of liquor. They had just left one of those resorts where the negro is supplied with the most villainously poisonous compounds, fit only to excite him to deeds of blood and violence. The part that this had in the slaughter of Saturday night, we are enabled only to imagine ; but experience would teach us that its share was by no means small. Indeed, we have the declaration of the slayer, that the blow, by which he was exasperated so as to return it by the fatal stab, was inflicted by a bottle of brandy ! In this fact, we fear, is a clue to the whole history of the transaction.’ ”

“ Here, evidently, are considerations deserving the grave notice of, not only those who own negroes, but of all others who live in a society where they are held.”

Mr. X. remarks that his arrangements allow his servants no excuse for dealing with these fellows. He has a rule to purchase everything they desire to sell, and to give them a high price for it, himself. Eggs constitute a circulating medium on the plantation. Their par value is considered to be twelve for a dime, at which they may always be exchanged for cash, or left on deposit, without interest, at his kitchen.

Whatever he takes of them that he cannot use in his own family, or has not occasion to give to others of his servants, is sent to town, to be resold. The negroes do not commonly take money for the articles he buys of them, but the value of them is put to their credit, and a regular account kept with them. He has a store, usually well supplied with articles that they most want, which are purchased in large quantities, and

sold to them at wholesale prices; thus giving them a great advantage in dealing with him rather than with the grog-shops. His slaves are sometimes his creditors to large amounts; at the present time he says he owes them about five hundred dollars. A woman has charge of the store, and when there is anything called for that she cannot supply, it is usually ordered by the next conveyance, of his factors in town.

The ascertained practicability of thus dealing with slaves, together with the obvious advantages of the method of working them by tasks, which I have described, seems to me to indicate that it is not so impracticable as is generally supposed, if only it was desired by those having the power, to rapidly extinguish Slavery, and while doing so, to educate the negro for taking care of himself, in freedom. Let, for instance, any slave be provided with all things he will demand, as far as practicable, and charge him for them at certain prices—honest, market prices for his necessities, higher prices for harmless luxuries, and excessive, but not absolutely prohibitory, prices for everything likely to do him harm. Credit him, at a fixed price, for every day's work he does, and for all above a certain easily accomplished task in a day, at an increased price, so that his reward will be in an increasing ratio to his perseverance. Let the prices of provisions be so proportioned to the price of task-work, that it will be about as easy as it is now for him to obtain a bare subsistence. When he has no food and shelter due him, let him be confined in solitude, or otherwise punished, until he

asks for opportunity to earn exemption from punishment, by labor.

When he desires to marry, and can persuade any woman to marry him, let the two be dealt with as in partnership. Thus, a young man or young woman will be attractive, somewhat in proportion to his or her reputation for industry and providence. Thus, industry and providence will become fashionable. Oblige them to purchase food for their children, and let them have the benefit of their children's labor, and they will be careful to teach their children to avoid waste, and to honor labor. Let those who have not gained credit while hale and young, sufficient to support themselves in comfort when prevented by age or infirmity from further labor, be supported by a tax upon all the negroes of the plantation, or of a community. Improvidence, and pretence of inability to labor, will then be disgraceful.

When any man has a balance to his credit equal to his value as a slave, let that constitute him a free man. It will be optional with him and his employer, whether he shall continue longer in the relation of servant. If desirable for both that he should, it is probable that he will; for unless he is honest, prudent, industrious and discreet, he will not have acquired the means of purchasing his freedom.

If he is so, he will remain where he is, unless he is more wanted elsewhere; a fact that will be established by his being called away by higher wages, or the prospect of greater ease and comfort elsewhere. If he is so

drawn off, it is better for all parties concerned that he should go. Better for his old master; for he would not refuse him sufficient wages to induce him to stay, unless he could get the work, he wanted him to do, done cheaper than he would justly do it. Poor wages would certainly, in the long run, buy but poor work; fair wages, fair work.

Of course there will be exceptional cases, but they will always operate as cautions for the future, not only to the parties suffering, but to all who observe them. And be sure they will not be suffered, among ignorant people, to be lost. This is the beneficent function of gossip, with which wise and broad-working minds have nothing to do, such not being benefited by the iteration of the lessons of life.

Married persons, of course, can only become free together. In the appraisement of their value, let that of their young children be included, so that they cannot be parted from them; but with regard to children old enough to earn something more than their living, let it be optional what they do for them.

Such a system would simply combine the commendable elements of the emancipation law of Cuba,¹ and

¹ In Cuba every slave has the privilege of emancipating himself, by paying a price which does not depend upon the selfish exactions of the masters; but it is either a fixed price, or else is fixed, in each case, by disinterested appraisers. The consequence is, that emancipations are constantly going on, and the free people of color are becoming enlightened, cultivated, and wealthy. In no part of the United States do they occupy the high social position which they enjoy in Cuba.

those of the reformatory punishment system, now in successful operation in some of the British penal colonies, with a few practical modifications. Further modifications would, doubtless, be needed, which any man who has had much practical experience in dealing with slaves might readily suggest. Much might be learned from the experience of the system pursued in the penal colonies, some account of which may be seen in the report of the Prisoners' Aid Society of New York, for 1854, or in a previous little work of my own. I have here only desired to suggest, apropos to my friend's experience, the practicability of providing the negroes an education in essential social morality, while they are drawing towards personal freedom; a desideratum with those who do not consider Slavery a purely and eternally desirable thing for both slave and slave-master, which the present system, I think, is calculated, as far as possible, in every direction to oppose. My reasons for thus thinking, I may hereafter give, in some detail.

Education in theology and letters could be easily combined with such a plan as I have hinted at; or, if a State should wish to encourage the improvement of its negro constituent—as, in the progress of enlightenment and Christianity, may be hoped to eventually occur—a simple provision of the law, making a certain standard of proficiency the condition of political freedom, would probably create a natural demand for education, which commerce, under its inexorable higher-laws, would be obliged to satisfy.

I do not think, after all I have heard to favor it, that there is any good reason to consider the negro, naturally and essentially, the moral inferior of the white ; or, that if he is so, it is in those elements of character which should forever prevent us from trusting him with equal social munities with ourselves.

So far as I have observed, slaves show themselves worthy of trust most, where their masters are most considerate and liberal towards them. Far more so, for instance, on the small farms of North Carolina than on the plantations of Virginia and South Carolina. Mr. X.'s slaves are permitted to purchase fire-arms and ammunition, and to keep them in their cabins; and his wife and daughters reside with him, among them, the doors of the house never locked, or windows closed, perfectly defenceless, and miles distant from any other white family.

Another evidence that negroes, even in slavery, when trusted, may prove wonderfully reliable, I will subjoin, in a letter written by Mr. Alexander Smets, of Savannah, to a friend in New York, in 1853. It is hardly necessary to say, that the "servants" spoken of were negroes, and the "suspicious characters," providentially removed, were whites. The letter was not written for publication:

"The epidemic which spread destruction and desolation through our city, and many other places in most of the Southern States, was, with the exception of that of 1820, the most deadly that was ever known here. Its appearance being sudden, the inhabitants were seized with a panic, which caused an immediate *sauve qui peut* seldom witnessed before. I left, or

rather fled, for the sake of my daughters, to Sparta, Hancock county. They were dreadfully frightened.

"Of a population of fifteen thousand, six thousand, who could not get away, remained, nearly all of whom were more or less seized with the prevailing disease. The negroes, with very few exceptions, escaped.

"Amidst the desolation and gloom pervading the deserted streets, there was a feature that showed our slaves in a favorable light. There were entire blocks of houses, which were either entirely deserted, the owners in many instances having, in their flight, forgotten to lock them up, or left in charge of the servants. A finer opportunity for plunder could not be desired by thieves; and yet the city was remarkable, during the time, for order and quietness. There were scarcely any robberies committed, and as regards fires, so common in the winter, none! Every householder, whose premises had escaped the fury of the late terrific storm, found them in the same condition he had left them. Had not the yellow fever scared away or killed those suspicious characters, whose existence is a problem, and who prowl about every city, I fear that our city might have been laid waste. Of the whole board of directors of five banks, three or four remained, and these at one time were sick. Several of the clerks were left, each in the possession of a single one. For several weeks it was difficult to get anything to eat; the bakers were either sick or dead. The markets closed, no countryman dared venture himself into the city with the usual supplies for the table, and the packets had discontinued their trips. I shall stop, otherwise I could fill a volume with the occurrences and incidents of the dismal period of the epidemic."

While watching the negroes in the field, Mr. X. addressed a girl, who was vigorously plying a hoe near us.

"Is that Lucy?—Ah, Lucy, what 's this I hear about you?"

The girl simpered; but did not answer or discontinue her work.

"What is this I hear about you and Sam, eh?"

The girl grinned; and, still hoeing away with all her might, whispered "Yes, sir."

"Sam came to see me this morning."

"If master pleases."

"Very well; you may come up to the house Saturday night, and your mistress will have something for you."

Mr. X. does not absolutely refuse to allow his negroes to "marry off the place," as most large slave-owners do, but he discourages intercourse, as much as possible, between his negroes and those of other plantations; and they are usually satisfied to choose from among themselves.

When a man and woman wish to live with each other, they are required to *ask leave* of their master; and, unless there are some very obvious objections, this is always granted: a cabin is allotted to them, and presents are made of dresses and house-keeping articles. A marriage ceremony, in the same form as that used by free people, is conducted by the negro preacher, and they are encouraged to make the occasion memorable and gratifying to all, by general festivity. The master and mistress, when on the plantation, usually honor the wedding by their attendance; and, if they are favorite servants, it is held in the house, and the ceremony performed by a white minister.

A beautiful, dense, evergreen grove is used as a burial-ground of the negroes. The funerals are always at night, and are described as being very quaint and picturesque—all the negroes of the neighborhood

marching in procession from the cabin of the deceased person to the grave, carrying light-wood torches, and singing hymns, in their sad, wailing, chanting manner. At the head of each recent grave stands a wooden post.

On most of the large rice plantations which I have seen in this vicinity, there is a small chapel, which the negroes call their prayer-house. The owner of one of these told me that, having furnished the prayer-house with seats having a back-rail, his negroes petitioned him to remove it, because it did not leave them *room enough to pray*. It was explained to me that it is their custom, in social worship, to work themselves up to a great pitch of excitement, in which they yell and cry aloud, and, finally, shriek and leap up, clapping their hands and dancing, as is done at heathen festivals. The back-rail they found to seriously impede this exercise.

Mr. X. told me that he had endeavored, with but little success, to prevent this shouting and jumping of the negroes at their meetings on his plantation, from a conviction that there was not the slightest element of religious sentiment in it. He considered it to be engaged in more as an exciting amusement than from any really religious impulse. In the town churches, except, perhaps, those managed and conducted almost exclusively by negroes, the slaves are said to commonly engage in religious exercises in a sober and decorous manner; yet, a member of a Presbyterian church in a Southern city told me, that he had seen the negroes,

in his own house of worship, during "a season of revival," leap from their seats, throw their arms wildly in the air, shout vehemently and unintelligibly, cry, groan, rend their clothes, and fall into cataleptic trances.

On almost every large plantation, and in every neighborhood of small ones, there is one man who has come to be considered the head or pastor of the local church. The office among the negroes, as among all other people, confers a certain importance and power. A part of the reverence attaching to the duties is given to the person; vanity and self-confidence are cultivated, and a higher ambition aroused than can usually enter the mind of a slave. The self-respect of the preacher is also often increased by the consideration in which he is held by his master, as well as by his fellows; thus, the preachers generally have an air of superiority to other negroes; they acquire a remarkable memory of words, phrases, and forms; a curious sort of poetic talent is developed, and a habit is obtained of rhapsodizing and exciting furious emotions, to a great degree spurious and temporary, in themselves and others, through the imagination. I was introduced, the other day, to a preacher, who was represented to be quite distinguished among them. I took his hand, respectfully, and said I was happy to meet him. He seemed to take this for a joke, and laughed heartily. He was a "driver," and my friend said:

"He drives the negroes at the cotton all the week,

and Sundays he drives them at the Gospel—don't you, Ned?"

He commenced to reply in some scriptural phrase, soberly; but, before he could say three words, began to laugh again, and reeled off like a drunken man—entirely overcome with merriment. He recovered himself in a moment, and returned to us.

"They say he preaches very powerfully, too."

"Yes, Massa! 'kordin' to der grace—*yah! yah!*"

And he staggered off again, with the peculiar hearty negro guffaw. My friend's tone was, I suppose, slightly humorous, but I was grave, and really meant to treat him respectfully, wishing to draw him into conversation; but he had got the impression that it was intended to make fun of him, and, generously assuming a merry humor, I found it impossible to get a serious reply.

A majority of the public houses of worship at the South are small, rude structures of logs, or rough boards, built by the united labor or contributions of the people of a large neighborhood or district of country, and are used as places of assembly for all public purposes. Few of them have any regular clergymen, but preachers of different denominations go from one to another, sometimes in a defined rotation, or "circuit," so that they may be expected at each of their stations at regular intervals. A late report of the Southern Aid Society states that hardly one-fifth of the preachers are regularly educated for their business, and that "you would starve a host of them if you debarred them from

seeking additional support for their families by worldly occupation." In one presbytery of the Presbyterian Church, which is, perhaps, the richest, and includes the most educated body of people of all the Southern churches, there are twenty-one ministers whose wages are not over two hundred and fifty dollars each. The proportion of ministers, of all sorts, to people, is estimated at one to thirteen hundred. (In the Free States it is estimated at one to nine hundred.) The report of this Society also states, that "within the limits of the United States religious destitution lies comparatively at the South and Southwest; and that from the first settlement of the country the North has preserved a decided religious superiority over the South, especially in three important particulars: in ample supply of Christian institutions; extensive supply of Christian truth; and thorough Christian regimen, both in the Church and in the community." It is added that, "while the Southwestern States have always needed a stronger arm of the Christian ministry to raise them up toward a Christian equality with their Northern brethren, their supply in this respect has always been decidedly inferior." The reason of this is the same as that which explains the general ignorance of the people of the South: The effect of Slavery in preventing social association of the whites, and in encouraging vagabond and improvident habits of life among the poor.

The two largest denominations of Christians at the South are the Methodists and Baptists—the last having

a numerical superiority. There are some subdivisions of each, and of the Baptists especially, the nature of which I do not understand. Two grand divisions of the Baptists are known as the Hard Shells and the Soft Shells. There is an intense rivalry and jealousy among these various sects and sub-sects, and the controversy between them is carried on with a bitterness and persistence exceeding anything which I have known at the North, and in a manner which curiously indicates how the terms "Christianity," "piety," etc., are misapplied to partisanship, and conditions of the imagination.

A general want of deep reverence of character is evidenced in the frequent familiar and public use of expressions of rare reverence, and in high-colored descriptions of personal feelings and sentiments, which, if actual, can only be among a man's dearest, most interior, secret, stillest, and most uncommunicable experiences. Men talk in public places, in the churches, and in bar-rooms, in the stage-coach, and at the fireside, of their personal and peculiar relationship with the Deity, and of the mutations of their harmony with His Spirit, just as they do about their family and business matters. Of the familiar use of Scripture expressions by the negroes, I have already spoken. This is not confined to them, but is general among all the lower and middle classes. (When I speak of classes, I usually refer, as in this case, more especially to degree in education and information.) The following advertisement of a "re-forming" dram-seller is an illustration:

“‘FAITH WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD.’

“**I**N order to engage in a more ‘honorable’ business, I offer for sale, cheap for cash, my stock of

LIQUORS, BAR-FIXTURES, BILLIARD TABLE,

etc., etc. If not sold privately, by the 20th day of May, I will sell the same at public auction. ‘Shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works.’

“E. KEYSER.”

The religious service which I am about to describe, was held in a less than usually rude meeting-house, the boards by which it was inclosed being planed, the windows glazed, and the seats for the white people provided with backs. It stood in a small clearing of the woods, and there was no habitation within two miles of it. When I reached it with my friends, the services had already commenced. Fastened to trees, in a circle about the house, there were many saddled horses and mules, and a few attached to carts or wagons. There were two smouldering camp-fires, around which sat circles of negroes and white boys, roasting potatoes in the ashes.

In the house were some fifty white people, generally dressed in homespun, and of the class called “crackers,” though I was told that some of them owned a good many negroes, and were by no means so poor as their appearance indicated. About one-third of the house, at the end opposite the desk, was covered by a gallery or cock-loft, under and in which, distinctly separated from the whites, was a dense body of negroes; the men on one side, the women on another. The whites were seated promiscuously in the body of the

house. The negroes present outnumbered the whites, but the exercises at this time seemed to have no reference to them; there were many more waiting about the doors outside, and they were expecting to enjoy a meeting to themselves, after the whites had left the house. They were generally neatly dressed, more so than the majority of the whites present, but in a distinctly plantation or slave style. A few of them wore somewhat expensive articles, evidently of their own selection and purchase, but I observed, with some surprise, that not one of the women had a bonnet upon her head, all wearing handkerchiefs, generally of gay patterns, and becomingly arranged. I inquired if this was entirely a matter of taste, and was told that it, no doubt, was generally so, though the masters would not probably allow them to wear bonnets, if they should be disposed to, and should purchase them themselves, as it would be thought presuming. In the towns, the colored women often, but not generally, wear bonnets.

During all the exercises, people of both classes were frequently going out and coming in; the women had brought their babies with them, and these made much disturbance. A negro girl would sometimes come forward to take a child out; perhaps the child would prefer not to be taken out and would make loud and angry objections; it would then be fed. Several were allowed to crawl about the floor, carrying handfuls of cornbread and roast potatoes about with them; one had a fancy to enter the pulpit; which it succeeded in climbing into three times, and was as often taken away, in

spite of loud and tearful expostulations, by its father. Dogs were not excluded; and outside, the doors and windows all being open, there was much neighing and braying, unused as were the mules and horses to see so many of their kind assembled.

The preliminary devotional exercises—a Scripture reading, singing, and painfully irreverential and meaningless harangues nominally addressed to the Deity, but really to the audience—being concluded, the sermon was begun with the reading of a text, with which, however, it had, so far as I could discover, no further association. Without often being violent in his manner, the speaker nearly all the time cried aloud at the utmost stretch of his voice, as if calling to some one a long distance off; as his discourse was extemporaneous, however, he sometimes returned with curious effect to his natural conversational tone; and as he was gifted with a strong imagination, and possessed of a good deal of dramatic power, he kept the attention of the people very well. There was no argument upon any point that the congregation were likely to have much difference of opinion upon, nor any special connection between one sentence and another; yet there was a constant, sly, sectarian skirmishing, and a frequently recurring cannonade upon French infidelity and socialism, and several crushing charges upon Fourier, the Pope of Rome, Tom Paine, Voltaire, “Roosu,” and Jo Smith. The audience were frequently reminded that the preacher did not want their attention, for any purpose of his own; but that he demanded a respectful

hearing as "the Ambassador of Christ." He had the habit of frequently repeating a phrase, or of bringing forward the same idea in a slightly different form, a great many times. The following passage, of which I took notes, presents an example of this, followed by one of the best instances of his dramatic talent that occurred. He was leaning far over the desk, with his arm stretched forward, gesticulating violently, yelling at the highest key, and catching breath with an effort:

"A—ah! why don't you come to Christ? ah! what's the reason? ah! Is it because he was of *lowly birth*? ah! Is that it? *Is it* because he was born in a manger? ah! Is it because he was of a humble origin? ah! Is it because he was lowly born? a-ha! Is it because, ah!—is it because, ah!—because he was called a Nazarene? Is it because he was born in a stable?—or is it because—because he was of humble origin? Or is it—is it because—" He drew back, and after a moment's silence put his hand to his chin, and began walking up and down the platform of the pulpit, soliloquizing. "It can't be—it can't be—"—then lifting his eyes and gradually turning towards the audience, while he continued to speak in a low, thoughtful tone: "perhaps you don't like the messenger—is that the reason? I'm the Ambassador of the great and glorious King; it's his invitation, 't aint mine. You must n't mind me. I ain't no account. Suppose a ragged, insignificant little boy should come running in here and tell you, 'Mister, your house 's a-fire!' would you mind the

ragged, insignificant little boy, and refuse to listen to him, because he did n't look respectable?"

At the end of the sermon he stepped down from the pulpit, and, crossing the house towards the negroes, said, quietly, as he walked, "I take great interest in the poor blacks; and this evening I am going to hold a meeting specially for you." With this, he turned back, and without re-entering the pulpit, but strolling up and down before it, read a hymn, at the conclusion of which, he laid his book down, and, speaking for a moment, with natural emphasis, said:

"I don't want to create a tumultuous scene, now;—that is n't my intention. I don't want to make an excitement,—that ain't what I want,—but I feel that there 's some here that I may never see again, ah! and, as I may never have another opportunity, I feel it my duty as an Ambassador of Jesus Christ, ah! before I go——" By this time he had returned to the high key and whining yell. Exactly what he felt it his duty to do, I did not understand; but evidently to employ some more powerful agency of awakening, than arguments and appeals to the understanding; and, before I could conjecture, in the least, of what sort this was to be, while he was yet speaking calmly, deprecating excitement, my attention was attracted to several men, who had previously appeared sleepy and indifferent, but who now suddenly began to sigh, raise their heads, and *shed tears*—some standing up, so that they might be observed in doing this by the whole congregation—the tears running down their noses without any

interruption. The speaker, presently, was crying aloud, with a mournful, distressed, beseeching shriek, as if he was himself suffering torture: "Oh, any of you fond parents, who know that any of your dear, sweet, little ones may be, oh! at any moment snatched right away from your bosom, and cast into hell fire, oh! there to suffer torment forever and ever, and ever and ever—Oh! come out here and help us pray for them! Oh, any of you wives that has got an unconverted husband, that won't go along with you to eternal glory, but is set upon being separated from you, oh! and taking up his bed in hell—Oh! I call upon you, if you love him, now to come out here and jine us in praying for him. Oh, if there 's a husband here, whose wife is still in the bond of iniquity," etc., through a long category.

It was immediately evident that a large part of the audience understood his wish to be the reverse of what he had declared, and considered themselves called upon to assist him; and it was astonishing to see with what readiness the faces of those who, up to the moment he gave the signal, had appeared drowsy and stupid, were made to express agonizing excitement, sighing, groaning, and weeping. Rising in their seats, and walking up to the pulpit, they grasped each other's hands agonizingly, and remained, some kneeling, others standing, with their faces towards the remainder of the assembly. There was great confusion and tumult, and the poor children, evidently impressed by the terrified tone of the howling preacher, with the expectation of some immediately impending calamity, shrieked, and ran hither

and thither, till negro girls came forward, laughing at the imposition, and carried them out.

At length, when some twenty had gathered around the preacher, and it became evident that no more could be drawn out, he stopped a moment for breath, and then repeated a verse of a hymn, which being sung, he again commenced to cry aloud, calling now upon all the unconverted, who were *willing* to be saved, to kneel. A few did so, and another verse was sung, followed by another more fervent exhortation. So it went on; at each verse his entreaties, warnings, and threats, and the responsive groans, sobs, and ejaculations of his coterie grew louder and stronger. Those who refused to kneel, were addressed as standing on the brink of the infernal pit, into which a diabolical divinity was momentarily on the point of satisfying the necessities of his character by hurling them off.

All this time about a dozen of the audience remained standing, many were kneeling, and the larger part had taken their seats—all having risen at the commencement of the singing. Those who continued standing were mainly wild-looking young fellows, who glanced with smiles at one another, as if they needed encouragement to brazen it out. A few young women were evidently fearfully excited, and perceptibly trembled, but for some reason dared not kneel, or compromise, by sitting. One of these, a good-looking and gayly-dressed girl, stood near, and directly before the preacher, her lips compressed, and her eyes fixed fiercely and defiantly upon him. He for some time

concentrated his force upon her; but she was too strong for him, he could not bring her down. At length, shaking his finger toward her, with a terrible expression, as if he had the power, and did not lack the inclination to damn her for her resistance to his will, he said: "I tell you this is *the last call!*" She bit her lips, and turned paler, but still stood erect, and defiant of the immense magnetism concentrated upon her, and he gave it up himself, quite exhausted with the effort.

The last verse of the hymn was sung. A comparatively quiet and sober repetition of Scripture phrases, strung together heterogenously and without meaning, in the form of prayer, followed, a benediction was pronounced, and in five minutes all the people were out of the door, with no trace of the previous excitement left, but most of the men talking eagerly of the price of cotton, and negroes, and other news.

The negroes kept their place during all of the tumult; there may have been a sympathetic groan or exclamation uttered by one or two of them, but generally they expressed only the interest of curiosity in the proceedings, such as Europeans might at a performance of the dancing dervishes, an Indian pow-wow, or an exhibition of "psychological" or "spiritual" phenomena, making it very evident that the emotion of the performers was optionally engaged in, as an appropriate part of divine service. There was generally a self-satisfied smile upon their faces; and I have no doubt they felt that they could do it with a good deal more energy and abandon, if they were called upon. I did not wish

to detain my companion to witness how they succeeded, when their turn came; and I can only judge from the fact that those I saw the next morning were so hoarse that they could scarcely speak, that the religious exercises they most enjoy are rather hard upon the lungs, whatever their effect may be upon the soul.

CHAPTER II

RICE AND ITS CULTURE

ALTHOUGH nineteen-twentieths of all the rice raised in the United States is grown within a district of narrow limits, on the sea-coast of the Carolinas and Georgia, the crop forms a not unimportant item among the total productions of the country.¹ The crop of 1849 was supposed to be more than two hundred and fifteen million pounds, and the amount exported was equal, in value, to one-third of all the wheat and flour, and to one-sixth of all the vegetable food, of every kind, sent abroad. The exportation of 1851 was exceeded in value, according to the Patent Office Report, only by that of cotton, flour, and tobacco.

Rice is raised in limited quantity in all of the Southern States, and probably might be in some at the North. Rice has been grown on the Thames in England, and is extensively cultivated in Westphalia, Lombardy, and Hungary, in a climate not differing,

¹ The number of Rice Plantations is as follows, viz.:

S. Carolina—Plantations raising 20,000 lbs. and over,	446
Georgia, “ “ “ “	88
N. Carolina, “ “ “ “	25
Total, 	559

materially, from that of Southern Ohio or Pennsylvania. Travellers have found a variety of rice extensively cultivated among the Himalayan mountains, at an elevation but little below the line of constant snow. It is true that a hot climate is necessary for a large production; but these facts contradict the common assertion, that rice can only be grown under such circumstances of climate as must be fatal to any but negro labor.¹

In Louisiana and the Mississippi valley, where the rice culture is, at present, very limited, there are millions of acres of now unproductive wilderness, admirably adapted to its requirements, and here, "it is a well known fact," says a writer in De Bow's *Review*, "that *the rice plantations, both as regards whites and blacks, are more healthy than the sugar and cotton.*" The only restriction, therefore, upon the production of rice to a thousand-fold greater extent than at present, is the cost of labor in the Southern States.

From the New Orleans Delta, Feb'y 20, 1853

"It is shown in a petition to the legislature of Louisiana, asking for a grant of State land to the petitioners, as an encouragement to them to undertake extensive rice culture, in the State, that the cultivation of rice, in Louisiana, is not attended with the unusual sickness that it is in the Atlantic States. This is an important fact, and reference is made to the Parish of Plaquemines, where there is a rice-growing district, of some thirty or forty miles, on each side of the river, making forty thousand or more barrels of rough rice, yearly; and where the

¹ The rice commonly reported to grow wild, abundantly, in Wisconsin, and lately reproduced from seed in Connecticut, is not, I believe, properly called rice, but is of the family of oats.

health of the inhabitants, both white and black, is about the same that it is in other parts of the State, where no rice is grown. The reason assigned is, the Mississippi water, owing to its peculiar character, is not near so liable to stagnate or decompose, and produce miasms, as the fresh, clear waters of the Eastern rivers. It has been the impression of most of the residents of Plaquemines, that that Parish has always been, except when the cholera prevailed, one of the healthiest in the State."

From the same, May 28, 1854

"Another specimen of Creole rice may now be seen at the Reading Room of the Exchange, side by side with the 'Gold Seed' we noticed a short time since. It came from the Parish of Plaquemines, and is of the sort very generally cultivated there. J. Blodget Britton, Esq., the founder of the Louisiana Rice Mill Company, selected it as a fair sample of what is now produced in that district. He informs us that it resembles the white husk upland variety of South Carolina, though having, where care is used in its culture, a larger kernel, but is not so highly esteemed in commerce as the 'Gold Seed'; it is, however, greatly preferred by the Creoles, on account of its flavor.

"Mr. Britton has been travelling much through the Atlantic States, from Georgia to Massachusetts, in quest of information upon the subject of rice culture and milling, and recently has visited the principal rice districts of this State, collecting and imparting all the information in his power. He says there are few, very few persons in Louisiana who are at all aware of the great capability of our batture lands for the production of rice, and of a quality, too, he thinks, that will equal any in the world. All that is wanted is, good seed and proper culture. Some of the grain he has found is even larger than the large Ward rice of the Georgetown District, S. C., and some equally tough and hard, indeed, tougher and harder, he thinks, and possessing all the requisites for fine milling. But a fact, by no means the least important, he has ascertained. He is thoroughly satisfied, after hundreds of inquiries, that the cultivation of rice on the Mississippi bottoms does not cause unusual sickness, as is the case to the eastward. This he attributes to the purifying qualities of the sediment of the river water. Dr. Wilkinson, of the Parish of Plaquemines, whom we regard as high authority, has also given his assurance of this."

Rice continues to be cultivated extensively on the coast of Georgia and the Carolinas, notwithstanding the high price of labor which Slavery and the demand for cotton has occasioned, only because there are unusual facilities there for forming plantations in which, while the soil is exceedingly rich and easily tilled, and the climate favorable, the ground may be covered at will with water, until nearly all other plants are killed, so as to save much of the labor which would otherwise be necessary in the cultivation of the crop; and which may as readily be drained, when the requirements of the rice itself make it desirable.

Some of the economical advantages thus obtained, might certainly be made available, under other circumstances, for other crops. Luxuriant crops of grain and leguminous plants are sometimes grown upon the rice fields, and I have little doubt that there are many swamps, bordering upon our Northern rivers, which might be converted into irrigated fields with great profit. On this account, I shall describe the rice plantation somewhat elaborately.

A large part of all the country next the coast, fifty miles or more in width, in North and South Carolina and Georgia, is occupied by flat cypress swamps and reedy marshes. That which is not so is sandy, sterile, and overgrown with pines, and only of any value for agriculture where, at depressions of the surface, vegetable mould has been collected by the flow of rain water. The nearer we approach the sea, the more does water predominate, till at length land appears only in

islands or capes; this is the so-called Sea Island region. Below all, however, there stretches along the whole coast a low and narrow sand bar—a kind of defensive outwork of the land, seldom inhabited except by lost Indians and runaway negroes, who subsist by hunting and fishing. There are, upon it, several government relief stations and light-houses, far less frequent, alas! than skeleton hulks of old ships, which, half buried—like victims of war—in the sand, give sad evidence of the fury of the sea, and of the firmness with which its onsets are received.

At distant intervals there are shallow breaches, through which the quiet tide twice a day steals in, swelling the neutral lagoons, and damming the outlet of the fresh water streams, till their current is destroyed or turned back, and their flood dispersed far and wide over the debatable land of the cypress swamps.

Then when heavy rains in the interior have swollen the rivers, their eddy currents deposit, all along the edges of the sandy islands and capes of the swamp, the rich freight they have brought from the calcareous or granitic mountains in which they rise, with the organic waste of the great forests through which they flow. With all is mingled the silicious wash of the nearest shore and the rich silt of the salt lagoons, aroused from their bottoms in extraordinary assaults of the ocean.

This is the soil of the rice plantations, which are always formed in such parts of the tidal swamps, adjoining the mainland or the sandy islands, as are left nearly

dry at the ebb of the water. The surface must be level, or with only slight inclinations towards the natural drains in which the retiring tide withdraws; and it must be at such a distance from the sea, that there is no taste of salt in the water by which it is flooded, at the rise of tide.

In such a situation, the rice fields are first constructed as follows: Their outline being determined upon, the trees are cut upon it for a space of fifty feet in width; a ditch is then dug at the ebb of the water, the earth thrown out from which soon suffices to prevent the return of ordinary tides, and the laborers are thus permitted to work uninterruptedly. An embankment is then formed, upon the site of the first made ditch, sufficiently thick and high to resist the heaviest floods which can be anticipated. It is usually five feet in height, and fifteen in breadth at the base, and all stumps and roots are removed from the earth of which it is formed, as, in digging the first ditch, they have been from its base. The earth for it is obtained by digging a great ditch fifteen or twenty feet inside of it; and if more is afterwards needed, it is brought from a distance, rather than that the security of the embankment shall be lessened by loosening the ground near its base.

While this embanking has been going on, the trees may have been felled over all the ground within, and, with the underbrush, drawn into piles or rows. At a dry time in the spring, fire is set to the windward side of these, and they are more or less successfully consumed. Often the logs remain, as do always the

stumps, encumbering the rice field for many years. Usually, too, the larger trees are only girdled, and their charred or rotting trunks stand for years, rueful corpses of the old forests.

The cleared land is next divided into fields of convenient size, by embankments similar to, but not as large as, the main river embankment, the object of them being only to keep the water that is to be let into one field out of the next, which may not be prepared for it; commonly they are seven or eight feet wide at base and three feet high, with ditches of proportionate size adjoining them; a margin of eight or ten feet being left between the ditches and the embankments. Each field must be provided with a separate trunk and gate, to let in or exclude the water of the river; and if it is a back field, a canal, embanked on either side, is sometimes necessarily made for this purpose. Such a canal is generally made wide enough to admit of the passage of a scow for the transportation of the crop.

These operations being concluded, the cultivation of the land is commenced; but, owing to the withdrawal of shade, the decay of roots and recent vegetable deposit, and the drainage of the water with which the earth has hitherto been saturated, there continues for several years to be a gradual subsidence of the surface, making it necessary to provide more ditches to remove the water, after a flooding of the field, with sufficient rapidity and completeness. These ditches, which are, perhaps, but two feet wide and deep, are dug between

the crops, from time to time, until all the fields are divided into rectangular beds of a half or a quarter acre each. Now, when the gates are open, at the fall of tide, any water that is on the beds flows rapidly into these minor drains (or "quarter ditches"), from these into the outside ditches of each field, and from these through the field trunks into the canal, or the main embankment ditch, and from this through the main trunk into the river. The gates in the trunk are made with valves, that are closed by the rise of water in the river, so as not to again admit it. Another set of gates, provided with valves opening the other way, are shut down, and the former are drawn up, when it is wished to admit the water, and to prevent its outflow.

The fields can each be flooded to any height, and the water retained upon them to any length of time desired. The only exceptions to this sometimes occur on those plantations nearest the sea, and those farthest removed from it. On the lower plantations, the tide does not always fall low enough, for a few days at a time, to draw off the water completely; and on the upper ones, it may not always rise high enough to sufficiently flood the fields. The planter must then wait for spring-tides, or for a wind from seaward, that shall "set up" the water in the river.

In times of freshet of the river, too, it will be impossible to drain a greater or less number of the plantations upon it. These circumstances occurring at critical periods of the growth of the rice plant, always have a great effect upon the crop, and are referred to in factors'

and brokers' reports, and are often noticed in the commercial newspapers.

There is another circumstance, however, connected with the character of the season for rain, that still more essentially concerns the interests of the rice planters, especially those nearest the ocean. In a very dry season, the rivers being low, the ocean water, impregnated with salt, is carried farther up than usual. Salt is poisonous to the rice plant; while, on the other hand, unless it is flooded from the river, no crop can be made. The longer the drought continues, the greater this difficulty becomes, and the higher up it extends.

An expanse of old rice ground, a nearly perfect plain surface, with its waving, clean, bright verdure, stretching unbroken, except by the straight and parallel lines of ditch and wall, to the horizon's edge before you, bounded on one side by the silver thread of the river, on the other by the dark curtain of the pine forest, is said to be a very beautiful sight. But the new plantation, as I saw it in February, the ground covered thickly with small stumps, and strewn with brands and cinders, and half-burnt logs, with here and there an old trunk still standing, seared and burned, and denuded of foliage, with a company of clumsy and uncouth black women, armed with axes, shovels and hoes, and directed by a stalwart black man, armed with a whip, all slopping about in the black, unctuous mire at the bottom of the ditches, is a very dreary scene.

In preparing the ground for the crop, it is first thor-

oughly "chopped," as the operation with the thick, clumsy, heavy hoe is appropriately termed. This rudely turns, mixes, and levels the surface, two or three inches in depth. It is repeated as near as possible to the planting time, the soil being made as fine and friable, by crushing the clods, as possible—whence this second hoeing is termed the "mash." From the middle of March to the first of April planting commences, the first operation in which is opening drills, or, as it is termed on the plantation, "trenching." This is done with narrow hoes, the drills or trenches being chopped out about four inches wide, two inches deep, and thirteen inches apart. To guide the trenchers, a few drills are first opened by expert hands, four feet four inches apart, stakes being set to direct them; the common hands then open two between each of these guide rows, measuring the distance only by the eye. The accuracy with which the lines are made straight is said to be astonishing; and this, as well as the ploughing, and many other operations performed by negroes, as I have had occasion to notice with colored laborers at the North, no less than among the slaves, indicates that the race generally has a good "mathematical eye," much more so at least than the Irish.

As fast as the trenches are made, light hands follow, strewing the seed in them. It is sowed very thickly through the breadth of the trenches, so that from two to three bushels of rice are used upon an acre. The seed is lightly covered with hoes as rapidly as possible after it is sowed.

The force employed must always be large enough to complete the sowing of each field on the day it is begun. The outer gate in the trunk is opened as soon as the sowing is finished; and on the next rise of tide the water flows in, fills the ditches, and gradually rises until the whole ground is covered.

This is termed the "sprout flow," and the water is left on the field until the seed sprouts—from a week to a fortnight, according to the warmth of the season. It is then drawn off, and the field is left until the points of the shoots of the young plants appear above ground, when the second flooding is given it, called the "point flow." At this time, the water remains on till all the grass and weeds that have come up with the rice are killed, and until the rice itself is three or four inches in height, and so strong that the birds cannot pull it up. As soon as the ground is sufficiently dry, after the "point flow," the rice is hoed, and a fortnight or three weeks later it is hoed again, remaining dry in the meantime. As soon, after the second hoeing, as the weeds are killed by the sun (or, if rainy weather, immediately, so as to float them off), the field is again flooded, the water being allowed to rise at first well above all the plants, that the weeds and rubbish which will float may drift to the sides of the field, where they are raked out, dried, and burned: the water is then lowered, so that the points of the rice may be seen above it. The rice will be from six inches to one foot in height at this time, and the water remains on at the same height for two or three weeks. The exact time for drawing it off is de-

terminated by the appearance of the rice, and is a point requiring an experienced and discreet judgment to decide. This is called the "long flow."

The field is again left to dry, after which it receives a third and a fourth hoeing, and, when it is judged to need it, the water is again let on to a depth that will not quite cover the rice, and now remains on till harvest.

The negroes are employed, until the rice is headed, in wading through it, and collecting and bringing out in baskets any aquatic grasses or volunteer rice that have grown in the trenches. "Volunteer rice" is such as is produced by seed that has remained on the ground during the winter, and is of such inferior quality that, if it is left to be threshed with the crop, it injures its salable value much more than the addition it makes to its quantity is worth.

When the rice has headed, the water is raised still higher, for the purpose of supporting the heavy crop, and to prevent the straw from being tangled or "laid" by the wind, until it is ripe for the sickle.

The system of culture and irrigation which I have described is that most extensively practised; but there are several modifications of it, used to a greater or less extent. One of these is called "planting in the open trench;" in which the seed is prepared by washing it with muddy water, and drying it, so that a slight coating of clay remains upon it, which, after it is sown, is sufficient to prevent its rising out of the trench when the field is flooded. This saves the labor of covering it, and, the water being let on at once after the sowing,

it is protected from birds. The water remains until the plant has attained a certain size and color (commonly from two to three weeks), when it is withdrawn, and the subsequent culture is the same as I have described, after the second or "point" flow, in the first plan. The "long flow" and the "lay-by flow" are sometimes united, the water being gradually raised, as the plant increases in height, and only drawn off temporarily and partially, to supply its place with fresh, to prevent stagnation, or to admit the negroes to go over the field to collect weeds, etc. When this follows the open trench planting, the rice is flooded during all but perhaps two weeks of its growth, and receives but two instead of four hoeings. Some keep the water on as much as possible, only drawing off for barely the time required for the negroes to hoe it, when necessary to free the crop from weeds. Good planters use these and other modifications of the usual plan, according to the season, each having occasional advantages.

It will be obvious that in each method, the irrigation, by protecting the seed and plants, destroying weeds and vermin, and mechanically sustaining the crop, allows a great deal of labor to be dispensed with, which, with an unirrigated crop, would be desirable. This economy of labor is probably of greater consequence than the excessive moisture afforded the plant. Crops of rice have been grown on ordinarily dry upland, in the interior of the State, quite as large as the average of those of the tidal-swamps, but, of course, with an immensely greater expense in tillage.

I should remark, also, that as moisture can be commanded at pleasure, it is of much less consequence to be particular as to the time of seeding, than it would otherwise be. One field is sowed after another, during a period of two months. The sowings, tillage, and harvest of one may follow that of another, in almost equally prolonged succession. A large plantation of rice may therefore be taken proper care of with a much smaller force of hands than would otherwise be necessary. Many of these advantages, the Northern farmer should not neglect to consider, would be possessed by grass meadows, similarly subject to irrigation.

The rice harvest commences early in September. The water having been all drawn off the field at the previous ebb tide, the negroes reap the rice with sickles, taking three or four rows of it at a cut. The stubble is left about a foot in height, and the rice is laid across the top of it, so that it will dry rapidly. One or two days afterwards it is tied in small sheaves, and then immediately carried to the barn or stack yard. This is often some miles distant; yet the whole crop of many plantations is transported to it on the heads of the laborers. This work, at the hottest season of the year, in the midst of the recently exposed mire of the rice fields, is acknowledged to be exceedingly severe, and must be very hazardous to the health, even of negroes. Overseers, who consider themselves acclimated, and who, perhaps, only spend the day on the plantation, often at this time contract intermittent fever, which, though not in itself immediately dangerous, shatters

the constitution, and renders them peculiarly liable to pneumonia, or other complaints which are fatal. When there is a canal running in the rear of the plantation, a part of the transportation of the crop is made by scows; and very recently, a low, broad-wheeled car or truck, which can be drawn by negroes on the embankments, has been introduced, first at the suggestion of a Northerner, to relieve the labor.

The rice is neatly stacked, much as wheat is in Scotland, in round, thatched stacks. Threshing commences immediately after harvest, and on many plantations proceeds very tediously, in the old way of threshing wheat, with flails, by hand, occupying the best of the plantation force for the most of the winter. It is done on an earthen floor, in the open air, and the rice is cleaned by carrying it on the heads of the negroes, by a ladder, up on to a platform, twenty feet from the ground, and pouring it slowly down, so that the wind will drive off the chaff, and leave the grain in a heap, under the platform. But on most large plantations, threshing-machines, much the same as are used with us, driven either by horse-power or by steam-power, have been lately adopted, of course with great economy. Where horse-power is used for threshing, the wind is still often relied upon for removing the chaff, as of old; but where steam-engines are employed, there are often connected with the threshing-mill, very complete separators and fanners, together with elevators and other labor-saving machinery, some of it the best for such purposes that I have ever seen.

After the ordinary threshing and cleaning from chaff, the rice still remains covered with a close, rough husk, which can only be removed by a peculiar machine, that lightly pounds it, so as to crack the husk without breaking the rice. Many of the largest plantations are provided with these mills, but it is now found more profitable (where the expense of procuring them has not been already incurred), to sell the rice "in the rough," as it is termed, before the husk is removed. There are very extensive rice-hulling mills in most large towns in Europe and America. In most of the European States a discriminating duty in favor of rough rice is laid on its importation, to protect these establishments. The real economy of the system is probably to be found in the fact, that rice in the rough bears transportation better than that which is cleaned on the plantation; also, that when fresh cleaned it is brighter and more salable. Rice in the rough is also termed "paddy," an East Indian word, having originally this signification.

The usual crop of rice is from thirty to sixty bushels from an acre, but even as high as one hundred bushels is sometimes obtained. Its weight (in the rough) is from forty-one to forty-nine pounds per bushel. The usual price paid for it (in the rough), in Charleston and Savannah, is from eighty cents to one dollar a bushel.

Planters usually employ their factors—merchants residing in Charleston, Savannah, or Wilmington, the three rice ports—to sell their crop by sample. The

purchasers are merchants, or mill-owners, or the agents of foreign rice mills. These factors are also employed by the planters as their general business agents, making the necessary purchase of stores and stock for their plantation and family supply. Their commission is $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Rice is used in the rice district as a constant article of food, never being absent from the breakfast and dinner table of many families. On the rice plantations, particularly those furnished with a hulling-mill, it is given a good deal to the negroes, more especially during the seasons of their harvest labor, and at the holidays. From this circumstance, I judge that it is thought better food than maize, although the cracked and inferior rice, that would be unmerchantable, is alone given them. Some planters, however, say that the cracked rice (broken in the process of removing the hull) is better than the prime, and they prefer it for their own table. Rice is screened after the hull is removed, so as to produce several different classes, the difference in which is mainly in size, the lower denominations including only chips and powder of the grain. The classes are indicated as follows, at the mills of Mr. Bilby, of New York, where one thousand bushels of paddy, or rough rice, produced:

- 16,078 lbs. of "best head" rice.
- 596 lbs. of "best prime" rice.
- 9,190 lbs. of "good to fair."
- 3,243 lbs. of "broken" rice.
- 570 lbs. of "chits" or "small."
- 5,210 lbs. of "flour" or "douse."

In the Carolina mills the product is divided into "prime," "middling" (broken), "small" or "chits," and "flour" or "douse."

Prime rice, at the best mills, is not only separated from all of inferior quality, and from all sand and impurities, but each grain is actually polished; the last operation at the mill being, to force it through a rapidly revolving cylinder, of woven wire, between which and a sheep-skin flap it is obliged to rub its way to the shoot, which lets it out into the sack or barrel in which it is transferred to the grocer.

Having thus described its progress, from the dark mire of its amphibious birth till it has become, at length, the clean, lustrous, translucent, pearly, and most beautiful of grains, I will add directions for preparing it for the table, according to the most esteemed plantation method.

Rice is increased in bulk, by boiling, 150 per cent., and in weight, 100 per cent. Wash it thoroughly in cold water; have your pot of water (two quarts for every half-pint of rice) boiling—add salt at discretion; put the rice in, and stir it while boiling; let it boil four minutes (some say ten, and some say fifteen); then pour off the water as close as you can without stirring the rice; set the pot on some coals, and cover it; let it remain twenty minutes, and then dish up. Each grain, by this method, will be swollen and soft, without having lost its individuality, and the dish will be light, palatable, and nutritious. Those who prefer a sodden, starchy, porridge-like mess, may boil it longer,

and neglect to steam it. A very delicate breakfast-roll is made in Georgia, by mixing hominy or rice, boiled soft, with rice-flour, and milk, in a stiff batter, to which an egg and salt may be added. It is kept over night in a cool place, and baked, so as to be brought hot to the breakfast table.

The system of working slaves by tasks, common on the large cotton plantations of the Atlantic States, as well as the rice plantations, has certainly great advantages. The slave works more rapidly, energetically, and, within narrow limits, with much greater use of discretion, or skill, than he is often found to do elsewhere. Could the hope of reward for faithfulness be added to the fear of punishment for negligence, and some encouragement be offered to the laborer to apply his mind to a more distant and elevated result than release from his day's toil,—as, it seems to me, there easily might be,—it would, inevitably, have not only an improving effect upon his character, but would make way for a vastly more economical application of his labor.

On the contrary, however, the tasked laborer is always watched as closely as possible—a driver standing by, often with a whip in his hand, that he may be afraid to do his work slightly. Under the most favorable circumstances, by the most liberal and intelligent proprietors, he is trusted as little as possible to use his own discretion, and it is taken for granted that he will never do anything desired of him that he dares avoid.

Take men of any original character of mind, and use

them as mere animal machines, to be operated only by the motive-power of fear; provide for the necessities of their animal life in such a way that the cravings of their body shall afford no stimulus to contrivance, labor, and providence; work them mechanically, under a task-master, so that they shall have no occasion to use discretion, except to avoid the imposition of additional labor, or other punishment; deny them, as much as possible, the means of enlarged information, and high mental culture—and what can be expected of them, but continued, if not continually increasing stupidity, indolence, wastefulness, and treachery?

Put the best race of men under heaven into a land where all industry is obliged to bear the weight of such a system, and inevitably their ingenuity, enterprise, and skill will be paralyzed, the land will be impoverished, its resources of wealth will remain undeveloped, or will be wasted; and only by the favor of some extraordinary advantage can it compare, in prosperity, with countries adjoining, in which a more simple, natural, and healthy system of labor prevails.

Such is the case with the Slave States. On what does their wealth and prosperity, such as it is, depend? On certain circumstances of topography, climate, and soil, that give them almost a monopoly of supplying to the world the most important article of its commerce.

Conventions of planters, met to consider preposterous propositions for “regulating the Cotton Market,” annually confess that if the price of this staple should be very greatly reduced, by its extended culture in other

parts of the world, or by any cause greatly diminishing its consumption, every proprietor at the South would be ruined. If this humiliating state of things, extending over so large a region, and yet so distinctly defined by the identical lines that separate the Slave from the Free States, is not caused by the peculiar system of labor which distinguishes the former, there is, at least, an appearance of reason in the fanaticism that votes, on that supposition, not to extend the area devoted to the experiment.

On the rice plantation which I have particularly described, the slaves were, I judge, treated with at least as much discretion and judicious consideration of economy, consistently with humane regard to their health, comfort, and morals, as on any other in all the Slave States; yet I could not avoid observing—and I certainly took no pains to do so, nor were any special facilities offered me for it—repeated instances of that waste and misapplication of labor which it can never be possible to guard against, when the agents of industry are slaves. Many such evidences of waste it would not be easy to specify; and others, which remain in my memory after some weeks, do not adequately account for the general impression that all I saw gave me; but there were, for instance, under my observation, gates left open and bars left down, against standing orders; rails removed from fences by the negroes, as was conjectured, to kindle their fires with; mules lamed, and implements broken, by careless usage; a flat-boat, carelessly secured, going adrift on the river; men ordered

to cart rails for a new fence, depositing them so that a double expense of labor would be required to lay them, more than would have been needed if they had been placed, as they might almost as easily have been, by a slight exercise of forethought; men ordered to fill up holes made by alligators or craw-fish in an important embankment, discovered to have merely patched over the outside, having taken pains only to make it *appear* that they had executed their task—not having been overlooked while doing it, by a driver; men, not having performed duties that were entrusted to them, making statements which their owner was obliged to receive as sufficient excuse, though, he told me, he felt assured they were false—all going to show habitual carelessness, indolence, and mere eye-service.

The constant misapplication and waste of labor on many of the rice plantations is inconceivably great. Owing to the proverbial stupidity and dogged prejudice of the negro (but peculiar to him only as he is more carefully poisoned with ignorance than the laborer of other countries), it is exceedingly difficult to introduce new and improved methods of applying his labor. He always strongly objects to all new-fashioned implements; and, if they are forced into his hands, will do his best to break them, or to make them only do such work as shall compare unfavorably with what he has been accustomed to do without them. It is a common thing, I am told, to see a large gang of negroes, each carrying about four shovelfuls of earth upon a board balanced on his head, walking slowly along on the em-

bankment, so as to travel around two sides of a large field, perhaps for a mile, to fill a breach—a job which an equal number of Irishmen would accomplish, by laying planks across the field and running wheelbarrows upon them, in a tenth of the time. The clumsy iron hoe is, almost everywhere, made to do the work of pick, spade, shovel, and plough. I have seen it used to dig a grave. On many plantations, a plough has never been used; the land being entirely prepared for the crop by *chopping* with the hoe, as I have described. There is reason, perhaps, for this, on the newly cleared rice ground, encumbered, as it is, with the close-standing stumps and strong roots and protuberances of the late cypress swamp; though, I should suppose, it would be more economical to grub these by hand, sufficiently to admit of the use of a strong plough. On old plantations, where the stumps have been removed, the surface is like a garden-bed—the soil a dark, rich, mellow, and exceedingly fine loam, the proportion of sand varying very much in different districts; but always considerable, and sufficient, I must think, to prevent an injurious glazing from the plough, unless the land is very poorly drained. Yet, even on these, the plough is not in general use.

Trials have been made on some of the South Carolina plantations of English horse-drills, I understood, without satisfactory success; but I can hardly doubt that with as good laborers as the common English clod-hoppers, some modification of them might be substituted advantageously for the very laborious hoe and hand process of planting. I should think, too, the

horse-hoe, now much used in England for cleaning wheat (which is drilled nearly one-half closer than rice usually is), might be adapted to rice culture, with much saving of labor over the present method of hand-hoeing. Half an acre a day is the usual task of a negro at this operation. Garrett's horse-hoe, on light land, will easily go over ten acres, employing one horse, and one man and a boy. The Judges of the Royal Agricultural Society, at a trial in 1851, reported that the work done by it was far superior to any hand-hoeing. It requires to be guided, of course, with great carefulness, and, perhaps, could not be entrusted to ordinary slave field-hands.

I am not aware that any application of the reaping-machines, now in use on every large grain farm at the North, has been made in the rice harvest. By the use of a portable tramway for them to run upon, I should think they might be substituted for the present exceedingly slow and toilsome method of reaping with the sickle, with economy and great relief to the laborers. Such portable tramways are in use in England for removing the turnip crop from miry fields in winter; and men earn sixty cents a day by contracting to remove heavy crops at the rate of \$1.50 an acre, shifting the trams themselves. It is probable, therefore, that the rice crop might be taken out of the wet ground, and carried to the stack-yard, in this way, much more rapidly, and at less expense, than by the slow and cruel method now employed.

Could these, and other labor-saving appliances, in

general use elsewhere, be introduced, and competition of labor be obtained, the cost of raising rice might probably be reduced one-half.

That free labor, even of whites, can be used in rice culture, if not in Carolina, certainly in Louisiana, the poor Creoles of that State have proved. But even for Carolina, free laborers might be procured by thousands, within a year, from the rice region of China, if good treatment and moderate wages, dependent on hard work and good behavior, could be sufficiently assured to them. That they would suffer no more from malaria than do the negroes, there can be little doubt. And why, except for the sake of consistency, or for the purpose of bullying the moral sense of the rest of mankind, South Carolina should propose to re-establish the African slave-trade, while this resource is left, I cannot see. If the British and Spanish treat the Chinese laborers, whom they have imported to the West Indies, worse than if they were negroes, as is said, no evidence is offered that such cruelty is necessary. The Chinese have heathen vices enough, certainly; but the want of docility and painstaking industry are not among them. And, looking from the purely economical point of view, if orderly industry can be bought of them cheaply, nothing more is required. And as regards the other main consideration on which the re-opening of the slave-trade is advocated—the saving of sinners—the souls of the Chinese are probably as precious in the eyes of weeping angels, as those of the questionably-human races of Africa.

That the slaves on Mr. X.'s plantation were treated with all the kindness which a reasonable desire to make their labor profitable, and a loyal regard for the laws of the State for the preservation of Slavery would allow, was evident. A little more than that in fact, for privileges were sometimes openly allowed them, contrary to the laws. I was also satisfied, by the representations made to me, that many of the published reports as to the suffering of the slaves on the rice plantations—like that in Porter's *Tropical Agriculture*, for instance—are greatly exaggerated, or, at least, have but very limited application. That the slaves are sometimes liable, however, to be treated with excessive cruelty, and that often their situation must be very unpleasant, will be apparent from a very few considerations.

In the first place, if the humane Mr. X. could, with impunity, disregard the laws, for the purpose of increasing the comforts of his negroes, in so important a particular as by allowing them to possess, and keep in their cabins, guns and ammunition, for their own sport, as he did, what should prevent a heartless and unprincipled man, if such a one could be rich enough to own a rice plantation, from equally disregarding the laws, in the exercise of his ill-humor? Mr. X. told me that he had sold but three slaves off his plantation in twenty years—and these either went willingly, or were banished for exceedingly and persistently bad conduct. But during the very week that I was on his plantation, one of his neighbors sold an excellent man to a trader, without any previous intimation to him that he intended to do

so, without having any fault to find with him, and without the slightest regard, apparently, to the strong ties of kindred which were ruptured in the transaction.

This gentleman, too, though spoken of as eccentric, was evidently under no social taboo, and was, I believed, considered a "pious" man.¹

Again, Mr. X. had established regulations, to prevent his negroes from being punished by his subordinates, in the heat of sudden anger. Still another of his neighbors at the time of my visit, while in a drunken frolic, not only flogged a number of his negroes, without cause, but attempted to shoot and stab them; and if he did not succeed in killing any of them outright, was only prevented from doing so by what the law would have considered—and often has considered—an act of insubordination to be justifiably punished with death.

During the summer, for from four to six months, at least, not one rice planter in a hundred resides on his plantation, but leaves it, with all his slaves, in charge of an overseer. The overseers for rice plantations have to be chosen from among a population of whites comparatively very limited in number: from among those, namely, that have been born and reared in the miasmatic district of the coast; or, if they are taken from elsewhere, they must be very reckless and mercenary men who engage in so dangerous an occupation.

¹ Within fifty miles of this plantation, I heard a Presbyterian clergyman urge a man, whom he had never before seen, to purchase some slaves of him, which he had inherited, and had in his possession for many years.

Mr. X.'s overseer was considered an uncommonly valuable one. He had been in his employment for eight years, a longer time than Mr. X. had ever known any other overseer to remain on one plantation; yet I have shown that Mr. X. thought it necessary to restrain his authority within the narrowest possible limits which the law would permit.

He spoke of the character of overseers in general, as planters universally have, whenever I have asked information on the point, as exceedingly bad. It was rare that an overseer remained more than two years in succession on the same plantation; and often they were changed every year. They were almost universally drunken and dissolute, and constantly liable to neglect their duties. Their families, when they had them, were generally unhappy. They were excessively extravagant; and but a few ever saved anything year by year from their wages.

The *Southern Agriculturist*, published at Charleston, South Carolina, says:

"Overseers are changed every year: a few remain four or five years; but the average length of time they remain on the same plantation will not exceed two years.

—"What are the general characters of overseers? They are taken from the lowest grade of society, and seldom have had the privilege of a religious education, and have no fear of offending God, and consequently no check on their natural propensities; they give way to passion, intemperance, and every sin, and become savages in their conduct."—*Southern Agriculturist*, Vol. IV., page 351.

A writer in the *South Carolinian*, published at the capital of the State, says:

"Somehow, many persons improperly consider overseeing as a degrading occupation. I do not see why. Probably the notion arises from the impression that everything is done on a plantation by dint of lashing. When this is the case, it is the fault of the overseer. My opinion is, that of all punishments it is the least efficacious, and that fifteen or twenty lashes, lightly inflicted, are as much as should ever be given. For serious offenses, other punishments, such as solitary confinement, should be resorted to. I am happy to think this idea is rapidly gaining ground among planters; and could they entirely control their overseers, or obtain overseers of better education, a most important change in this particular would soon be accomplished."

The writer is speaking of the cotton planters of the interior, who reside on their plantations, and are under no necessity of leaving them during the summer, as are rice planters.

These extracts, in connection with the well-known facts to which I have referred, prove, beyond a question, that the slaves of the most humane rice planters are exceedingly likely to be subject to the uncontrolled tyranny of men of the most heartless and reckless disposition.

The precariousness of the much vaunted happiness of the slaves can need but one further reflection to be appreciated. No white man can be condemned for any cruelty or neglect, no matter how fiendish, on slave testimony. The rice plantations generally are in a region very sparsely occupied by whites: the plantations are nearly all very large—often miles across: many a one of them occupying the whole of an island—and rarely is there more than one white man upon a plantation at a time, during the summer. Upon this one man

each slave is dependent, even for the necessities of life.

What laboring man in the free States can truly be told that the slaves are better off than he is? Nay, in Europe, who desires to change his circumstances for these? Does not Mr. George Sanders rather overdo his part, when he tells the French Democrats that the working-men of France are in far worse circumstances than the American slaves? What Frenchman, about starving to death, is desirous that his wife and children shall be "provided for" during life, in the Carolina method? Disgraceful to mankind as is the Napoleonic usurpation, this is more so. It is not our business to interfere with it, I may admit; but I must expose the sophistry by which we are coaxed to aid and comfort it.

CHAPTER III

EXPERIMENTAL POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The Deserted Village.

"Laws grind the poor, and rich men guide the law." — *The Traveller.*

"Laws, to be just, must give a reciprocation of right; without this, they are mere arbitrary rules." — *Jefferson.*

"It is plain that a party so confided in as even a common plowman must be, ought not to have his sense of responsibility blunted." — *Blackwood.*

"But, gentlemen, there are two kinds of labor; intelligent and unintelligent labor: the former is that which gives character to a nation, and in giving character gives wealth and power. Hence, I say, encourage the education of all the people, for by so doing you will promote the elevation of character, and give that dignity to the founders of wealth, which is justly their due." — *Abbott Lawrence.*

ARISTOCRACY, or an established superior class, necessitates inferiority, or a subject class, at whose expense, in some way, the aristocracy is supported. In a rude society, aristocracy may be an economical institution, inasmuch as by the same means that it has power to rule the people, it is able also to defend their commonwealth. The ruder, the more barbarous, and

the more villainous the state of society, the more easily will aristocratic government be supported by the people, as being less expensive than a constant liability to more improvident and unsystematized plundering of the results of labor. As society approaches civilization, and the people of a state grow more and more gentle, discreet, and individually proud, self-disciplined, and self-maintaining, the use of an aristocracy becomes less, and the burden of supporting it is less contentedly borne. Finally, mankind arrives at the democratic republic, in which the clerks and guards of the common business of a commonwealth, instead of being made the rulers are simply members of the partnership of a community, appointed by their fellow-partners to transact, agreeably to their instructions, such business as they shall have agreed to have done in common.

Every real movement of societies towards this system will be favorable to their moral, mental, and material prosperity. A man will, as a general rule, always work harder, more skilfully, and with more exercise of discretion, for himself than for any one else; especially so if his work for another is not wholly voluntary, and his task self-imposed. So of bodies of men: all the faculties and talents, art conception, inventive genius, investigating enterprise, order and precision, as well as muscular power, will be developed and exerted by any man, and by any body of men, in proportion to the individual freedom with which they are directed, in proportion to the voluntariness—the good will with which they are exercised.

And where a man has these ease, delight, and comfort producing faculties exercised for him by another, whether superior or inferior to him, the less will he be likely to exercise them for himself—the less perfectly, the less productively.

Whatever is to the real advantage of any man, must be, in some degree, to the advantage of others, to all others in the world, but especially all others in his community.

Thus slavery or aristocracy, a ruling or a subject class in a community, is in itself a very great hindrance to its industrial progress; that is, to its acquisition of wealth—moral, æsthetic, and mental, as well as material wealth.

This is the way Democrats reason.

I do not wish to attribute to the South Carolinians any principles or motives which they would generally be disposed, themselves, to doubt or deny. I believe they will generally, at once, concede the statement to be correct, that it has always been the opinion of the rulers of their community, that it is impossible to educate the laboring mass to a sufficiently good judgment to enable them to take part in directing affairs of State, and that the proper capacity and fitness for these duties is only to be obtained among those whom wealth has relieved from the necessity of labor, and therefore special encouragement should be given to this class to extend its education to the uttermost. The most intelligent government, it is believed, will be the best; and as it is impracticable to make the average intelligence

of all sorts of people equal to the highest intelligence of some, the policy of the South Carolina community has been to develop the highest possible culture in a few, and to manage, in one way or another, to give political control to these few—to develop, not the highest average intelligence practicable among the people, and to trust government to this high average, but to develop the highest attainable intelligence in some originally fortunate ones, and to give government into the hands of this higher intelligence.

The Democratic theory of the social organization is everywhere ridiculed and rejected, in public as well as in private, in the forum as well as in the newspapers.

The late Governor Hammond declared:

“ I endorse, without reserve, the sentiment of Gov. McDuffie, that ‘ Slavery is the very corner-stone of our republican edifice,’ while I repudiate, as ridiculously absurd, that much lauded, but nowhere accredited, motto of Mr. Jefferson, that ‘ all men are born free and equal.’ ”¹

And a late Chancellor of the State, in an address to its Society of Learning, asked—in a connection which indicated that he entertained no doubt that the opinions of his audience coincided with his own:

“ Would you do a benefit to the horse or the ox, by giving him a cultivated understanding, or fine feelings? So far as the *mere laborer* has the pride, the knowledge, or the aspirations of a free man, he is unfitted for his situation, and must doubly feel its infelicity. If there are sordid, servile, and laborious

¹ Letter to Thomas Clarkson, by Gov. Hammond, of South Carolina.—DE BOW'S *Review*.

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offices to be performed, is it not better that there should be sordid, servile, and laborious beings to perform them?"¹

So far as the polity of South Carolina has differed from that of the other American States, it has been by its being more strongly, steadily, and consistently pervaded by these ideas, than theirs; and it is as the exponent of this polity, that its history and present condition most challenge examination.

In South Carolina, as in Virginia, the influential settlers were "gentlemen." "Many of them," says Hewitt, the first historian of the Colony, "pampered citizens, whose wants luxury had increased, and rendered them impatient of fatigue, and the restraint of legal authority."²

In the first fundamental constitution of the Colony, provision was made for a race of hereditary tenants to have farms of ten acres each; one-eighth of the produce of which was to be paid over, as rent, to the gentlemen—lords of the manor. Two classes of hereditary nobility were provided for. Decisions of the lords of the manor, or of any of the nobility, in matters concerning

¹ The *Charleston Standard*, of Nov. —, 1855, contains a report of the annual address to the graduating class of the State Military Asylum, of another address to the literary societies of the institution, and an editorial article on education; in all which, the Democratic educational system of the North, and of Prussia, is ridiculed and condemned; and, by the two orators, the proposition is advocated, that the State should educate only its capitalists and the officers or overseers, who, under orders of the capitalists, shall command and direct the laborers.

² Hewitt's *History of South Carolina and Georgia*. London, 1779; vol. i., page 75.

their tenantry, were without judicial appeal. No man was eligible to any office, except he was the possessor of a certain definite extent of landed estate—larger or smaller, according to the dignity of his office. Negro slavery was provided for, and every freeman was declared to have absolute power, extending to life and death, over his slaves.

This constitution is supposed to have been drafted by John Locke ; but Locke's opinion of negro slavery was certainly very inconsistent with any design to provide for its permanent establishment in the Colony. He describes it, elsewhere, to be " the state of war continued between a lawful conqueror and his captive ;" * * * " so opposite to the generous temper and courage of our nation, that 't is hardly to be conceived that an Englishman, much less a gentleman, should plead for it."

Having the least democratic government, South Carolina was, almost from the first, distinguished as the worst governed, most insubordinate, and most licentious and immoral of all the English settlements in America. Negroes, from Africa, were not only eagerly purchased, but wars were made upon the Indians of the country, for the purpose of capturing them, and using them as slaves. The different tribes of Indians were encouraged to war with one another, and the prisoners of each and all tribes and parties were bought for slaves. So successfully was this cat-and-monkey trick performed, that multitudes of Carolina Indians were exported, as slaves, to the West Indies, where they were exchanged for rum, which thereby became

very cheap in the Colony, and made drunkenness very common. Sea-rovers and filibusters were openly and joyfully received, and supplied with every necessity—even with arms and ammunition—in exchange for treasure that had been taken from ships, or plundered towns, on the Spanish main. Several of these freebooters purchased land, and became resident planters of the Colony.¹ Party spirit and party tyranny were stronger than they have often been, anywhere in the world; and the cavalier party in the legislature, although the constitution guaranteed religious freedom, and two-thirds of the people were Dissenters, did not hesitate, when they had a majority of one, to use the opportunity to disfranchise all who refused to accept the dogmas of their church, and so rid themselves, if possible, of their opposition forever.

Costly churches were erected, and clergymen were supported in luxury, at the expense of the Colony. "The Dissenters," says Hewitt, "were not only obliged to erect and uphold their own churches, and maintain their clergy by private contributions, but also to contribute their share, in the way of taxes, towards the maintainance of the establishment. This, indeed, many of them considered a grievance; but, having but few friends in the provincial assembly, no redress could be obtained for them. Besides, the establishment gave its adherents many advantageous privileges, in point of power and authority, over persons of other denominations." The English-born of the Colony were,

¹ Hewitt, i., 116.

nearly all, gradually drawn into the establishment, by the worldly advantages it offered. The Scotch and Irish, only, steadfastly adhered to their conviction, and maintained the Presbyterian organization and worship.¹

The proprietors, having permitted a band of French refugees to settle in the Colony, and, for their encouragement, ordered that they should have equal rights with the Anglo-Saxons, the latter immediately began to persecute and oppress them by every means in their power. "Their haughty spirit could not brook the thoughts of sitting in assembly with the rivals of the English nation, for power and dominion." They maintained that the proprietors had no right to make low foreigners partakers of the privileges of natural-born Englishmen; that their marriages, having been performed by a clergyman who had not been ordained by an English bishop, were unlawful, and their children were bastards; they insisted that they should be allowed no vote; that they should not be returned on any jury, nor sworn for the trial of issues between subject and subject.²

The laws to protect the masters against the slaves, were of a severity that no necessity could justify; while there was scarcely a semblance of law to guard the

¹ Cotemporaneously with the infernal negro-laws of the Province, the enslavement of Indians, and the public entertainment of pirates, laws were also maintained to regulate the deportment of the people, on Sundays, for punishing those who used profane language, etc., and the legislature refused to enforce payment of debts due to creditors living out of the Province.

² Hewitt, i., III.

slaves against the inhumanity of the whites. Slaves, endeavoring to flee from the cruelties to which they were generally subjected,¹ were permitted to be shot, and were required, when recaptured alive, on pain of heavy penalties upon their owners, to be mutilated in a manner too bad to mention. If they died in consequence, their owners were entitled to compensation for their loss, from the colonial treasury. Slaves, committing burglary, were punished by being slowly burned to death.²

About 1730, Hewitt says:

"The old planters now acquiring, every year, greater strength of hands by the large importation of negroes, and extensive credit in England, began to turn their attention, *more closely than ever*, to the lands of the Province (that is, to the engrossment of landed estate). A spirit of emulation broke out among them, for securing tracts of the richest lands of the Province; but especially such as were most conveniently situated for navigation."

Complaints were made to the legislature that

"All the valuable lands on navigable rivers and creeks, adjacent to Port Royal, had been run out in exorbitant tracts, under color of patents granted, by proprietors, to Cassiques and Landgraves, by which the complainants, who had, at the hazard of their lives, defended the country, were hindered of obtaining such lands as could be useful and beneficial, at the established quit rents, although the Attorney and Solicitor-General of England had declared such patents void."

The state of the Colony, at the end of the year 1773, is thus described:

"Each planter, *eager in pursuit of large possessions of land*, * * * strenuously vied with his neighbor for a superi-

¹ Hewitt, i., 120; ii., 96.

² Hildreth.

ority of fortune, and seemed impatient of every restraint that hindered or cramped him in his favorite pursuit."

The profits of rice culture, in which no poor man could engage, increased the ability, without at all diminishing the eagerness of the richer class to possess slaves. No regard to the general welfare could restrain the importation.

In an address to the King, about 1750, it is stated: "The only commodity of consequence produced, is rice." The "negroes are ready to revolt on the first opportunity, and are *eight times as many in number as there are white men able to bear arms.*" "At the lowest computation," the export of rice is declared to be two hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling in value, and to require the use of one hundred and sixty ships. This crop was almost wholly the produce of slave-labor. Little or no result of the labor of white men was exported, and the free laboring men were constantly engaged in trying to preserve something of their few legal rights, from the rapacity and ambition of the rich, slave-owning aristocracy.

The tendency which, during the last century, has been perceptible in every Christian land, and among all people intimately associated with the civilized world, towards pure democracy, has, from time to time, been revealed in South Carolina, in the gradual modification of the aristocratic system; but, even now, no man can be admitted to a seat in the legislature of the State, unless he is the owner of real estate to the value of, at least, one hundred and fifty pounds sterling; and, to be

eligible to the upper house, he must possess a freehold estate of, at least, three hundred pounds value. The number of representatives, from any particular part of the State, is proportionate, not to the number of citizens residing in it, but to the value of property owned in it.

Five-sixths of the whole white population of the State, residing in those counties where there are the fewest slaves, have but seventy-eight out of one hundred and twenty-two representatives. The Pendleton district, with over 26,000 white inhabitants, is represented by seven members; the two parishes of St. Philip and St. Michael, with less than 19,000 white inhabitants, send eighteen. Nowhere else, in the United States, and, probably, not even in England, are elections so entirely contests of money and of personal influence, and less expressions of judgment, upon subjects of difference in politics, as in South Carolina. In many parts, if I was rightly informed, no effective opposition can ever be offered to the will of some few of the "old families," who usually have a good understanding among themselves, who shall be chosen to fill any offices at all desirable.¹

As far as the slaves are concerned, there has been no essential political progress at all. The laws have been

¹ "There's Beaufort, for instance," I was told; "if you had asked any well-informed Carolinian the name of its representatives, at any time in the last forty years, he would have replied; 'It is —, or —, or —, or —.' It is always a question only of succession, among the young gentlemen of those four families."

only slightly modified in conformity with more humane, but not more philosophical views of the modern legislators. And even as late as 1808, two slaves were publicly and judicially burned alive, over a slow fire, in the city of Charleston. In 1816, a grand jury declared in their official presentment, that instances of negro homicide were common, and that the murderers were allowed to continue in the full exercise of their powers as masters and mistresses. In the annual message of Governor Adams to the legislature, this year (1855), he observes:

“The administration of our laws, in relation to our colored population, by our courts of magistrates and freeholders, as these courts are at present constituted, calls loudly for reform. *Their decisions are rarely in conformity with justice or humanity.* I have felt constrained, in a majority of the cases brought to my notice, either to modify the sentence, or set it aside altogether. I recommend, in all cases involving life, that the trial of slaves and free persons of color be held at the courthouse of the district in which the offense is committed; that the clerk, ordinary, and sheriff of the district, constitute a court to try such cases.”

To this time, whether with justice, I know not, South Carolinians have a reputation generally, at the South, not only of being the most bigoted and fanatical conservators of Slavery, but also of being hard masters to their slaves. I have, several times, been cautioned by other Southerners, not to draw general conclusions with regard to the condition of slaves in the South at large, from what I saw and heard of those belonging to persons born in South Carolina. If this report is unjust to the South Carolinians, I think it probably is

not without foundation in some truth; and probably this: that the South Carolina planters have more faith in the Divine right of masters over subjects than those of other origin and education, and consequently are more determined and thorough in the exercise of despotic power. None will deny, at any rate, that there is a difference of this kind between South Carolina planters and all others, nor doubt that it has had considerable influence on the economy, public and private, of the State.

The ruling intellect of the State has now, as it originally had, more than that of any other American community, a profound conviction that God created men to live in distinct classes or castes, one beneath another, one subject to another. As far as possible, this ruling intellect tries to make practicably reconcilable the social system of the State with the Constitution of the Confederacy, from which it finds it inconvenient to make itself, alone, independent. The whole legislation of the State is a succession of miserable compromises for this purpose. One year, a little is yielded to the common people within the State; the next, an effort is made to bully the General Government or the democratic States into some retreat from the Confederate principles; the next, circulars are sent to the other Slave States, to coax or shame them into joining South Carolina in seceding from the hateful connection with States which, purely because they are disposed to be consistently democratic, are hated and despised by her rulers.

It is not, I suppose, to be questioned, that in those qualities for which a man is honored in society—for refinement of manners, and the power of being agreeable to social equals—the wealth which has been accumulated in a few hands, from the long unrequited labor and suffering of the slaves (I speak of the past, when no one will doubt their suffering), has given some few South Carolinians a superiority over most of the citizens of the more democratic States. One could beat up recruits for a dinner-party, or a ball-room, in Charleston, as well, at least, as anywhere else in America—better than anywhere at the North. And the qualifications for this purpose are certainly most desirable ones, and, where generally possessed, add more than profundity of judgment in metaphysics, or skill in bargaining, to the wealth of a community. It may be a question, nevertheless, if they are not sometimes acquired at too great an expense—a question of social economy.

† I am disposed, from the pleasure I have myself received from the little intercourse I by chance have had with educated Carolinians, to do them all justice on this point—a point on which they habitually make such great claims. But I must observe, also, that I have been astonished by the profound ignorance and unmitigated stupidity I have found in some planters of the State, of considerable wealth, and owning large numbers of slaves. † There are notorious anecdotes of wealthy Carolinians, also, which show them to be sometimes not only ignorant and stupid, but quite as vulgar as the most ridiculous palace-builders in New York.

Nevertheless, let us believe that there is less vulgar display, and more intrinsic elegance, and habitual mental refinement in the best society of South Carolina, than in any distinct class anywhere among us. This is to be expected from their social system.

Leisure and bountiful provision for the future being secured, it is also almost a matter of course, that men will amuse themselves with literature, arts, and science. South Carolina has, therefore, always boasted several men of learning (men learned in the classics, and abstract science), and many belles-lettres scholars. Yet scarce anything has been accomplished by them for the advancement of learning and science, and there have been fewer valuable inventions and discoveries, or designs in art, or literary compositions of a high rank, or anything else, contrived or executed for the good of the whole community, or the world at large (cotton and rice growing excepted), in South Carolina, than in any community of equal numbers and wealth, probably in the world. What Hewitt said of the wealthy class, previous to the Revolution, is still remarkably true of it:

“In the progress of society, they have not advanced beyond that period in which men are distinguished more by their external than internal accomplishments. Hence it happens, that beauty, figure, agility, and strength form the principal distinctions among them. Among English people, they are chiefly known by the number of their slaves, the value of their annual produce, or the extent of their landed estate. They discover no bad taste for the polite arts, such as music, drawing, fencing, and dancing. And it is acknowledged by all, but especially by strangers, that the ladies considerably outshine the men. Several natives, who have had their education in Britain,

have distinguished themselves by their knowledge in the laws and constitution of their country; but those who have been bred in the province, having their ideas confined in a narrower sphere, have, as yet, made little figure as men of genius or learning.”¹

Such were and are the few rich. What of the many poor?

In an account of an interview, given by a South Carolina gentleman, between General Marion, himself, and the Baron de Kalb, during the Revolutionary war, the following conversation is reported:

“He received us politely, observing that we were the first Carolinians that he had seen, which had not a little surprised him. * * * ‘I thought,’ said he, ‘that British tyranny would have sent great numbers of the South Carolinians to join our arms; but so far from it, they are all, as we are told, running to take British protections; surely, they are not tired already of fighting for liberty.’

“We told him the reason was very plain to us, who were inhabitants of that country, and knew very well the state of things there.

“‘Aye?’ said he; ‘well, what can the reason be?’

“‘Why, sir,’ said Marion, ‘the people of Carolina form two classes, the rich and the poor. The poor are generally very poor, because, not being necessary to the rich, who have slaves to do all their work, they get no employment of them. Being thus unsupported by the rich, they continue poor and *low-spirited*. They seldom get money; and, indeed, what little they do get, is laid out in brandy, to raise their spirits, and not on books and newspapers, to get information. Hence, they know nothing of the comparative blessings of our country, or of the dangers which threaten it, and therefore care nothing about it.’² As to the other class (continued Marion), the rich,

¹ Calhoun was educated in Connecticut, and he was the son of a poor Irishman.

² It is a fact, I believe, that the British recruited more men, during the war, in South Carolina, than were ever induced to

they are generally very rich, and, consequently, afraid to stir unless a fair chance offer, lest the British should burn their houses and furniture, and carry off their negroes and stock.' ”¹

And on another occasion, near the close of his life, Marion is reported to have discoursed as follows:

“What, sir! keep a nation in ignorance, rather than vote a little of their own money for education? Only let such politicians remember what poor Carolina has already lost through her *ignorance*. What was it brought the British, last war, to Carolina, but her lack of knowledge? Had the people been enlightened, they would have been united; and had they been united, they would never have been attacked a second time by the British. For, after the drubbing they got from us at Fort Moultrie, in 1776, they would have as soon attacked the devil as have attacked Carolina again, had they not heard that they were ‘*a house divided against itself*’—or, in other words, had amongst us a great number of Tories, men who through mere ignorance were disaffected to the cause of liberty, and ready to join the British, against their own countrymen. Thus, ignorance begat toryism, and toryism begat losses in Carolina, of which few have any idea.”

take up arms against them. The Tories of the North were generally men of wealth, and the patriots were the common people. In Carolina, it was the reverse. The great mass of the people were perfectly indifferent, and took sides with the party that offered them the best pay. Even the patriotism of the planters could, in many cases, be ascribed to the fact that the Revolution relieved them of their liabilities to their creditors, most of them being excessively in debt to their English factors. It was not until an express exception from the non-exportation clause of the “American Association,” of the article of rice, had been made for her special benefit, that the Colony was induced to join the others in the agreement of commercial non-intercourse with Great Britain, which preceded the outbreak of the Revolution.

¹ *The Life of General Francis Marion*, by Brig. Gen. P. Horrey, of Marion’s Brigade, and M. L. Weems.

He then goes on to show that, owing to the foothold the British gained in Carolina, the war was protracted two years; and makes a curious estimate of the loss to Carolina in those two years, at \$15,100,000. "As a proof," he continues, "that such hellish tragedies would never have been acted, had our State been enlightened, only let us look at the people of New England: Religion had taught them that God created men to be happy; that, to be happy, they must have virtue; that virtue is not to be attained without knowledge; nor knowledge without instruction; nor public instruction without free schools; nor free schools without legislative order."

Since the Revolution, the effects of the republican general government, and the influence of the democratic societies of the North, have certainly forced some improvement upon the State; but how slowly these counteract the results of its ruling, interior, social and political polity, may be judged from the following extract from a recent message of Governor Seabrook, to the Legislature:

"Education has been provided by the Legislature, but for one class of the citizens of the State, which is the wealthy class. For the middle and poorer classes of society it has done nothing, since no organized system has been adopted for that purpose. You have appropriated seventy-five thousand dollars annually to free schools; but, under the present mode of applying it, that liberality is really the profusion of the prodigal, rather than the judicious generosity which confers real benefit. The few who are educated at public expense in those excellent and truly useful institutions, the Arsenal and Citadel Academies [military schools], form almost the only exception to the

truth of this remark. Ten years ago, twenty thousand adults, besides children, were unable to read or write, in South Carolina. Has our free-school system dispelled any of this ignorance? Are there not any reasonable fears to be entertained that the number has increased since that period?"

And in the message of Gov. Adams, December, 1855, urging the appointment of a State Superintendent of Education, he says:

"Make, at least, this effort, and if it results in nothing — if, in consequence of insurmountable difficulties in our condition, no improvement can be made on the present system, and the poor of the land are hopelessly doomed to ignorance, poverty, and crime — you will, at least, feel conscious of having done your duty, and the public anxiety on the subject will be quieted."

A Southern-born gentleman, who had resided in South Carolina during many years, and who has lately been a traveller in Spanish America, in expressing to me his doubts of the utter degeneracy, as commonly understood, of the Spanish and Hispano-Indian races, and his conviction of their many good qualities and capabilities, said, that he had seen, among the worst of them, and those who had been most unfavorably circumstanced, none so entirely debased, so wanting in all energy, industry, purpose of life, and in everything to be respected and valued, as among extensive communities on the banks of the Congaree, in South Carolina. The latter, he said, in answer to my inquiries, "are the descendants of the former proprietors of nearly all the land of the region; but, for generations, their fathers have been gradually selling off to the richer planters moving in among them, and living on the purchase

money of their lands, and their children have been brought up in listless, aimless, and idle independence, more destructive to them, as a race, than even forced and servile industry might have been. They are more ignorant, their superstitions are more degrading, they are much less enduring and industrious, far less cheerful and animated, and very much more incapable of being improved and elevated, than the most degraded peons of Mexico. Their chief sustenance is a porridge of cow-peas, and the greatest luxury with which they are acquainted is a stew of bacon and peas, with red pepper, which they call 'Hopping John.' "

Let the reader recall to mind Hewitt's description of the knavery exercised by the early gentlemen of the Colony, in the mad passion to acquire large landed estates, and consider that these are their children, and he will see the repetition of the Virginia lesson, and the words again verified—"visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation."

Not very essentially different is the condition of a class of people living in the pine-barrens nearest the coast, as described to me by a rice planter. They seldom have any meat, he said, except they steal hogs which belong to the planters, or their negroes, and their chief diet is rice and milk. "They are small, gaunt, and cadaverous, and their skin is just the color of the sand-hills they live on. They are quite incapable of applying themselves steadily to any labor, and their habits are very much like those of the old Indians."

A Northern gentleman, who had been spending a year in South Carolina, said to me, after speaking respectfully of the character of some of the wealthier class, "but the poor whites, out in the country, are the meanest people I ever saw: half of them would be considered objects of charity in New York. When I was at — Springs, in the summer, I took too long a walk one day, and stopped at a miserable shanty to rest myself. There were four grown-up girls in the shanty: one of them was weaving, and the rest did not seem to have anything to do. I found their father was a blacksmith, who had been working at his trade in the neighborhood for forty years: all that time he had lived in that hovel, and was evidently still in abject poverty. I asked the girl at the loom how much she could make a day by her work. She did not know, but I ascertained that the stuff she wove was bought at a factory in the vicinity, to be used for bagging yarn; and she was paid in yarn—so many pounds of yarn for a piece of the bagging. She traded off the yarn at a store for what she had to buy, at the rate of a dollar and ten cents for this number of pounds of it. If she worked steadily from daylight to dark she could make not more than a seventh part of a piece in a day. Her wages, therefore, were less than sixteen cents a day, boarding herself."

"These people," he continued, "are regarded by the better class with as little respect as the slaves; and, in fact, they have hardly more self-respect. One day, when I was riding out with a gentleman, we passed a

house, at the door of which an old man and four rather good-looking girls made their appearance. The gentleman told me that two of the girls were notorious harlots, and that their father was understood not to object to their bearing that character."

He added further evidence of a similar character, indicating that a very slight value is placed upon female virtue among this class. A Southern physician expressed the opinion to me that if an accurate record could be had of the births of illegitimate children, as in Sweden and France, it would be found to be as great, among the poor people in the part of the country in which he practised, as of those born in wedlock. A planter told me that any white girl who could be hired to work for wages would certainly be a girl of easy virtue; and he would not believe that such was not the case with all our female domestics at the North. The Northern gentleman who related to me the facts repeated on the last page, told me he was convinced that real chastity among the young women of the non-slaveholding class in South Carolina was as rare as the want of it among farmers' daughters at the North. I can only say, in the absence of reliable data upon the subject, that the difference in the manners and conversation and general demeanor of the two is not unfavorable to this conclusion.

I am not unaware that it is often asserted, as an advantage of slavery (in the elaborate defence of the institution by Chancellor Harper, for instance), that the ease with which the passions of men of the superior

caste are gratified by the loose morality, or inability to resist, of female slaves, is a security of the chastity of the white women. I can only explain this, consistently with my impression of the actual state of things, by supposing that these writers ignore entirely, as it is a constant custom for Southern writers to do, the condition of the poorer class of the white population. (Witness, for instance, Mrs. Tyler's letter to the Duchess of Sutherland.) Chancellor Harper says: "It is related rather as a matter of tradition, not unmingled with wonder, that a Carolinian woman of education and family proved false to her conjugal faith." And it is, I presume, to women of education and "family" alone that he referred, in claiming an especial glory to the South in this particular. In any case, the claim is unfounded of a higher character, in this respect, than belongs to women favorably situated in the free States, though those of the South are unexcelled in the world for every quality which commands respect, admiration, and love.

In speaking of the severity of the laws with regard to free negroes at the South, a Southerner remarked: "It is impossible that we should not always have a class of free colored people, because of the fundamental law, *partus sequitur ventrem*. There must always be women among the lower class of whites, so poor that their favors can be purchased by the slaves, and the offspring must be constitutionally entitled to freedom; and although it may be kidnapped, or illegally sold into slavery by the mother, it cannot be enacted that

all persons of color shall be, considered *ipse facto*, slaves."

The *Richmond Enquirer*, of the 12th June, 1855, gives an account of a case decided in the Botecourt Circuit Court, as follows:

"ELIZA CRAWFORD, AND FIVE CHILDREN, COLORED, SUING FOR THEIR FREEDOM.—The case was decided in favor of the plaintiffs, the evidence being full and complete that the chief plaintiff, Eliza, was born of a white woman, of Georgia. She is now about thirty-five years of age, and has been in slavery between fifteen and twenty years."

The reports of the agents employed by religious associations to travel among the poor of South Carolina, indicate, strongly, a state of ignorance and superstition in the population of large districts, hardly exceeded in Mexico, and unparalleled, so far as I know, in civilized Europe. The log-book of a colporteur yields, for instance, the following statistical results of a few days' observations in his cruising ground:

"Visited sixty families, numbering two hundred and twenty-one souls over ten years of age; only twenty-three could read, and seventeen write. Forty-one families destitute of the Bible. Average of their going to church, once in seven years. Several, between thirty and forty-five years old, had heard but one or two sermons in their lives. Some grown-up youths had never heard a sermon or prayer, until my visit, and did not know of such a being as the Saviour; and boys and girls, from ten to fifteen years old, did not know who made them. All of one family rushed away, when I knelt to pray, to a neighbor's, begging them to tell what I meant by it. Other families fell on their faces, instead of kneeling." ¹

¹ Any amount of similar testimony may be obtained at the offices of those noble institutions, the Southern Aid Society and the American Tract Society, in New York. It is curious

The slave labor of the State is almost exclusively devoted to the culture of cotton and rice. Live stock, meat, corn, bread-stuffs, and forage—though the soil and climate of a large part are entirely favorable to their production—are very largely imported; and, for nearly all sorts of skilfully manufactured goods, the people are quite dependent on the Free States. Trade, and skilled labor of all sorts, is mainly in the hands of persons from the Free States, or foreign countries, and the population of this class is rapidly increasing. Previous to an election for a sheriff, in Charleston, in 1855, two hundred and fifty-two foreigners were naturalized in five days. The pecuniary inducements to emigration may be judged from the following facts:

“Lands, with heavy timber upon them, are selling, within twenty miles of Charleston, for prices varying from one to five dollars an acre. Wood is selling at six dollars and a half a cord, by the boat-load, delivered at the wharf; and at seven dollars and a half by the wood-factors, in the city. Masts and spars are brought from Boston. Brick, made from clay, which costs nothing, is worth twelve dollars a thousand.”¹

I lately saw it stated in a Charleston paper, that the most prosperous community in the State was one composed exclusively of Germans, in the hill country of the West. The observation was apropos of the foundation among them of an educational institution, of a high how little complaint is made of the impertinence of these Northern societies: why are not their agents sent back, in tar and feathers, to “take care of their own vicious and wretched poor?”

¹ *Charleston Standard*, 1855, in advocacy of reopening the African Slave-trade.

order; and it appeared that they had considerable manufacturing in successful operation, and were succeeding so well, in farming and other industry—undoubtedly free laboring—as to have capital to spare to aid a railroad enterprise.

The estimation in which the foreign-born working-people are held by the enlightened natives, may be judged from the following extract from a South Carolina newspaper,¹ which also gives a hint of the predominant feeling among the capitalists towards that class of the poor natives who bring their own industry in competition with that of the slaves.

“A large proportion of the mechanical force that migrate to the South, are a curse instead of a blessing; they are generally a worthless, unprincipled class—enemies to our peculiar institutions, and formidable barriers to the success of our native mechanics. Not so, however, with another class who migrate southward—we mean that class known as merchants; they are generally intelligent and trustworthy, and they seldom fail to discover their true interests. They become slaveholders and landed proprietors; and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they are better qualified to become constituents of our institution, than even a certain class of our native-born—who, from want of capacity, are perfect drones in society, continually carping about slave competition and their inability to acquire respectable position and employment, when, in fact, their natural acquirements and ambition do not excel the wisdom of the mole—they never look beyond the point of their nose, or aspire to anything beyond the capacity of a drudge in society. * * *

“The intelligent mercantile class, who come among us from the North, and settle, are generally valuable acquisitions to society, and every way qualified to sustain ‘our institution’;

¹ The *Carolinian*, I think; but, in cutting it out, I omitted to note the authority and date.

but the mechanics, most of them, are pests to society, dangerous among the slave population, and ever ready to form combinations against the interest of the slaveholder, against the laws of the country, and against the peace of the Commonwealth."

This must refer to some movements, which have lately been made, for enlarging the basis of suffrage, and for permitting the people to vote directly for Presidential electors. South Carolina stands alone among all the States in this, that the Presidential electors are chosen by the legislature. No native even can exceed, in idolatry to Slavery, the mass of the ignorant foreign-born laborers. Their hatred of the negro is proportionate to the equality of their intellect and character to his: and their regard for Slavery, to their disinclination to compete with him, in a fair field.

The Census Report, which should be the best authority in the matter, is evidently more than ordinarily unreliable, as an index to the average material wealth of the people of this State. There is every reason to suppose that the condition of the poorest of the people was often left unascertained, generally, in the Slave States—the vagabond habits of many of them keeping them out of the reach of the marshals; also, I am sure, from what I have heard, that the marshals were generally excessively lazy, and neglectful of their duty, among that class which was most ignorant, or indifferent on the subject.¹

¹ I have seen an advertisement of a deputy Census marshal, in Alabama or Georgia, announcing that he would be at a certain tavern in his district, on a certain day, for the purpose of

By the returns of the South Carolina marshals, the cash value of land, in the State, appears to be \$5.08 an acre; by the legislative documents of the State, for the same year, the cash value of real estate, exclusive of town lots, appears to be but sixty cents an acre. (The value of land is given in the several counties, and foots up, in the one case, \$10,082,427, and \$82,431,684 in the other; so it can be no typographical error.) The marshals were directed to make out their returns from the assessment rolls, and, where the assessments were made on sums less than the intrinsic value of the land, to add the necessary percentage. The average addition made, under this provision, by the South Carolina marshals, is over 800 per cent.; while, at page 46 of the official Abstract of the Census, the difference between the real and assessed value of real and personal estate, in South Carolina, is shown to be but one-seventieth of one per cent.

Attention was called to these discrepancies, immediately after the publication of the document, by a writer in the *National Era*, at Washington—but no explanation has ever been made; and, until one is offered, either the honesty or the competency of the South Carolina marshals must be so doubtful, that it is hardly worth while to particularly study their other returns.

In looking for other reliable data for an estimate of happiness which South Carolina statesmanship had receiving from the people of the vicinity—who were requested to call upon him—the information it was his duty to obtain from them.

secured at home, for the mass of that part of its people not systematically and with avowed intention held in subjection and degradation, I find, in an address of another chief magistrate of the State (Governor Hammond) before the South Carolina Institute, the following exposition:

“According to the best calculations which, in the absence of statistic facts, can be made, it is believed that, of the 300,000 *white* inhabitants of South Carolina, there are not less than 50,000, whose industry, such as it is, and compensated as it is, is not, in the present condition of things, and does not promise, hereafter, to be, adequate to procure them, honestly, such a support as every white person in this country is and feels himself entitled to.”

“Some cannot be said to work at all. They obtain a precarious subsistence by occasional jobs, by hunting, by fishing, sometimes by plundering fields or folds, and, too often, by what is, in its effects, far worse—trading with slaves, and seducing them to plunder for their benefit.”

In another part of the same address, Gov. Hammond says, that “\$18 or, at the most, \$19 will cover the whole necessary annual cost of a full supply of wholesome and palatable food, purchased in the market;” meaning, generally, in South Carolina. From a comparison of these two extracts, it will be evident that \$19 per annum is high wages for the labor of one-sixth of all the white population of South Carolina—and that one-sixth exclusive of the classes not obliged to labor for their living.

Mr. Bancroft says, in his essay on the *Decline of the Roman People*:

“When Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, on his way to Spain, to serve in the army before Numantia, traveled through Italy,

he was led to observe the impoverishment of the great body of citizens in the rural districts. Instead of little farms, studding the country with their pleasant aspect, and nursing an independent race, he beheld nearly all the lands of Italy engrossed by large proprietors; and the plow was in the hands of the slave. In the early periods of the State, Cincinnatus, at work in his field, was the model of patriotism; agriculture and war had been the labor and office of freemen; but of these the greater number had now been excluded from employment by the increase of slavery, and its tendency to confer the exclusive possession of the soil on the few. The palaces of the wealthy towered in the landscape in solitary grandeur; the plebeians hid themselves in miserable hovels. Deprived of the dignity of freeholders, they could not even hope for occupation; for the opulent land-owner preferred rather to make use of his slaves, whom he could not but maintain, and who constituted his family. Excepting the small number of the immeasurably rich, and a feeble, but constantly decreasing class of independent husbandmen, poverty was extreme."

No observing traveller can pass through South Carolina, and extend his observation beyond the illumined ground of hospitality, and not perceive a state of things similar to that here described. The slaveholders have, so far as possible with their capital, secured the best circumstances for the employment of that slave-labor which is the most valuable part of their capital. They need no assistance from the poor white man: his presence near them is disagreeable and unprofitable. Condemned to the poorest land, and restricted to the labor of merely providing for themselves the simple necessities of life, they are equally indifferent and incompetent to materially improve their minds or their wealth.

Few will wish to ask whether the condition of the non-slaveholders is compensated by the progress of

knowledge and the abundance of happiness among the slaveholders. This is impossible, considering the relative numbers of each. But it will be interesting to see how this distinct separation of classes, into the ignorant and the cultivated, is opposed to an economical direction of the forced labor of the slaves, leads, everywhere, to improvidence and waste in the use of the natural resources of the country, and prevents a rapid increase of wealth, even among the opulent and educated.

A man finding himself chiefly distinguished from a class despised of his comrades, by his superior intellectual cultivation, naturally cultivates his intellect further in those directions which wealth gives him a monopoly of pursuing, in preference to those in which he must advance on equal terms with the poor. The greater the class distinctions, the more general will be the habit of lazy contemplation and reflection—of diletanteism—and the less that of practical industry and the capacity for laborious personal observation and invention. The South Carolina gentleman is ambitious to generalize, either in war, or in politics, or in society; but to closely superintend and carry out his own plans, is excessively irksome and difficult for him. Consequently he is obliged to depend upon uncultivated, ignorant, and immoral poor men. What is the result on his plantations?

“No improvements can be effected—no ameliorations, either of negroes or land, can be expected, if overseers are invested with the chief authority, and changed every two years. Each one has his peculiarities in managing affairs; plants differently, works differently, establishes different rules for the govern-

ment of negroes, wants other implements, and has different views about feeding working-animals and rearing stock—while none of them feel, or can be expected to feel, any *permanent interest* in their employers' concerns. Unless, therefore, the latter establishes a system of his own, rigidly adheres to it, and compels all his overseers to conform to it, it is obvious that everything must be, and continue, at sixes and sevens, with a total or partial revolution every one, two, or four years. It is not enough, that he should exercise a sort of general superintendence. That may save him from speedy ruin, and, perhaps, even enable him to get along tolerably well; but, if he desires *really to improve*, he must descend to particulars, and infuse into every plantation operation the spirit of an intelligent guardian of a permanent interest.

“How much better, then, would everything be conducted, if the planter himself took upon him the steady, uniform, and entire direction of all his affairs, and pursued a system of his own, even in the smallest matters, for a series of years. Unfortunately, too, it happens that few overseers can be long retained on the same place. They are fond of change. If not, they become careless, or, if they think you have a high opinion of them, demand such an increase of wages as you cannot give; and, in case you refuse, will leave you, and even take less from another, rather than you. Such is the disposition of many of them.

“These difficulties, like almost all others, would be overcome, by the planter assuming the chief management himself. The overseer would see that you were in no way dependent on him—could not become careless, without speedy detection—and would be more contented to remain.

“Every planter will assent at once, I am sure, to the proposition. The difficulty is, that so few will carry it out—and one or two cannot do it. Overseers who can choose employers—which most overseers worth having can do—will not submit to it, if they can avoid it. It is necessary, therefore, that most, if not all planters, should unite in carrying out the system; and what I have written has been in the hope that it might possibly have some influence in bringing about so desirable a consummation.”¹

¹ *Southern Agriculturist*, Charleston, vol. iv., p. 323.

Another member of the favored class elucidates the working of the system as follows. [By "the man of literature" it will be evident that the orator means the man whose main motive of life is recreation.]

"Literature will enable one to take a comprehensive view of agriculture; to compare systems of different countries, and choose what is best for his own purposes; to trace effects to causes; to analyze his lands, perceive their defects, and apply the remedies. On the other hand, * * * we know that success in agriculture depends on minute attention to objects, separately, trifling, but, aggregately, of the greatest importance — indeed, absolutely essential to success. The man of literature, who is habituated to generalize his thoughts, cannot devote his attention to minutiae, even though he may be conscious of their importance. Further, it is in vain to possess a knowledge of planting, without possessing a knowledge of the proper management of slaves. They are an impelling power; and, if not properly directed, will lead to failure. Now, the very means of acquiring literature, if not the acquisition itself, incapacitates us from being able to compete with men in their knowledge of trickery. Nothing but an early knowledge of their powers of evasion will allow us to detect their duplicity, and prevent us from becoming the dupes of their superior cunning, or sagacity in roguery, if you please, in our relative situations. It is their business to deceive us, and ours to detect the deceit. The man of literary knowledge enters the field at disadvantage, and must be imposed upon. Perhaps the strongest argument is, that the acquisition of knowledge makes his taste fastidious, so that he compounds to be imposed upon."¹

In De Bow's *Review*, a monthly periodical, especially devoted to the advocacy of the theories, interests, and measures of the South Carolina school of politicians, for November, 1855, is an article on the agriculture of

¹ Address before the St. Andrew's, Ashley, and Stone River Agricultural Association, by their President, J. S. Brisbane, Esq., 1844.

South Carolina, by a South Carolinian; written for *The Carolinian* newspaper, and endorsed by the Editor of the *Review*—who is Superintendent of the U. S. Census, and also himself a Carolinian-born—as “an able and valuable essay.” It is so. By carefully weighing and connecting a variety of statistical information, many most interesting conclusions are reached—all of which, but for their length, I would copy. One section of them will, however, suffice for my purpose.

“The average value of the productive industry of the State does not exceed, as shown in the table, \$62 per head of the entire population, omitting the two cities, Charleston and Columbia. Full one-half, or more, of this amount is consumed on the plantation or farm, as necessary means of subsistence; leaving about \$31 as the value of cotton and other marketable produce, per head. Of this \$31, about one-third, upon an average, is required to meet the necessary expenses of clothing, overseers’ wages, or superintendence, taxes, physicians’ and blacksmiths’ bills, to say nothing of the expense of renewing the loss of mule and horse-power, and other necessary charges occasionally incurred, leaving a net profit of only \$20.66 per head of the entire population. We have seen that the entire capital of the State, in land and labor, is, at a moderate estimate, \$269-000,000, or full \$400 *per capita*, not including, in this estimate of value, that portion of the population which is a charge upon the active capital. If the natural increase is computed in the account, that of course will, in most cases, more than cover this part of the expense. This, however, is foreign to the matter in hand. But to this capital of \$400 per head must be added a capital of not less than \$176 more, to cover the regular losses from death and decline in the labor actually employed; which reduces the net profit on the capital to three and six-tenths per cent. per annum. All the capital in labor is sunk in the average period of about twenty-two years, and \$271, the laboring part of capital, being \$12.34 per annum, which is the interest of \$176, at seven per cent. per annum.

“Let us now suppose the production per head one hundred

dollars (and it is over this amount in half of the Eastern States), after making the same deductions as above, for subsistence and other expenses, there would still be left a net profit of \$59.66 per head. If, under the influence of such a profit from the cultivation of fertile lands, the population were doubled (as soon it would be), such lands might, and probably would, be enhanced to five times the present value of the lands of this State; while such a profit would pay more than eight per cent. on the capital thus enhanced, and the lands then be worth more than the same lands now, with all the slaves upon them. The large amount of lands now necessarily cultivated to produce a given amount of cotton, corn, or other produce, being three or four times the quantity necessary, if they were of first quality, and the consequent increased amount of labor expended in cultivation, show conclusively the low condition of our agriculture.

"It is too obvious to require extended illustration, that the slow advance of our population mainly arises from the impoverished condition of our lands. As lands become exhausted, the returns are not only small and unremunerating, but crops become uncertain, from casualties and vicissitudes of season, subsistence more precarious, and obtained at greater cost. The striking fact that those districts possessing naturally the best soils are almost stationary in population, while districts of inferior soils naturally are filling up, show not only the exhausted state of the soil in the former, but prove that the character of slave-labor, and the system of cultivation adopted, are unfriendly to density of population.

"The exhaustion of our lands, above alluded to, is further evinced by the fact that, in the last thirty years, they have remained generally stationary in price; and, in many instances, have actually declined. Another fact, very significant of this truth, is the regularly increased amount of lands cultivated in different crops per hand, particularly in cotton, while the amount produced is proportionably less."

The business committee of the South Carolina State Agricultural Society reported, Aug. 9, 1855:—

"Our old-fields are enlarging, our homesteads have been decreasing fearfully in number. * * * We are not only

losing some of our most energetic and useful citizens to supply the bone and sinew of other States, but we are losing our slave population, which is the true wealth of the State, our stocks of hogs, horses, mules, and cattle are diminishing in size and decreasing in number, and our purses are strained for the last cent to supply their places from the Northwestern States."

The absurd State and sectional pride of the South Carolinians; their simple and profound contempt for everything foreign except despotism; their scornful hatred especially of all honestly democratic States, and of everything that proceeds from them; the ridiculous cockerel-like manner in which they swell, strut, bluster, and bully in their confederate relations, is so trite a subject of amusement at the North, that I can only allude to it as affording another evidence of a decayed and stultified people. In this particular they are hardly surpassed by the most bigoted old Turks, or the most interior mandarins of the Yellow Dragon.

The following extract from the letter of a gentleman who manifests every disposition to take things quietly, but who is a straightforward, honest man, presents, in a clear and forcible manner, the present predicament of the State, and the urgent need for more statesmanlike policy in her legislation. It is published in the *Charleston Standard*, the editor of which calls attention to it, as worthy of especial consideration by every enlightened mind, North or South. Two grand juries of South Carolina (it is not, I believe, generally known at the North) have lately, in the most solemn manner, recommended a renewed importation of slaves from Africa, as the only remedy which the pride of the peo-

ple of the State will permit them to make use of, for their half-acknowledged debility. The proposal is favored by the most influential newspapers of the State; and a committee of the Legislature, to whom the subject was referred, has given its approval of the measure, on theological, moral and economical grounds, though recommending, from considerations of temporary policy, that no action should at present be taken in the matter:

“For my own part, I do not think that happiness necessarily consists in crowded communities, though I confess that in crowded communities we find more to satisfy the taste, and more of the comforts of social life. Nor do I believe that the stability of the institution of domestic Slavery depends upon its covering the same precise extent of superficial area, or upon its possessing the same precise amount of political power as that which is possessed by the Free States of this confederacy. I believe that there is the possibility of happiness everywhere, and that Slavery is destined to an existence perpetual as the hills on which it has been planted, and is destined to survive the forms of social constitution which oppose it, no matter what may be the present action of our people. But still, if we must have towns and cities like the North, if we must have manufacturing establishments, if our country must be cut up into small parcels, and must bloom like a garden, if our railroads are to find the business which is to make them profitable, and our rivers are to be rendered navigable, and our forests planted, and the whole country become resonant with the sounds of active industry, and if, besides all this, we must have Kansas and Nebraska slave territory—and I confess it would seem to be more in accordance with the schemes of an overruling Providence—*we must have the population*. If we have these results, we must have men to work them. But it has been my unfortunate experience to find in the men who mourn the most over the prostrate condition of the State, and who browbeat me when I say a word in its favor, the very men who shrink from every desirable measure of escape.

“If we propose to bring over among us the artisans and

farmers from Central Europe, who have made their roads, their canals, their farms, their gardens, and by their wants have given value to every vacant spot of land in New York and the New England States, they raise a finger of warning at us. These men, when they come, they tell us, will exclude our slaves from their legitimate employments, and will create a sentiment, even in the Slave States themselves, against the institution.

"This, to a great extent, is true. There can be no question but that when slaves are cheap, free labor will come to union with them. Free enterprise will take the slave, as the cheapest labor it can get; but when slaves are dear, as they are now, it is equally certain that free enterprise, instead of using Slavery, will combine against it; and the truth is, therefore, that while near ten thousand foreigners have come to Charleston within the last thirty years, near ten thousand negroes have left it in the same time. But when, to obviate it, we propose to re-open the slave-trade, and present enough of slaves to counteract the tendency of free-labor, they raise up both hands in pious horror.

"The man who will buy the negro that has been torn from his home in North Carolina or Virginia—the negro who has been elevated to a sense of natural and social relations by the influence of enlightened institutions, and the blessed precepts of the Gospel, and who may come with his heart-strings bleeding from the recent rupture, will stand aghast at the enormity of buying from the merchant of Massachusetts or New York the savage African, who knows no ties of relationship, and whose condition at home was one of hopeless slavery to a master not less savage than himself. *If men are to make a fuss upon this subject, they must begin with the domestic slave trade.*"

The amount of it, then, is this: Improvement and progress in South Carolina is forbidden by its present system. There are two ways, in one of which the difficulty must be met: by offering encouragement to the emigration of men from regions in which Slavery has not destroyed in the people the capacity to labor, or by the importation of savages. In the first case, Slavery

will have to be given up; in the latter, free or skilled labor must be dispensed with, and the great majority of whites must be still further degraded and pauperized.

South Carolina must meet her destiny: either be democratized or barbarianized.

I have no doubt hundreds of her planters will say, when they read this—and they may read it, though the poor people may not—“Let it be so: barbarism rather than voluntarily yield a hair’s breadth to this base-born agrarianism. The penalty will not come in our time—at least not on us.”

One hundred years hence, the men whose wealth and talent will rule South Carolina, will be, in large part, the descendants of those now living in poverty, ignorance, and the vices of stupid and imbecile minds. Will they still be taking counsel of their pride, cramming their children with the ancient sophistries of tyranny, and hardening their hearts to resist the demands of vulgar Humanity?

Later than in Virginia the spirit of manliness and of personal aspiration will permeate the people of South Carolina; and they will demand freedom, equality and fraternity in the social organization. Later, yet it will come, and will prevail. But how much will, in the meanwhile, have been lost.

GEORGIA

“Non sibi sed aliis.”

The settlement of Georgia did not originate in mercenary and ambitious motives. The design of the

founders of the Colony was to provide for the poor and unfortunate—more especially for discharged prisoners—an asylum in which they might be able, when free from the social submergence and weight of disgrace which disabled them in England, to support themselves by honest industry. A corporation for this purpose having been framed, a seal was adopted on which the cap of Liberty was a prominent emblem, with the motto, *Non sibi sed aliis*, “signifying,” says Hewitt, “that neither the first Trustees, nor their successors could have any views of interest, it being entirely designed for the benefit and happiness of others.”

Conscious that the class for whom they were to provide were most liable, under the best of circumstances, to continue to suffer from their own weak character, the Trustees set about the formation of a constitution, or code of laws, which should, as far as possible, guard their beneficiaries from temptation to trust to anything but honest and persevering industry for success, and which should educate them to sobriety, self-confidence, and perseverance in labor.

In the first place, therefore, they obtained from the king a guarantee to all of whatever birth, or previous condition or persuasion of mind, who should settle in the Colony, equality of rights with each other, and with all the free-born subjects of the king, native of Great Britain; and to all, except Papists, perfect religious freedom. Negro slavery was expressly prohibited to exist in the colony. Trade with the West Indies was forbidden, to prevent the importation of rum.

Restrictions were placed upon the trade with the Indians —always a fruitful source of danger in the frontier settlements in America, and no less a school of knavery, and of all vicious habits, than the jails of London. To prevent large tracts from falling, in process of time, under one possessor, land was to be granted to the settlers only in tail male, subject, on the failure of a male heir, to return to the government of the Colony, by which it should be granted anew to such other persons, as should be judged for the best interest of the commonwealth, provision being made for widows and female children. Land, in any case, was to be granted only on condition that it should be made productive; and if it should fail to have been fenced, cleared, and cultivated in eighteen years after it was granted, in order to remove the temptation to hold it longer, in idleness, for speculation, it was stipulated that it should revert to the government. Under no consideration was any one person or family, however large or wealthy, to be granted more than five hundred acres of land within the Colony.

A secondary purpose of the corporation, by which its project was recommended to the favor of the king, was to form outposts, to guard the Carolinas from invasion by the Spaniards, then strongly fortified in Florida. For this purpose, all grants of land were made on condition that the grantees should be prepared to take arms whenever called upon by proper authority.

“ The first embarkations of poor people from England

(I quote from Hewitt), being collected from towns and cities, were found equally idle and useless members of society abroad, as they had been at home. A hardy and bold race of men, inured to rural labor and fatigue, they (the Trustees) were persuaded would be much better adapted, both to cultivation and defense." A hundred and thirty frugal and industrious laboring men were therefore procured from Scotland, and one hundred and seventy more of the same sort from Germany. The liberal and democratic character of the Colony rapidly added to it additional forces of these honest and self-reliant people. They were settled at posts of danger and barrenness, on the extreme frontier, while an attempt was made to nurse the moral strength of the English invalids on the banks of the Savannah, in that part of the Colony nearest to the South Carolina plantations.¹ A sad error, this.

Like children, weak in good resolution, unaccustomed to labor, habitually despondent, and ready to despair at the first occurrence of unexpected difficulty, the English settlers needed to be constantly cheered and animated. That the laws designed to remove temptation to vice, and to restrain unhealthy speculation, operated, in some degree, also, to check enterprise, and restrict competition among traders and men of capital, there can be no question. But, if it be remembered how largely the Colony was composed of people whose first and best business it should have been to produce food, and build shelter for themselves, and not to transfer

¹ Hewitt, ii., 45.

goods, I can see no grounds for esteeming, according to a common assumption, that the first constitution and laws of Georgia were the worst which could have been devised for their purpose. Considering that they were drawn in an age when, by many, feudalism was still deemed the highest possible attainment of political and social science, they seem to me to have been an extraordinarily sagacious production.

These people, of course, were indolent, dejected, and soon discontented. Like all such unfortunates, they labored to find, in the errors of others, or in circumstances over which they had no control, the grounds of that unhappiness which resulted from their own misconduct or indolence.

The merchants, who thought their interests would be served by a liquor and a slave traffic, and by a free trade with drunken Indians, found nothing but hardship and danger in the restrictions of the law. The South Carolinians, over the river, had slaves to do their work for them, made themselves jolly with cheap rum, and entertained Indians and pirates with great profit. The ignorant poor people were very ready to believe themselves oppressed; that it was impossible for white people to work in that climate, especially without cheap liquor to sustain their strength, and were easily persuaded to raise an outcry for free trade and Slavery. Ungrateful, "they could," says Hewitt, "view the design of the Trustees in no other light than that of having decoyed them into misery," and "they frankly told them that nothing could prevent the Colony from being

totally deserted, but the same encouragement with their more fortunate neighbors in Carolina.”¹

“But the Highlanders,” says the same chronicler, strangely enough, “instead of joining in this application, to a man remonstrated against the introduction of slaves.” “They considered perpetual Slavery as shocking to human nature, and deemed the *permission of it a grievance*, and which, in some future day, might also prove a scourge, and make many feel the smart of that oppression they [the poor Englishmen,] so earnestly desired to introduce.” So it was also with the industrious Germans.

And for twenty years, the people were thus divided into two parties : those who had been coaxed to come out because of their bravery, hardihood and industry, forming the bulk of one—conservative and democratic, the speculators, traders, office-holders, and the ignorant rabble of loafers at Savannah, who had been sent out for charity’s sake; the other—disorganizing and proslavery.

Many of the arguments of the latter were identical with those we now hear. “They judged that the British [read *American*] Constitution, zealous for the rights and liberties of mankind, could not permit subjects [read *citizens*] to be deprived of the common privileges of all Colonists” [read *white men*]. “That the chief cause of all their calamities was, the strict adherence to a chimerical and impracticable scheme” [read *infidel and fanatical isms*]. “The leading men at

¹ Hewitt, ii., 149.

New Inverness and Ebenezer—the Scotch and German settlements—[read *Lawrence*] who opposed the introduction of slaves, were traduced and persecuted.” “The standing toast at Savannah was, ‘THE ONE THING NEEDFUL,’ ” meaning Slavery. The churches were induced to represent it as desirable that Africans should be imported, that they might be converted to Christianity. The clergy were flattered to preach and pray for it as an institution sanctioned by the Bible. The South Carolinians constantly said all they could, to increase the discouragement of the Georgians, and to assist them to obtain an abrogation of the proviso against slaves.¹

At length, after slaves had been for some time imported and held in defiance of the law, or an evasion had been practised, by obtaining them from South Carolina on a life-lease, the benevolent Trustees, “weary of the complaints of the people,” were persuaded to resign their charter. The king at once accepted it, appointed a royal governor, and removed all restraint to Slavery.

One can, I think, with considerable confidence anticipate, that though Kansas should be forced, in this second year of its settlement, to submit to the permission of Slavery, the strong sentiment of a large part of the settlers against it, and the free-labor character sustained up to the present time, by so many of them, will, in a degree, restrict the evil of Slavery, and insure a better character to its future population, than would be

¹ Hewitt and Hildreth.

the case if, from the outset, Slavery had been welcomed, and inconsiderately submitted to by all the people.

It is but reasonable to suppose, that during the much larger protection from, and resistance to, Slavery, enjoyed by the first settlers of Georgia, habits of hopeful labor, and genuine, honest industry, had been established among much of its rural English, as well as retained and more than ever cherished by the Scotch and German portion of its population. Such men would naturally disdain, for a long time, to avail themselves of the unrequited labor of slaves; or, if using it, would be less demoralized by its use than others, and would educate their families, not only in their own habits, but to some degree in their own sentiments of respect for labor.

Being the most vigorous in body as well as in mind, the number of their descendants would be large in proportion to those of the more effeminate class. Thus, unless the after immigration, or other circumstances, should be very much against it, the customs, the opinions, the popular legislation, and whole character of the general body politic of the State might have been expected to be greatly and favorably influenced by these early laws and these early habits and sentiments of a part of its people.

This element has, of course, been greatly smothered; yet in our own day, it is obvious to the traveller, and notorious in the stock market, that there is more life, enterprise, skill, and industry in Georgia than in any other of the old Slave Commonwealths. In a letter

from a native Alabamian to a New York paper (the *Times*), it is thus testified:

“Georgia has the reputation of being the *Yankee land of the South*, and it is well deserved. She has the idea of doing—the will and the hand to undertake and accomplish—and you have only to be abroad among her people to see that she intends to lead the way in the race of Southern empire. Already over eight hundred miles of railroad have been finished; but this is only one item of her rapid advance. Factories, improved means of agriculture, diversified labor, endowed institutions, are all contributing to her progress. I have known many Georgians who are settled over the Southwest in the different States, and have always found them a very industrious, moral, elevated people.”

And the present laws of Georgia show the effects of the early democratic education of the Colony, as do those of South Carolina the reverse influences attending her settlement; being still much less undemocratic, with regard to the whites, much less inhumane with regard to the black, than those of the other pre-revolutionary Slave States. Although advantage continues to be taken of that provision of the Constitution, which permits slave property to be represented in our national councils, Georgia repudiates, in her internal politics, the absurd and unjust principle of it. The vote of every freeman counts one, and but one, though he owns a hundred slaves.¹ The wickedness and danger

¹ A friend of mine once said to a Georgian: “I confess, H., whenever I am reminded that your power in our Congress, by the reason of the hundred slaves you own, counts as sixty-one to my one, because I happen to live at the North, and choose to invest the results of my labor in railroads, instead of niggers, I have a very strong indisposition to submit to it.”

“I declare,” answered the Georgian, “I should think you

of the internal slave trade is distinctly recognized, by a provision of her laws forbidding the importation of slaves from other States, a provision which, unfortunately, however, like nearly all laws against the evils of Slavery, is so easily evaded as to be entirely useless, except as an act of conscience. The restrictive laws of the State, upon negroes—as those forbidding their instruction, and those with regard to free colored seamen—are less frequently enforced, and are more unpopular, and more violently, because less honestly, defended, than in any other State. More stringent and outrageous means have also been taken to prevent the “infection of abolitionism” reaching the people in Georgia, than in any other State, evidently because the apprehension of it by the ruling class has been greater than elsewhere. There still stands unrepealed an act of the legislature, offering a large reward for the head of a citizen of New York, who has committed no crime recognized in the constitution of the confederacy.

But, let us consider, what was the effect of abrogating the law of freedom?

would ; I never thought of it in that light before ; it's wrong, and you ought not to submit to it—and, if I were you, I would not.”

Howison, the Virginia historian, said, in 1848 : “It would be hard to find an equitable objection to this compromise (the slave representation). The instrument containing it was adopted by the Northern States, and they have ever since acquiesced without resistance ; and if it was right for the Union, it seems, *a fortiori*, right for Virginia.”

As the people of Virginia have since decided that it is not right for Virginia, as have those of Georgia for their State, it would seem, “*a fortiori*,” not right for the Union. [See Appendix B, p. 388.]

It was several years before slaves began to be much used—showing that, during the greatest clamor for them, there were very few persons who personally wanted them. Ultimately, however, large speculations began to be made with their labor; and, at the same time, the richer class—as in Virginia and Carolina—commenced to secure for themselves, and to withdraw from the labor of the free poor, the most available land of the country. Many planters were attracted from South Carolina, the general immigration continued, and more capitalists were numbered in it. Were the poor people, or the people in general, out of those engaged in commerce, benefited thereby? Not at all. Instead of giving them profitable employment, these capitalists bought slaves in large numbers, and monopolized for them, in a great degree, the valuable opportunities and encouragements to labor, which the Colony afforded. These slaves they obliged to obtain whatever of value the country would produce, returning them only the small share of these productions necessary to sustain their lives. Whatever else they wanted, they obtained direct, or through the merchants, from England; paying for it from the remainder of the productions of the labor of their slaves.

The poor white people remained as before, except that the results of the labor of the industrious had to be sold in competition with that of the labor of the slaves.

In short, the abrogation of the law was equivalent, in its effects on the people for whose benefit the Colony

was founded, to what, upon honest tradesmen, would be a general granting of licenses, to those who could afford to pay enough for them, to sell stolen goods.

Of course, the wealth of the land was more rapidly worked out, and there was a rapid increase of exports and imports, which Southern politicians and historians cite as evidence of the benevolence of Slavery, and which Hewitt especially points to, as proof that Slavery had been "the one thing needful" for the prosperity of the Colony.

The following picture, by a native Georgian, of what was the richest part of Georgia, when Hewitt wrote, will show at what expense this rapid increase of wealth—that is, of wealthy people and of trade, in the Colony—was obtained:

"The classic hut occupied a lovely spot, overshadowed by majestic hickories, towering poplars, and strong-armed oaks. The little plain on which it stood, was terminated, at a distance of about fifty feet from the door, by the brow of a hill, which descended rather abruptly to a noble spring, that gushed joyously forth from among the roots of a stately beech, at its foot. The stream from this fountain scarcely burst into view, before it hid itself in the dark shade of a field of cane, which overspread the dale through which it flowed, and marked its windings, until it turned from sight, among vine-covered hills, at a distance far beyond that to which the eye could have traced it, without the help of its evergreen belt. A remark of the Captain's, as we viewed this lovely country, will give the reader my apology for the minuteness of the foregoing description: 'These lands,' said he, 'will never wear out. Where they lie level, they will be just as good, fifty years hence, as they are now.' Forty-two years afterwards, I visited the spot on which he stood when he made the remark. The sun poured his whole strength upon the bald hill which once supported the sequestered school-house; many a deep-washed gully met at a sickly

bog, where had gushed the limpid fountain ; a dying willow rose from the soil which had nourished the venerable beech ; flocks wandered among the dwarf pines, and cropped a scanty meal from the vale where the rich cane had bowed and rustled to every breeze, and all around was barren, dreary, and cheerless.”¹

I will quote from graver authority: De Bow's *Resources of the South*, from Fenner's *Southern Medical Reports*:

“The native soil of Middle Georgia is a rich, argillaceous loam, resting on a firm, clay foundation. In some of the richer counties, nearly all the lands have been cut down, and appropriated to tillage ; a large maximum of which have been worn out, leaving a desolate picture for the traveller to behold. Decaying tenements, red, old hills, stripped of their native growth and virgin soil, and washed into deep gullies, with here and there patches of Bermuda grass and stunted pine shrubs, struggling for subsistence on what was once one of the richest soils in America.”

In 1854, the Hon. Mr. Stephens, M. C., from Georgia, in a speech in the House of Representatives, attempted to show that the agricultural productions of his State were more valuable than those of Ohio, and thereby to obtain an economical argument for Slavery. In order to do so, he left hay—the most valuable crop of Ohio, and large quantities of which are exported to the Slave States, but of which none of consequence is raised in Georgia—entirely out of the calculation ; giving as a reason that corn-fodder was not returned from Georgia. Corn-fodder is a crop of comparatively small

¹ *Georgia Scenes*, by the Rev. and Hon. Judge Longstreet, now President of the University of Mississippi. Harper's edition, p. 76.

value, but that of Ohio, which was also omitted, would, if returned, have far exceeded that of Georgia. He then placed absurdly low prices upon the great staples of Ohio, and unusually high ones upon those of Georgia, and even put higher prices upon the same articles in his Georgia than in his Ohio table. The truth is, though Georgia has every advantage in climate, and enjoys, in common with other Slave States, a natural protection in the culture of the great staple of cotton, her average agricultural productions, by the ordinary commercial method of calculation—taking the prices for all crops from those ruling at a common market—are in value probably less than half those of Ohio. In mechanical and manufactured articles, the production of which requires intelligence and trained skill in the laborer, Ohio has a still greater superiority. This disgraceful argument for Slavery has probably been placed in the hands of nearly every man who can read, in the State of Georgia. A refutation of it, proving Slavery to be a restraint upon their prosperity, would be denied a general distribution through the post-offices.

In De Bow's *Review*, for August, 1855, may be found a table, based on the census, in which the value of the productive industry, in the year 1850, in Georgia, is said to be \$63,797,659. The same in Ohio, *without counting the value of live stock of any kind*, \$149,577,898. The year 1850 was an especially unfavorable one for the most valuable crops of Ohio.

It is impossible to obtain statistics which will show definitely the distribution of wealth in any of the Slave

States. From a study of pages 94 and 95 of the official compendium of the census, it appears probable that only twenty-seven in a hundred of the white families in Georgia are possessed of slaves, and that one-fifth of these own over one-half of all the slaves in the State. That is, less than one-fiftieth of the white people own one-half of the property in slaves. The small number of the very wealthy, without doubt, own more than that proportion of the wealth of the State in land, in houses, in furniture, and in all the material comforts of life. In Carolina the distribution is much more unequal.

And how general is that intelligence which has made Georgia "the Banner State of the South?"

Of the *free native* population of Georgia, according to the census returns, one in nine and a half, on an average, are without the smallest rudiments of school education (cannot read or write).¹ In Maine, which

¹ The following table shows the *native white* population, and the number of *native white adults* ignorant of letters, in a few States:

	Population.	Ignorant Adults.
Maine,	549,674	1,999
North Carolina,	550,267	73,226
Massachusetts,	819,044	1,055
Tennessee,	749,661	77,017
Ohio,	1,732,698	51,968
Virginia,	871,393	75,868
Connecticut,	324,095	726
Maryland,	366,659	17,364
Rhode Island,	119,975	981
Louisiana,	187,558	14,950
New York,	2,388,830	23,241
Missouri,	514,527	34,448

among the old Free States compares most closely with Georgia in density of population (that of one being 16, the other 15 to a square mile), the proportion is one in two hundred and forty-one. With other Free States, a comparison would be still more unfavorable to the Georgia experiment, and more accurate returns would, doubtless, increase the contrast.

In Georgia, the mail expenses are equal to twenty-five cents a head of the population. The postage receipts are only sixteen cents a head, on an average. In Maine, the cost of transporting the United States mails would be paid by a tax of nine cents upon each inhabitant. The people, however, voluntarily pay twenty-one and a half cents a head, on an average, for the intelligence conveyed in them. The people of Maine, with but one more inhabitant to a square mile, pay to the United States government considerably more than twice the cost of their mail-service; those of Georgia, less than two-thirds the cost of theirs.

The truth is—I judge from observation—it is a distinct “better class” that gives Georgia its reputation for great prosperity; and that class, though intelligence, and consequently wealth, is more diffused than in South or North Carolina, is not a large one, compared with the whole population. It must also be admitted that it is very largely composed and directed in enterprise by persons born in the Free States. The number of these, proportionately to all the white population, is much greater than in any other Slave State.

Until one has closely observed the operation of Slav-

ery upon the poor free people of a slave community, it is but natural to attribute their condition only to causes which, in free communities, would be considered unfavorable to the rapid accumulation of wealth. The poor people of Georgia are seen mostly dwelling upon soils naturally unfertile, or made barren by the wasteful necessity of previous slave-holding occupants; and it is customary with travellers, and with their more fortunate neighbors, to attribute their poverty to this circumstance.

If this were the case, Slavery would still be primarily responsible for their condition; because, by concentrating in one man's hands the profits of the labor of many hands, it gives him power to purchase for that labor the most profitable field to be obtained for its application, and thus drives to the least profitable the man who can use merely the results of his own personal labor.¹

But it is a mistake to suppose that the poverty of the soil necessitates the poverty of its occupants. It may account for a sparse settlement, but does not for such general idleness or ill-paid industry as is evident among the poor whites of Georgia.

¹About forty years ago, Governor Wolcott, of Connecticut, addressed to the Legislature of that State the following observation, in connection with a circular letter on the subject of State Rights, sent to him by the Legislature of Virginia:

"Where agricultural labor is wholly or chiefly performed by slaves, it must constitute the principal revenue of the community. The owners of the slaves must be the chief owners of the soil, and those laborers who are too poor to own slaves, though nominally free, must be dependent on an aristocratic order, and remain without power or political influence."

There is no part of Georgia which equals, in poverty of natural agricultural resources, Cape Cod, in Massachusetts. But there is hardly a poor woman's cow on the Cape that is not better housed and more comfortably provided for than a majority of the white people of Georgia. A majority of the people of the Cape have far better houses, better furniture, better food, and altogether live, I have no doubt, in more comfort than the majority of even the slave-holders of Georgia.¹ The people of the Cape have manners and customs, and a character peculiar to themselves, as have the "Crackers" and "Sand-hillers," of Georgia. In both there is frankness, boldness, and simplicity; but in the one it is associated with intelligence, discretion, and an expansion of mind, resulting from considerable education; in the other with ignorance, improvidence, laziness, and the prejudices of narrow minds.

It may be thought that the people of the Cape, though they have less agricultural elements of wealth than the Sand-hillers of Georgia, have other advantages, exceeding theirs, for the profitable application of

¹ The following description is given of the residence of "Thomas Gibson, Esq., one of the magistrates of the county," in *Georgia Scenes*: "The Squire's dwelling [he has a large family], consisted of but one room, which answered the three-fold purpose of dining-room, bed-room, and kitchen. The house was constructed of logs, and the floor was of puncheons [a term which means split-logs, with their faces a little smoothed with the axe]."

See also Lyell's *Second Tour in the United States*, and Parson's *Tour Among the Planters*.

their industry. An examination of the facts will show the contrary to be the case, very markedly, especially so, as regards mining and manufacturing. The inducements to a sea-faring life and to fishing alone, of the Cape Cod people, perhaps exceed those of the Georgians; but do the Georgians make anything like a corresponding use of their facilities of the same kind? On the contrary, I found a gang of New Englanders, and probably in part Cape Cod men, fishing in Georgia waters, salting their fish with salt made on the Cape by evaporating the waters of the same ocean that washes the coast of Georgia, and selling them to Georgia planters, to be fed to Georgia slaves. Ships are built on the Cape, from lumber procured by the Cape men from the Georgia forests; and then, being manned by Cape seamen, are profitably employed in exporting the Georgia slave staples. Is there one Georgia built ship, manned by one native Georgia seaman? ¹ Is there one Georgia fishing-smack? Has there ever been a Georgia whaler? or a Georgia sealer? Never. Yet Georgia is nearer the great sealing and whaling ground, and is nearer the chief market for fish than the Cape. Why have not the poor Sand-hillers turned their attention to something besides raising corn and bacon, eating clay, drinking whisky, and disputing on the meaning of the Greek *Βαπτω*, for which alone they are distinguished, seeing the small profit of these occupations? Because,

¹ In the year 1854, there were built in Maine 168,632 tons of shipping, in craft averaging over 500 tons each. In Georgia, where the natural advantages for the business are at least equally great, there were built 667 tons, all in small craft.

as Marion said, they have no spirit to labor ¹—they have no care for the future this side of heaven, to gain which they must think it was especially provided for them that no works should be necessary—only faith and *Βαπτισμα*—whichever that shall turn out to be.

It is evident that a large part of the people of Georgia still have the vagrant and hopeless habits and character of Oglethorpe's first colonists, somewhat favorably modified, it is true, by the physical circumstances which have made them superior to absolute charity or legal crime, and also, perhaps, by the influence of a freely preached, though exceedingly degraded, form of Christianity. They are still coarse and irrestrainable in appetite and temper; with perverted, eccentric, and intemperate spiritual impulses; faithless in the value of their own labor, and almost imbecile for personal elevation. Had Oglethorpe's democratic designs been sustained, who believes that no better result to them would have been arrived at?

This year an appeal is made to the *patriotism and honor* of the slave-holders of Georgia, to contribute each one dollar, for every slave he owns, to the fund of a Society, the declared object of which is to assist in extending Slavery, and establishing it in a great region, hitherto protected from its influence. This Society should have for its motto the words of Cæsar:

"With men we will get money, and with money we will get men."

¹ See "Letters of a Pedagogue in Georgia," in *Putnam's Magazine*, and Lyell's *Second Tour*.

Kentucky and Missouri, as compared with each of the Southern States, have facilities and advantages for ship building, superior, if it were not for Slavery, to those of *any* Northern State, Maine being excepted. In two or three of them (Free Trade States), there is a bounty paid from the State treasury to the owners of all ships built in them, to draw Northern mechanics or increase the enterprise of the natives.

More than seven-eighths part of the tonnage, nevertheless, is from the Free States, and of the rest, the largest part is built at Baltimore and in the District of Columbia, under free labor influences, as appears by the following table (page 183) which exhibits the number of vessels built, and their gross tonnage in each State last year (1854).

The *New Orleans Delta* says:

"We possess the finest ship timber in the world, in inexhaustible quantities, which is easy of access, and can be cheaply transported to any given point. Almost every day this timber is cut down, split, hewed and sawed into proper lengths and shapes, and sent to Northern ship-yards thousands of miles off, where it is used in the construction of vessels, many of which come back here to engage in the transportation of Southern produce. Now, would n't it be cheaper to build the ships where the timber is, than to send that same timber off some thousands of miles, and there build the ships? Of course it would. This proposition is clear. There would be a vast saving in expense, to say nothing of local advantages, added to which the bonus offered by the State ought to give a stimulus to the business, such as would make it grow and prosper, until it become one of the most important pursuits of the State."

The greater part of Georgia is abundantly provided with running water, frequently affording excellent mill-

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States, etc.	Ships and Barques.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops.	Steamers.	Total.	Tons.
Maine - - -	56	78	90	12	3	239	168,632
New Hampshire - -	19	—	—	—	2	21	11,980
Massachusetts - -	82	4	87	4	3	180	91,570
Rhode Island - -	5	—	3	1	2	11	5,726
Connecticut - - -	10	1	30	8	2	51	10,691
Vermont - - -	—	—	1	3	—	4	227
New York - - -	46	10	89	85	70	300	117,107
New Jersey - - -	—	—	33	27	9	69	8,554
Pennsylvania - - -	7	4	27	124	75	237	36,768
Delaware - - -	—	—	29	1	4	34	3,021
Maryland - - -	13	3	101	1	4	122	20,252
District of Columbia -	—	—	—	42	2	44	2,814
Virginia - - -	1	—	9	3	6	19	3,228
North Carolina - -	—	—	32	3	3	38	2,532
South Carolina - -	—	—	13	10	—	23	1,162
Georgia - - -	—	—	1	—	2	3	667
Florida - - -	—	—	7	—	—	7	562
Alabama - - -	1	—	4	2	2	9	2,000
Mississippi - - -	—	—	3	—	—	3	77
Louisiana - - -	1	—	6	5	2	14	1,509
Tennessee - - -	—	—	—	—	—	2	209
Missouri - - -	—	—	—	2	7	9	3,071
Kentucky - - -	—	—	—	—	—	22	6,824
Illinois - - -	1	3	8	4	1	17	3,304
Wisconsin - - -	—	—	26	—	—	26	2,947
Ohio - - -	—	4	20	27	41	92	17,046
Indiana - - -	—	—	—	—	—	4	2,400
Michigan - - -	1	5	22	12	8	48	7,788
Texas - - -	1	—	—	—	—	1	125
California - - -	—	—	11	10	5	26	1,023
Total - - -	244	112	652	386	253	1675	533,816

"In the European market, Georgia pine enjoys an undisputed preëminence over all other American pines, etc., etc."—*Report of W. B. Bullock, Collector at Savannah, to Sec'y Treas'y. Con. Doc. No. 6, p. 644, 1846.*

"Ship building was once followed to a great extent, in North Carolina; but at present, there is not enough tonnage to do the coasting trade, [it] having to rely on canal boats of Norfolk and the New England vessels."—*Report to Sec'y Treas'y, Doc. No. 6, p. 368, 1846.*

ing power. The mineral wealth of the State is said, by geologists, to be very great, but it is, at present, almost entirely undeveloped, except in gold, which is somewhat extensively mined, without much profit. More attention has been given to manufacturing—thus far, with but indifferent success; but I cannot doubt that, if the same judgment, skill, and close scrutiny of details, were given to cotton manufacturing, that are now evidently applied to the management of railroads in Georgia, they would be well rewarded. The cost of the raw material must be from ten to twenty per cent, less than in Massachusetts, yet I saw Lowell cottons, both fine and coarse, for sale, almost under the roof of Georgia factories. Cotton goods manufactured in Georgia are sent to New York for sale, and are there sold by New York jobbers to Georgia retailers, who re-transport them to the vicinity in which the cotton was grown, spun, and woven, to be sold, by the yard or piece, to the planter. I saw the goods, with the mill marks, and was informed by a Georgia merchant that this was the case.

Land-rent, water-power, timber, fuel, and raw material for cotton manufacturing, are all much cheaper in Georgia than in New England. The only other item of importance, in estimating the cost of manufacturing, must be the cost of labor, which includes, of course, the efficiency of the laborers. By the census, it appears that the average wages of the female operatives in the Georgia cotton factories were, in 1850, \$7.39 a month; in Massachusetts, \$14.57 a month.

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Negroes were worth \$180 a year, and found in clothes, food, and medical attendance, by the hirer, to work on railroads, when I was in Georgia. The same year, a Georgia planter, being hard-pressed, sent to New York, for Irish laborers to work on his plantation—hiring them, probably, at \$10 a month, and found in food only, losing their own time when ill—a very significant fact. New England factory girls have been induced to go to Georgia to work in newly established cotton factories, by the offer of high wages, but have found their position so unpleasant—owing to the general degradation of the laboring class—as very soon to be forced to return.

A correspondent of the *Charleston News*, writing from Sparta, Georgia, July, 1855, says:

“A large cotton factory has been in operation here about three years, but is now about being closed, and to-day will probably terminate its existence. It unpleasantly reminded us of a fate of a similar enterprise which so signally failed, after a brief career, in our own city. Why is it so? It would seem to be reasonable, at least that, surrounded with the raw material, unencumbered with the cost of transportation to Northern cities, Southern manufactories should not only compete, but successfully maintain a higher position than those so far removed from the cotton-growing region. But so it is, with few exceptions, our own Graniteville being among them.”

In the “Southern Commercial Convention,” which met at New Orleans, this year (1855), one of the orators distinguished himself by his splendid delivery of the following sublime passage, adapted for the occasion from the speech in the British Parliament, on

taxes, which we have all seen in the "Child's First Speaker:"

"It is time that we should look about us, and see in what relation we stand to the North. From the rattle with which the nurse tickles the ear of the child born in the South, to the shroud that covers the cold form of the dead, everything comes to us from the North. We rise from between sheets made in Northern looms, and pillows of Northern feathers, to wash in basins made in the North, dry our beards on Northern towels, and dress ourselves in garments woven in Northern looms; we eat from Northern plates and dishes; our rooms are swept with Northern brooms, our gardens dug with Northern spades, and our bread kneaded in trays or dishes of Northern wood, or tin; and the very wood which feeds our fires is cut with Northern axes, helved with hickory brought from Connecticut and New York."

This state of things another gentleman—who, also, thought Slavery the most economical labor system in the world—proposed to remedy as follows:

"Resolved, That this Convention recommend to each of the Southern States to encourage the establishment of a direct trade with Europe, either by an exemption from taxation, for a limited time, on the goods imported; or by allowing the importers an equivalent drawback or bounty; or by such other mode as, to the legislators of the respective States, may seem best.

"Resolved, That to further this great object, Congress be recommended to make such appropriations for deepening the inlets to harbors, and other purposes, as may be deemed necessary."

Fifty other, at least, equally puerile propositions were gravely listened to; but not one man dared to insinuate that Slavery had ever done any harm to the South, or to suggest that anything should be done about it, except to maintain and extend it.

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And to this school of statesmanship the "Democratic" party, year after year, is obliged to surrender its power.

"With men we will get money, and with money we will get men."

CHAPTER IV

ALABAMA

I LEFT Savannah for the West, by the Macon road; the train started punctually to a second, at its advertised time; the speed was not great, but regular, and less time was lost unnecessarily, at way-stations, than usually on our Northern roads.

I have travelled more than five hundred miles on the Georgia roads, and I am glad to say that all of them seemed to be exceedingly well managed. The speed upon them is not generally more than from fifteen to twenty miles an hour; but it is made, as advertised, with considerable punctuality. The roads are admirably engineered and constructed, and their equipment will compare favorably with that of any other roads on the continent. There are now very nearly, if not quite, one thousand miles of railroad in the State, and more building. The Savannah and Macon line—the first built—was commenced in 1834. The increased commerce of the city of Savannah, which followed its completion, stimulated many other railroad enterprises, not only within the State, but elsewhere at the South, particularly in South Carolina. Many of these were rashly pushed forward by men of no experience, and but little

commercial judgment; the roads were injudiciously laid out, and have been badly managed, and, of course, have occasioned disastrous losses. The Savannah and Macon road has, however, been very successful. The receipts are now over \$1,000,000 annually; the road is well stocked, is out of debt, and its business is constantly increasing; the stock is above par, and the stockholders are receiving eight per cent. dividends, with a handsome surplus on hand. It has always been, in a great degree, under the management of Northern men—was engineered, and is still worked chiefly by Northern men, and a large amount of its stock is owned at the North. I am told that most of the mechanics, and of the successful merchants and tradesmen of Savannah came originally from the North, or are the sons of Northern men.

Partly by rail and partly by rapid stage-coaching (the coaches, horses, and drivers again from the North), I crossed the State in about twenty-four hours. The railroad has since been completed from Savannah to Montgomery, in Alabama, and it is being extended slowly towards the Mississippi; of course, with the expectation that it will eventually reach the Pacific, and thus make Savannah "the gate to the commerce of the world." Ship-masters will hope that, when either it or its rival in South Carolina has secured that honor, they will succeed, better than they yet have done, in removing the bars, physical and legal, by which commerce is now annoyed in its endeavors to serve them.

At Columbus, I spent several days. It is the largest

manufacturing town, south of Richmond, in the Slave States. It is situated at the falls, the head of steamboat navigation of the Chattahooche, the western boundary of Georgia. The water-power is sufficient to drive two hundred thousand spindles, with a proportionate number of looms. There are, at present, probably from fifteen to twenty thousand spindles running. The operatives in the cotton mills are said to be mainly "Cracker girls" (poor whites from the country), who earn, in good times, by piece-work, from \$8 to \$12 a month. There are, besides the cotton mills, one woollen mill, one paper mill, a foundry, a cotton-gin factory, a machine shop, etc. The laborers in all these are mainly whites, and they are in such a condition that, if temporarily thrown out of employment, great numbers of them are at once reduced to a state of destitution, and are dependent upon credit or charity for their daily food. Public entertainments were being held at the time of my visit, the profits to be applied to the relief of operatives in mills which had been stopped by the effects of a late flood of the river. Yet it is boasted constantly that Slavery is a perfect safeguard against such distress.

I had seen in no place, since I left Washington, so much gambling, intoxication, and cruel treatment of servants in public, as in Columbus. This possibly, was accidental; but I must caution persons, travelling for health or pleasure, to avoid stopping in the town. The hotel in which I lodged was disgustingly dirty; the table revolting; the waiters stupid, inattentive, and

annoying. It was the stage-house; but I was informed that the other public-house was no better. There are very good inns at Macon, and at Montgomery, Alabama; and it will be best for an invalid proceeding from Savannah westward, if possible, not to spend a night between these towns.

I should add that I met with much courtesy from strangers, and saw as much real hospitality of disposition among the people near Columbus, as anywhere else in the South. I was much gratified by a visit to the garden of Mr. Peabody, a horticulturist, who has succeeded wonderfully in cultivating strawberries upon a poor, sandy soil, in a climate of great heat and dryness, by a thin mulching of leaves.

A day's journey took me from Columbus, through a hilly wilderness, with a few dreary villages, and many isolated cotton farms, with comfortless habitations for black and white upon them, to Montgomery, the capital of Alabama.

Montgomery is a prosperous town, with very pleasant suburbs, and a remarkably enterprising population, among which there is a considerable proportion of Northern and foreign-born business men and mechanics.

I spent a week here very pleasantly, and then left for Mobile, on the steamboat *Fashion*, a clean and well-ordered boat, with polite and obliging officers. We were two days and a half making the passage, the boat stopping at almost every bluff and landing to take on cotton, until she had a freight of nineteen hundred

bales, which was built up on the guards, seven or eight tiers in height, until it reached the hurricane deck. The boat was thus brought so deep that her guards were in the water, and the ripple of the river constantly washed over them. There are two hundred landings on the Alabama river, and three hundred on the Bigby (Tombeckbee of the geographers), at which the boats advertise to call, if required, for passengers or freight. This, of course, makes the passage exceedingly tedious.

The principal town at which we landed was Selma, a thriving and pleasant place, situated upon the most perfectly level natural plain I ever saw. In one corner of the town, while rambling on shore, I came upon a tall, ill-proportioned, broken-windowed brick barrack; it had no grounds about it, was close upon the highway, was in every way dirty, neglected, and forlorn in expression. I inquired what it was, and was informed, the "Young Ladies' College." There were a number of pretty private gardens in the town, in which I noticed several evergreen oaks, the first I had seen since leaving Savannah.

At Claiborne, another considerable village upon the river, we landed, at nine o'clock on a Sunday night. It is situated, upon a bluff, a hundred and fifty feet high, with a nearly perpendicular bank, upon the river. The boat came to the shore at the foot of a plank slide-way, down which cotton was sent to it, from a warehouse at the top.

There was something truly Western in the direct, reckless way in which the boat was loaded. A strong

gang-plank being placed at right angles to the slide-way, a bale of cotton was let slide from the top, and, coming down with fearful velocity, on striking the gang-plank, it would rebound up and out on to the boat, against a barricade of bales previously arranged to receive it. The moment it struck this barricade, it would be dashed at by two or three men, and jerked out of the way, and others would roll it to its place for the voyage, on the tiers aft. The mate, standing near the bottom of the slide, as soon as the men had removed one bale to what he thought a safe distance, would shout to those aloft, and down would come another. Not unfrequently, a bale would not strike fairly on its end, and would rebound off, diagonally, overboard; or would be thrown up with such force as to go over the barricade, breaking stanchions and railings, and scattering the passengers on the berth deck. Negro hands were sent to the top of the bank, to roll the bales to the side, and Irishmen were kept below to remove them, and stow them. On asking the mate (with some surmising) the reason of this arrangement, he said:

“The niggers are worth too much to be risked here; if the Paddies are knocked overboard, or get their backs broke, nobody loses anything!”

The boat being detained the greater part of the night, and the bounding bales making too much noise to allow me to sleep, I ascended the bank by a flight of two hundred steps, placed by the side of the slide-way, and took a walk in the village. In the principal street, I came upon a group of seven negroes, talking

in lively, pleasant tones: presently, one of them commenced to sing, and in a few moments all the others joined in, taking different parts, singing with great skill and taste—better than I ever heard a group of young men in a Northern village, without previous arrangement, but much as I have heard a strolling party of young soldiers, or a company of students, or apprentices, in the streets of a German town, at night. After concluding the song, which was of a sentimental character, and probably had been learned at a concert or theatre, in the village, they continued in conversation, till one of them began to whistle: in a few moments all joined in, taking several different parts, as before, and making a peculiarly plaintive music. Soon after this, they walked all together, singing, and talking soberly, by turns, slowly away. I allowed them to pass me, but kept near them, until they reached a cabin, in the outskirts of the village. Stopping near this a few minutes, two of them danced the “juba,” while the rest whistled and applauded. After some further chat, one said to the rest: “Come, gentlemen, let’s go in and see the ladies,” opening the door of the cabin. They entered, and were received by three negro girls, with great heartiness; then all found seats on beds, and stools, and chests, around a great wood fire, and when I passed again, in a few minutes, they were again singing.

The love of music which characterizes the negro, the readiness with which he acquires skill in the art, his power of memorizing and improvising music is most marked and constant. I think, also, that sweet musi-

cal voices are more common with the negro than with the white race—certainly than with the white race in America. I have frequently been startled by clear, bell-like tones, from a negro woman in conversation, while walking the streets of a Southern town, and have listened to them with a thrill of pleasure. A gentleman in Savannah told me that, in the morning after the performance of an opera in that city, he had heard more than one negro, who could in no way have heard it before, whistling the most difficult airs, with perfect accuracy. I have heard ladies say that, whenever they have obtained any new and choice music, almost as soon as they had learned it themselves, their servants would have caught the air, and they were likely to hear it whistled in the streets, the first night they were out. In all of the Southern cities, there are music bands, composed of negroes, often of great excellence. The military parades are usually accompanied by a negro brass band.

Dr. Cartwright, arguing that the negro is a race of inferior capabilities, says that the negro does not understand harmony; his songs are mere sounds, without sense or meaning. My observations are of but little value upon such a point, as I have had no musical education; but they would lead me to the contrary opinion. The common plantation negroes, or deck-hands of the steamboats—whose minds are so little cultivated that they cannot count twenty—will often, in rolling cotton-bales, or carrying wood on board the boat, fall to singing, each taking a different part, and carrying it on

with great spirit and independence, and in perfect harmony, as I never heard singers, who had not been considerably educated, at the North.

Touching the intellectual capacity of negroes: I was dining with a gentleman, when he asked the waiter—a lad of eighteen—to tell him what the time was. The boy, after studying the clock, replied incorrectly; and the gentleman said it was impossible for him to make the simple calculation necessary. He had promised a year ago, to give him a dollar whenever he could tell the time by the clock; had taken a good deal of trouble to teach him, but he did not seem to make any progress. I have since met with another negro boy, having the same remarkable inability—both the lads being intelligent, and learning easily in other respects: the first could read. I doubt if it is a general deficiency of the race; both these boys had marked depressions where phrenologists locate the organ of calculation.

A gentleman, whom I visited, in Montgomery, had a carpenter, who was remarkable for his mathematical capacities. Without having had any instruction, he was able to give very close and accurate estimates for the quantity of all descriptions of lumber, to be used in building a large and handsome dwelling, of the time to be employed upon it, and of its cost. He was an excellent workman; and, when not occupied with work directly for his master, obtained employment of others—making engagements, and taking contracts for jobs, without being required to consult his master. He had been purchased for two thousand dollars, and his ordi-

nary wages were two dollars a day. He earned considerable money besides, for himself, by overwork at his trade, and still more in another way.

He was a good violinist and dancer, and, two nights a week, taught a negro dancing-school, from which he received two dollars a night, which, of course, he spent for his own pleasure. During the winter, the negroes, in Montgomery, have their "assemblies," or dress balls, which are got up "regardless of expense," in very grand style. Tickets to these balls are advertised, "admitting one gentleman and two ladies, \$1"; and "Ladies are assured that they may rely on the strictest order and propriety being observed."

Cards of invitation, finely engraved with handsome vignettes, are sent, not only to the fashionable slaves, but to some of the more esteemed white people, who, however, take no part, except as lookers-on. All the fashionable dances are executed; no one is admitted, except in full dress: there are the regular masters of ceremonies, floor committees, etc.; and a grand supper always forms a part of the entertainment.

While in a book store, in Montgomery, I saw a negro looking at some very showy London valentines. After examining the embossed envelopes, and the colored engravings of hearts and darts, and cupids and doves, he would ask the clerk to read the poetry, and listen while he did so, with the air of a profound critic. I heard ten dollars mentioned as the price of one of them; and I presume he was ready to pay that price, if he could find an adequate expression of his sentiment.

My friend had so much confidence in the discretion and faithfulness of his carpenter, that he seldom gave him any orders or directions. To enable him to execute some business with greater celerity, he, one day, in my observation, took a horse that his master was intending to use himself. When asked why he did so, he mentioned the object he had in view, and said: "I thought I needed him more than you did"—and was not reproved.

On visiting a piece of ground that his master owned, out of town, we found him engaged, with two black men and one white—a native country fellow—in putting up a fence. The latter was acting under his orders; and, upon inquiry, I found that, seeing that the work be done immediately, he had hired him, as well as the two blacks, without consulting his master. It was the first case I had seen of a white man acting under the orders of a negro, though I have several times since seen Irishmen doing so.

This gay carpenter's wife was a woman of serious sentiments, and preferred prayer-meetings to balls; so they did not agree very well. She belonged to another gentleman, who did not live in the town, and was at service in another family than that with which her husband was connected. She had informed her owner that, if he would like to take her into the country with him, she had no particular objections to being separated from her husband. She did not like him very much—he was "so gay."

It is frequently remarked by Southerners, in pallia-

tion of the cruelty of separating relatives, that the affections of negroes for one another are very slight. I have been told by more than one lady that she was sure her nurse did not have half the affection for her own children that she did for her mistress's. But it is evident that this loyalty is not peculiar to the black race. Probably there are many white people in Europe, even in this day, who would let their children's lives be sacrificed to save the life of the son of their sovereign. They teach this as a duty, and use the Bible to make it appear so, in Prussia, if not in England.

A very excellent lady, to show me how little cruelty there was in the separation of husband and wife, told me that when she lived at home, on her father's plantation, in South Carolina, he had given her a girl for a dressing-maid. The girl, after a time, married a man on the plantation. The marriage ceremony was performed by an Episcopal clergyman, according to the prayer-book form—the parties, of course, promising to cleave together until death should part them. A year later, the lady herself was to be married, and was to remove with her husband to his residence in Alabama. She told the girl she could do as she pleased—go with her and leave her husband, or remain with her husband and be separated from her. She preferred to cleave to her mistress. She accordingly parted from her husband, with some expressions of regret for the necessity, but with no appearance of grief or sadness. Neither did the husband complain. A month after she reached her new residence in Alabama, she found a new

husband; and it was supposed that her former husband had suited himself with a new woman. She had now been living ten years in Alabama, and had several children; she was expecting soon to be taken with her mistress on a visit to the old plantation in South Carolina, and laughed as she spoke of probably meeting her old husband again.

A slave, who was hired (not owned) by a friend of mine in Savannah, called upon him one morning while I was there, to say that he wished to marry a woman in the evening, and wanted a ticket from him to authorize the ceremony.

“ I thought you were married,” said my friend.

“ Yes, master, but that woman hab leave me, and go 'long wid 'nodder man.”

“ Indeed! Why, you had several children by her, did not you?”

“ Yes, master, we hab thirteen, but now she gone 'long wid 'nodder man.”

“ But will your church permit you to marry another woman so soon?”

“ Yes, master; I tell 'em de woman I had leave me, and go 'long wid 'nodder man, and she say she don't mean to come back, and I can't be 'spected to lib wid-out any woman at all, so dey say dey grant me de divorce.”

A pleasant example of the childlike confidence which a slave frequently has in his sovereign, when he is a good-hearted and trustworthy man, occurred to me at a hotel, where I had been waited upon for several

days by an unusually good servant. One morning, while making a fire for me, he said:

“Dey say Congress is going to be bruck up in tree weeks—I ’se glad enough o’ dat.”

“Glad of it—why so?”

“I ’se got a master dah; I ’ll be a heap glad when he ’s come back.”

“You want to see him again, eh?”

“Yes, sar. I won’t stay long in dis place wen he com, nudder. I ’ll hab im get noder place for me. I don’ like dis place, no how; dis place don’ suit me; never saw sich a place. Dey keeps me up most all night; I haan been used to sich treatem. Dey haan got but one servant for all dis hall; dey ought to hab two at de least. I ’m de olest servant in de house; all de odder ole servant is gone.”

“And they have got Irishmen in their places.”

“Yes! and what kine of servant is dey? Ha! all de Irishmen dat ever I see haden so much sense in dar heds as I could carry in de palm of my han. I was de head waiter allers in my master’s house till my brudder grew up, and I learned him; he ’s de head waiter now. And dis heah ant no kine of place for my sort; I don’ stay here no longer wen my master come back.”

A few mornings after this, he did not come into my room, as usual; I was out during the forenoon; when I returned, he came to me, and said:

“You must excuse me dat I din’t be heah to brush your clothes dis mornin’, sar; dey had me in de guard-house last night.”

“ Had you in the guard-house—what for? ”

“ Because I was out widout a pass. You see I don’ sleep heah, sar, and I was jes gwine down to de boat, ’bout two o’clock, and dey took me, and put me in de guard-house.”

“ And what kind of accommodations do they give you at the guard-house? ”

“ Why, dey makes me pay a dollar for ’em. I offered dem two dollars las’ night, if dey let me go. I tort dat ’s de way dey do; make you pay two dollar, or else dey gives you a right smart whippin’; but dey didn’—I don’ know why. I tell you, sar, I nebber felt so mortify in all my life, as wen dey lets me out de guard-house dis mornin’, right before all de people in dat ar market-place.”

“ Well, I suppose it was your own fault.”

“ *No, sar!* not my own fault, ’tall, sar; dey ought to gib me a pass; why not? dey knows I ’s a married man. Do dey tink I is gwine to sleep heah wid dese nasty niggers? No, sar! I lie out dah on de floor in de passage, and catch my deff of cold first. I ain’t been use to sich treatem. *I’s got a master.* My master ’s member Congress. Wen dat broks up, he must fine me nodder place mighty quick. I don’ stay heah. I ’s always been a family servant. You see, sar, I ain’t use to such treatem. Nebber was sole yet in all my life. My missis’ fader was worf four hundred tousand dollar, and we had two plantation. Nebber was in a field in my life—allers was in de house ebber since I was a little chile. I was a kine of pet boy, you see, master. I

allers wait on my masser till my little brudder got big enough; den I want to go 'way. Oh, I 'se a wild chile, you see, sar, and I want to clear out and hab some fun to myself. I 's a kine of favorite allers to my mistress. She 'ould do anything for me. She wanted to learn me to read, but I 'se too wild. She would gib me a first-rate education, I s'pose, only I 's so wild I would n'."

"Can't you read at all!"

"Well, I ken read some, but not very well. Dat is, you see, master, dere 's *some* of de letters I can't read, not all on 'em I can't; no sar; but I kin read some."

There were about one hundred passengers on the *Fashion*, besides a number of poor people and negroes on the lower deck. They were, generally, cotton planters, going to Mobile on business, or emigrants bound to Texas or Arkansas. They were usually well dressed, but were a rough, coarse style of people, drinking a great deal, and most of the time under a little alcoholic excitement. Not sociable, except when the topics of cotton, land, and negroes, were started; interested, however, in talk about theatres and the turf; very profane; often showing the handles of concealed weapons about their persons, but not quarrelsome, avoiding disputes and altercations, and respectful to one another in forms of words; very ill-informed, except on plantation business; their language very ungrammatical, idiomatic, and extravagant. Their grand characteristics—simplicity of motive, vague, shallow, and purely objective habits of thought; spontaneity

and truthfulness of utterance, and bold, self-reliant movement.

With all their individual independence, I soon could perceive a very great homogeneousness of character, by which they were distinguishable from any other people with whom I had before been thrown in contact; and I began to study it with interest, as the Anglo-Saxon development of the Southwest.

I found that, more than any people I had ever seen, they were unrateable by dress, taste, forms, and expenditures. I was perplexed by finding, apparently united in the same individual, the self-possession and confidence of the well-equipped gentleman, and the coarseness and low tastes of the uncivilized boor—frankness and reserve, recklessness and self-restraint, extravagance and penuriousness.

There was one man, who “lived, when he was to home,” as he told me, “in the Red River Country,” in the northeastern part of Texas, having emigrated thither from Alabama, some years before. He was a tall, thin, awkward person, and wore a suit of clothes (probably bought “ready-made”) which would have better suited a short, fat figure. Under his waistcoat he carried a large knife, with the hilt generally protruding at the breast. He had been with his family to his former home, to do a little business, and visit his relatives, and was now returning to his plantation. His wife was a pale and harassed looking woman; and he scarce ever paid her the smallest attention, not even sitting near her at the public table. Of his children,

however, he seemed very fond; and they had a negro servant in attendance upon them, whom he was constantly scolding and threatening. Having been from home for six weeks, his impatience to return was very great, and was constantly aggravated by the frequent and long-continued stoppages of the boat. " 'Time 's money, time 's money! ' he would be constantly saying, while we were taking on cotton, " 'time 's worth more 'n money to me now; a hundred per cent. more, 'cause I left my niggers all alone, not a dam white man within four mile on 'em."

I asked how many negroes he had.

" 'I 've got twenty on 'em to home, and thar they ar! and thar they ar! and thar ain't a dam soul of a white fellow within four mile on 'em."

" 'They are picking cotton, I suppose? ' "

" 'No, I got through pickin' fore I left."

" 'What work have they to do, then, now? ' "

" 'I set em to clairin', but they ain't doin' a dam thing—not a dam thing, they ain't; that 's wat they are doin', that is—not a dam thing. I know that, as well as you do. That 's the reason time 's an object. I told the capting so wen I came aboard: says I, 'Capting,' says I, 'time is in the objective case with me.' No, sir, they ain't doin' a dam solitary thing; that 's what they are up to. I know that as well as anybody; I do. But I 'll make it up, I 'll make it up, when I get thar, now you 'd better believe."

Once, when a lot of cotton, baled with unusual neatness, was coming on board, and some doubt had been

expressed as to the economy of the method of baling, he said very loudly:

“ Well, now, I ’d be willin’ to bet my salvation, that them thar’s the heaviest bales that ’s come on to this boat.”

“ I ’ll bet you a hundred dollars of it,” answered one.

“ Well, if I was in the habit of bettin’, I ’d do it. I ain’t a bettin’ man. But I am a cotton man, I am, and I don’t car who knows it. I know cotton, I do. I ’m dam if I know anythin’ but cotton. I ought to know cotton, I had. I ’ve been at it ever sin’ I was a chile.”

“ Stranger,” he asked me once, “ did you ever come up on the Leweezay? She ’s a right smart, pretty boat, she is, the Leweezay; the best I ever see on the Alabamy river. They wanted me to wait and come down on her, but I told ’em time was in the objective case to me. She is a right pretty boat, and her capting ’s a high-tone gentleman; hain’t no objections to find with him—he ’s a high-tone gentleman, that ’s what he is. But the pilot—well, damn him! He run her right out of the river, up into the woods—did n’t run her in the river, at all. When I go aboard a steamboat, I like to keep in the river, somewar; but that pilot, he took her right up into the woods. It was just clairin’ land. Clairin’ land, and playin’ hell ginerally, all night; not follering the river at all. I believe he was drunk. He must have been drunk, for I could keep a boat in the river myself. I ’ll never go in a boat where the pilot ’s

drunk all the time. I take a glass too much myself, sometimes ; but I don't hold two hundred lives in the holler of my hand. I was in my berth, and he run her straight out of the river, slap up into the furest. It threw me clean out of my berth, out onto the floor; I did n't sleep any more while I was aboard. The Le-weezay 's a right smart, pretty little boat, and her cap-tain 's a high-tone gentleman. They hev good livin' aboard of her, too. Haan't no objections on that score; weddin' fixin's all the time; but I won't go in a boat war the pilot 's drunk. I set some vally on the life of two hundred souls. They wanted to hev me come down on her, but I told 'em time was in the objective case."

There were three young negroes, carried by another Texan, on the deck, outside the cabin. I don't know why they were not allowed to be with the other emigrant slaves, on the lower deck, unless the owner was afraid of their trying to get away, and had no handcuffs small enough for them. They were boys; the oldest twelve or fourteen years old, the youngest not more than seven. They had evidently been bought lately by their present owner, and probably had just been taken from their parents. They lay on the deck and slept, with no bed but the passengers' luggage, and no cover but a single blanket for each. Early one morning, after a very stormy night, when they must have suffered much from the driving rain and cold, I saw their owner with a glass of spirits, giving each a few swallows from it. The older ones smacked their

lips, and said, "Tank 'ou, massa "; but the little one could n't drink it, and cried aloud, when he was forced to. The older ones were very playful and quarrelsome, and continually teasing the younger, who seemed very sad, or homesick and sulky. He would get very angry at their mischievous fun, and sometimes strike them. He would then be driven into a corner, where he would lie on his back, and kick at them in a perfect frenzy of anger and grief. The two boys would continue to laugh at him, and frequently the passengers would stand about, and be amused by it. Once, when they had plagued him in this way for some time, he jumped up on to the cotton bales, and made as if he would have plunged overboard. One of the older boys caught him by the ankle, and held him till his master came and hauled him in, and gave him a severe flogging with a rope's end. A number of passengers collected about them, and I heard several say, "That 's what he wants." Red River said to me, "I 've been a watchin' that ar boy, and I see what 's the matter with him; he 's got the devil in him right bad, and he 'll hev to take a right many of them warmin's before it be got out."

The crew of the boat, as I have intimated, was composed partly of Irishmen, and partly of negroes; the latter were slaves, and were hired of their owners at \$40 a month—the same wages paid to the Irishmen. A dollar of their wages was given to the negroes themselves, for each Sunday they were on the passage. So far as convenient, they were kept at work separate from

the white hands; they were also messed separately. On Sunday I observed them dining in a group, on the cotton bales. The food, which was given to them in tubs, from the kitchen, was various and abundant, consisting of bean porridge, bacon, corn bread, ship's biscuit, potatoes, duff (pudding), and gravy. There was only one knife used, among ten of them; the bacon was cut and torn into shares; splinters of the bone and of firewood were used for forks; the porridge was passed from one to another, and drunk out of the tub; but though excessively dirty and beast-like in their appearance and manners, they were good-natured and jocose as usual.

"Heah! you Bill," said one to another, who was on a higher tier of cotton, "pass down de dessart. You! up dar on de hill; de dessart! Augh! don't you know what de dessart be? De duff, you fool."

"Does any of de gemmen want some o' dese potatum?" asked another; and no answer being given, he turned the tub full of potatoes overboard, without any hesitation. It was evident he had never had to think on one day how he should be able to live the next.

Whenever we landed at night or on Sunday, for wood or cotton, many negroes would come on board from the neighboring plantations, to sell eggs to the steward.

Sunday was observed by the discontinuance of public gambling in the cabin, and in no other way. At midnight gambling was resumed, and during the whole passage was never at any other time discontinued, night

or day, so far as I saw. There were three men that seemed to be professional sharpers, and who probably played into each other's hands. One young man lost all the money he had with him—several hundred dollars.

Mobile, in its central, business part, is very compactly built, dirty, and noisy, with little elegance, or evidence of taste or public spirit, in its people. A small, central, open square—the only public ground that I saw—was used as a horse and hog pasture, and clothes drying-yard. Out of the busier quarter, there is a good deal of the appearance of a thriving New England village—almost all the dwelling houses having plots of ground enclosed around them, planted with trees and shrubs. The finest trees are the magnolia and live oak; and the most valuable shrub is the Cherokee rose, which is much used for hedges and screens. It is evergreen, and its leaves are glossy and beautiful at all seasons, and in March it blooms profusely. There is an abundance, also, of the Cape jessamine. It is as beautiful as a camelia; and, when in blossom, scents the whole air with a most delicate and delicious fragrance. At a market garden, near the town which I visited, I found most of the best Northern and Belgian pears fruiting well and apparently healthy, and well suited in climate, on quince-stocks. Figs are abundant, and bananas and oranges are said to be grown with some care, and slight winter protection.

The Battle House, kept by Boston men, with Irish servants, I found an excellent hotel; but with higher

charges than I had ever paid before. Prices, generally, in Mobile, range very high. There are large numbers of foreign merchants in the population; but a great deficiency of tradesmen and mechanics. While I was at Montgomery, my hat was one day taken from the dining-room, at dinner time, by some one who left, in its place, for me, a very battered and greasy substitute, which I could not wear, if I had chosen to. I asked the landlord what I should do to effect a reëxchange: "Be before him, to-morrow." Following this cool advice, and, in the mean time, wearing a cap, I obtained my hat the next day; but so ill used, that I should not have known it, but for Mr. Beebe's name, stamped within it. Not succeeding in fitting myself with a new hat, I desired to have my old one pressed, when in Mobile; but I could not find a working hatter in the place, though it boasts a population of thirty thousand souls. Finally, a hat dealer, a German Jew, I think he was, with whom I had left it while looking further, returned it to me, with a charge of one dollar, for brushing it—the benefit of which brushing I was unable, in the least, to perceive. A friend informed me that he found it cheaper to have all his furniture and clothing made for him, in New York, to order, when he needed any, and sent on by express, than to get it in Mobile.

The great abundance of the best timber for the purpose, in the United States, growing in the vicinity of the town, has lately induced some persons to attempt ship building at Mobile. The mechanics employed are mainly from the North.

The great business of the town is the transfer of cotton, from the producer to the manufacturer, from the wagon and the steamboat to the sea-going ship. Like all the other cotton ports, Mobile labors under the disadvantage of a shallow harbor. At the wharves, there were only a few small craft and steamboats. All large sea-going vessels lie some thirty miles below, and their freights are transhipped in lighters.

There appears to be a good deal of wealth and luxury, as well as senseless extravagance, in the town. English merchants affect the character of the society, considerably; some very favorably—some, very much otherwise. Many of them own slaves, and, probably, all employ them; but Slavery seems to be of more value to them in the amusement it affords, than in any other way. “So-and-so advertises ‘a valuable drayman, and a good blacksmith and horse-shoer, for sale, on reasonable terms’; an acclimated double-entry book-keeper, kind in harness, is what I want,” said one; “those Virginia patriarchs have n’t any enterprise, or they ’d send on a stock of such goods every spring, to be kept over through the fever, so they could warrant them.”

“I don’t know where you ’ll find one,” replied another; “but if you are wanting a private chaplain, there ’s one I have heard, in —— street, several times, that could probably be bought for a fair price; and I ’ll warrant him sound enough in wind, if not in doctrine.”

“I would n’t care for his doctrine, if I bought him;

I don't care how black he is, feed him right, and, in a month, he will be as orthodox as an archbishop."

The steamboat by which I made the passage along the north shore of the Mexican Gulf to New Orleans, was New York built, and owned by a New Yorker; and the Northern usage of selling passage tickets, to be returned on leaving the boat, was retained upon it. I was sitting near a group of Texans and emigrating planters, when a waiter passed along, crying the usual request, that passengers who had not obtained tickets, would call at the captain's office for that purpose. "What 's that? What 's that?" they shouted; "What did he mean? What is it?" "Why, it 's a dun," said one. "Damned if 't ain't," continued one and another; "he is dunnin' on us, sure," and some started from the seats, as if they thought it insulting. "Well, it 's the first time I ever was dunned by a nigger, I 'll swar," said one. This seemed to place it in a humorous aspect; and, after a hearty laugh, they resumed their discussion of the advantages offered to emigrants in different parts of Texas, and elsewhere.

A party of very fashionably-dressed and gay, vulgar people, were placed near me at the dinner-table; opposite, a stout, strong, rough and grim-looking Texan, and his quiet, amiable wife. There was an unusual number of passengers, and consequently a great deficiency of waiters, and the only one in our vicinity had been entirely engaged with the fashionable party; their plates had all been changed, and he had opened two or

three bottles of wine for them, without paying any regard to the rest of us. At length the Texan, who had been holding a plate ready to hand to the waiter, and following his motions for a long time, with an eye full of hunger and disgust, as he was again dashing off to execute an order, shouted, with a voice loud enough to be heard the length of the boat, while he looked defiantly at the small, moustached person opposite, who had given the order, "*Boy!*" "Sir," said the negro, turning at once. "Give us something to eat here! damned if I—" "Hush," said his wife, clapping her hand on his mouth. "Well, if—" "Hush, my dear, hush," said his wife, again putting her hand across his mouth, but joining in the universal smile. The fashionable people did not call upon the waiter again till we all had got "something to eat."

There was a young man on the boat who had been a passenger with me in coming down the river. He was bound for Texas; and while on board the *Fashion* I had heard him saying that he had met with "a right smart bad streak of luck" on his way, having lost a valuable negro. "I thought you were going on with those men to Texas, the other day," said I.

"No," he replied, "I left my sister in Mobile, when I went back after my nigger, and when I came down again, I found that she had found an old acquaintance there, and they had concluded to get married; so I stayed to see the wedding."

"Rather quick work."

"Well, I reckon they 'd both thought about it when

they knew each other before; but I did n't know it, and it kind o' took me by surprise. So my other sister, she concluded Ann had done so well stopping in Mobile, she 'd stop and keep company with her a spell; and so I 've got to go 'long alone. Makes me feel kind o' lonesome—losing that nigger, too."

" Did you say you went back after the nigger? I thought he died? "

" Well, you see I had brought him along as far as Mobile, and he got away from me there, and slipped aboard a steamboat going back, and hid himself. I found out that he was aboard of her pretty soon after she got off, and I sent telegraphic dispatches to several places along up the river, to the captain, to put him in jail, ashore, for me. I know he got one of them at Cahawba, but he did n't mind it till he got to Montgomery. Well, the nigger did n't have any attention paid to him. They just put him in irons; likely enough he did n't get much to eat, or have anything to cover himself, and he took cold, and got sick—got pneumonia—and when they got to Montgomery, they made him walk up to the jail, and there wan't no fire, and nothin' to lie on, nor nothin' for him in the jail, and it made quick work with him. Before I could get up there he was dead. I see an attorney here to Mobile, and he offered to take the case, and prosecute the captain; and he says if he don't recover every red cent the man 's worth, he won't ask me for a fee. It comes kinder hard on me. I bought the nigger up, counting I should make a speculation on him; reckoned I 'd

take him to Texas if I could n't turn him to good advantage at Mobile. As niggers is goin' here now, I expect 't was a dead loss of eight hundred dollars, right out of pocket."

There were a large number of steerage passengers occupying the main deck, forward of the shaft. Many of them were Irish, late immigrants, but the large majority were slaves, going on to New Orleans to be sold, or moving with their masters to Texas. There was a fiddle or two among them, and they were very merry, dancing and singing. A few, however, refused to join in the amusement, and looked very disconsolate. A large proportion of them were boys and girls, under twenty years of age.

On the fore-castle-deck there was a party of emigrants, moving with wagons. There were three men, a father and his two sons, or sons-in-law, with their families, including a dozen or more women and children. They had two wagons, covered with calico and bed-ticks, supported by hoops, in which they carried their furniture and stores, and in which they also slept at night, the women in one, and the men in the other. They had six horses, two mules, and two pair of cattle with them. I asked the old man why he had taken his cattle along with him, when he was going so far by sea, and found that he had informed himself accurately of what it would cost him to hire or buy cattle at Galveston; and that taking into account the probable delay he would experience in looking for them there, he had calculated that he could afford to pay the freight on

them, to have them with him to go on at once into the country on his arrival, rather than to sell them at Mobile.

“But,” said he, “there was one thing I did n’t cakulate on, and I don’t understand it; the capting cherged me two dollars and a half for ‘wherfage.’ I don’t know what that means, do you? I want to know, because I don’t car’ to be imposed upon by nobody. I paid it without sayin’ a word, ’cause I never travelled on the water before; next time I do, I shall be more sassy.” I asked where he was going. Did n’t know much about it, he said, but reckoned he could find a place where there was a good range, and plenty of game. If ’t was as good a range (pasture) as ’t was to Alabama when he first came there, he ’d be satisfied. After he ’d got his family safe through acclimating this time, he reckoned he should n’t move again. He had moved about a good deal in his life. There was his littlest boy, he said, looking kindly at a poor, thin, blue-faced little child—he reckoned they ’d be apt to *leave* him; he had got *tropsical*, and was of mighty weak constitution, nat’rally; ’t would n’t take much to carry him off, and, of course, a family must be exposed a good deal, moving so this time of year. They should try to find some heavy-timbered land, good land, and go to clearing; did n’t calculate to make any crops the first year—did n’t calculate on it, though perhaps they might if they had good luck. They had come from an eastern county of Alabama. Had sold out his farm for two dollars an acre; best land in the

district was worth four; land was naturally kind of thin, and now 't was pretty much all worn out there. He had moved first from North Carolina, with his father. They never made anything to sell but cotton; made corn for their own use. Never had any negroes; reckoned he 'd done about as well as if he had them; reckoned a little better on the whole. No, he should not work negroes in Texas. "Niggers is so kerless, and want so much lookin' arter; they is so monstrous lazy; they won't do no work, you know, less you are clus to 'em all the time, and I don't feel like it. I could n't, at my time of life, begin a-using the lash; and you know they do have to take that, all on 'em—and a heap on 't, sometimes."

"I don't know much about it; they don't have slaves where I live."

"Then you come from a Free State; well, they 've talked some of makin' Alabamy a Free State."

"I did n't know that."

"Oh, yes, there was a good deal of talk one time, as if they was goin' to do it right off. Oh, yes; there was two or three of the States this way, one time, come pretty nigh freein' the niggers—lettin' 'em all go free."

"And what do you think of it?"

"Well, I 'll tell you what I think on it; I 'd like it if we could get rid on 'em to yonst. I would n't like to hev 'em freed, if they was gwine to hang 'round. They ought to get some country, and put 'em war they could be by themselves. It would n't do no good to free 'em, and let 'em hang round, because they is so

monstrous lazy; if they had n't got nobody to take keer on 'em, you see they would n't do nothin' but juss nat'rally laze round, and steal, and pilfer, and no man could n't live, you see, war they was—if they was free, no man could n't live. And then, I 've two objections; that 's one on 'em—no man could n't live—and this ere 's the other: Now suppose they was free, you see they 'd all think themselves just as good as we; of course they would, if they was free. Now, just suppose you had a family of children, how would you like to hev a niggas feelin' just as good as a white man? how 'd you like to hev a niggas steppin' up to your darter? Of course you would n't, and that 's the reason I would n't like to hev 'em free; but I tell you, I don't think its right to hev 'em slaves so; that 's the fac—taant right to keep 'em as they is."

CHAPTER V

EXPERIENCE OF ALABAMA

“ And if these sorts of men surprise less by their wandering, as for the most part, without wandering, the business of their life was impossible; of those again who dedicate their life to the soil, we should certainly expect that they at least were fixed. By no means! Even without possession, occupation is conceivable; and we behold the eager farmer forsaking the ground which for years had yielded him profit and enjoyment. Impatiently he searches after similar, or greater profit, be it far or near. Nay, the owner himself will abandon his new grubbed clearage so soon as, by his cultivation, he has rendered it commodious for a less enterprising husbandman; once more he presses into the wilderness; again makes space for himself in the forests; in recompense of that first toiling a double and treble space; on which also, it may be, he thinks not to continue.”—*Meister's Travels*. GOETHE.

THE territorial Government of Alabama was established in 1816, and in 1818 she was admitted as a State into the Union. In 1820, her population was 128,000; in 1850, it had increased to 772,000; the increase of the previous ten years having been 30 per cent. (that of South Carolina was 5 per cent.; of Georgia, 31; Mississippi, 60; Michigan, 87; Wisconsin, 890). A large part of Alabama has yet a strikingly frontier character. Even from the State-house, in the fine and promising town of Montgomery, the eye falls in every direction

upon a dense forest, boundless as the sea, and producing in the mind the same solemn sensation. Towns which are frequently referred to as important points in the stages of your journey, you are surprised to find when you reach them, consist of not more than three or four cabins, a tavern or grocery, a blacksmith's shop, and a stable.

A stranger once meeting a coach, in which I was riding, asked the driver whether it would be prudent for him to pass through one of these places, that we had just come from; he had heard that there were more than fifty cases of small-pox in the town. "There ain't fifty people in the town, nor within ten mile on't," answered the driver, who was a Northerner. The best of the country roads are but little better than open passages for strong vehicles through the woods, made by cutting away the trees.

The greater number of planters own from ten to twenty slaves only, though plantations on which from fifty to a hundred are employed are not uncommon, especially on the rich alluvial soils of the southern part of the State. Many of the largest and most productive plantations are extremely unhealthy in summer, and their owners seldom reside upon them, except temporarily. Several of the larger towns, like Montgomery, remarkable in the midst of the wilderness which surrounds them, for the neatness and tasteful character of the houses and gardens which they contain, are, in a considerable degree, made up of the residences of gentlemen who own large plantations in the

hotter and less healthful parts of the State. Many of these have been educated in the older States, and with minds enlarged and liberalized by travel, they form, with their families, cultivated and attractive society.

Much the larger proportion of the planters of the State live in log houses, some of them very neat and comfortable, but frequently rude in construction, not *chinked*, with windows unglazed, and wanting in many of the commonest conveniences possessed by the poorest class of Northern farmers and laborers of the older States. Many of those who live in this way, possess considerable numbers of slaves, and are every year buying more. Their early frontier life seems to have destroyed all capacity to enjoy many of the usual luxuries of civilized life.

Notwithstanding the youth of the State, there is a constant and extensive emigration from it, as well as immigration to it. Large planters, as their stock increases, are always anxious to enlarge the area of their land, and will often pay a high price for that of any poor neighbor, who, embarrassed by debt, can be tempted to move on. There is a rapid tendency in Alabama, as in the older Slave States, to the enlargement of plantations. The poorer class are steadily driven to occupy poor land, or move forward on to the frontier.

In an address before the Chunnenugee Horticultural Society, by Hon. C. C. Clay, Jr., reported by the author in De Bow's *Review*, December, 1855, I find the

following passage. I need not add a word to it to show how the political experiment of old Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, is being repeated to the same cursed result in young Alabama. The author, it is fair to say, is devoted to the sustentation of Slavery, and would not, for the world, be suspected of favoring any scheme for arresting this havoc of wealth, further than by chemical science:

“I can show you, with sorrow, in the older portions of Alabama, and in my native county of Madison, the sad memorials of the artless and exhausting culture of cotton. Our small planters, after taking the cream off their lands, unable to restore them by rest, manures, or otherwise, are going further west and south, in search of other virgin lands, which they may and will despoil and impoverish in like manner. *Our wealthier planters, with greater means and no more skill, are buying out their poorer neighbors, extending their plantations, and adding to their slave force. The wealthy few, who are able to live on smaller profits, and to give their blasted fields some rest, are thus pushing off the many, who are merely independent.*

“Of the twenty millions of dollars annually realized from the sales of the cotton crop of Alabama, nearly all not expended in supporting the producers is reinvested in land and negroes. Thus the white population has decreased, and the slave increased, almost *pari passu* in several counties of our State. In 1825, Madison county cast about 3000 votes; now she cannot cast exceeding 2300. *In traversing that county one will discover numerous farm-houses, once the abode of industrious and intelligent freemen, now occupied by slaves, or tenantless, deserted, and dilapidated; he will observe fields, once fertile, now unfenced, abandoned, and covered with those evil harbingers—fox-tail and broom-sedge; he will see the moss growing on the mouldering walls of once thrifty villages; and will find, ‘one only master grasps the whole domain’ that once furnished happy homes for a dozen white families.*

Indeed, a country in its infancy, where fifty years ago scarce a forest tree had been felled by the axe of the pioneer, is already exhibiting the painful signs of senility and decay apparent in Virginia and the Carolinas; the freshness of its agricultural glory is gone; the vigor of its youth is extinct, and the spirit of desolation seems brooding over it."

CHAPTER VI

LOUISIANA

I WAS awakened, in the morning, by the loud ringing of a hand-bell; and, turning out of my berth, dressed by dim lamp-light. The waiters were serving coffee and collecting baggage; and, upon stepping out of the cabin, I found that the boat was made fast to a long wooden jetty, and the passengers were going ashore. A passage ticket for New Orleans was handed me, as I crossed the gang-plank. There was a rail track and a train of cars upon the wharf, but no locomotive; and I got my baggage checked, and walked on toward the shore.

It was early daylight—a fog rested on the water, and only the nearest point could be discerned. There were many small buildings near the jetty, erected on piles over the water—bathing-houses, bowling-alleys, and billiard-rooms, with other indications of a place of holiday resort—and, on reaching the shore, I found a slumbering village. The first house from the wharf had a garden about it, with complex alleys, and tables, and arbors, and rustic seats, and cut shrubs, and shells, and statues, and vases; and a lamp was feebly burning in a large lantern over the entrance gate. I was think-

ing how similar it was to a rural restaurant in France or Germany, when a locomotive backed, screaming hoarsely, down the jetty; and I returned to get my seat.

Off we puffed, past the restaurant, into the village—the name of which I did not inquire, everybody near me seemed so cold and cross, and I have not learned it since—through the little village of white houses—whatever it was—and away into a dense, gray cypress forest. For three or four rods, each side of the track, the trees had all been felled and removed, leaving a dreary strip of swamp, covered with stumps. This was bounded and intersected by broad ditches, or narrow and shallow canals, with a great number of very small punts in them—which, I suppose, are used for shrimp catching. So it continued, for two or three miles; then the ground became dryer, there was an abrupt termination of the gray wood. The fog was lifting and drifting off, in ragged, rosy clouds, and liberty of the eye was given over a flat country, skirted still, and finally bounded, in the background, with the swamp-forest. There were scattered, irregularly over it, a few low houses, one story high, all having verandahs before them.

At length, a broad road struck in by the side of the track; the houses became frequent; soon it was a village street, with smoke ascending from breakfast fires; windows and doors opening, girls sweeping steps, bakers' wagons passing, and broad streets, little built upon, breaking off at right angles.

At the corners of these streets, were high poles, connected at the top by a rope, and furnished with blocks and halyards, by which great square lanterns were slung over the middle of the carriage-way. I thought again of France, and of the dread cry, "*A la lanterne!*" and turning to one of my cold and cross companions—a man wrapped in a loose coat, with a cowl over his head—I asked the name of the village, for my geography was at fault. I had expected to be landed at New Orleans by the boat, and had not been informed of the railroad arrangement, and had no idea in what part of Louisiana we might be.

"Note Anglische, sare," was the gruff reply.

There was a sign, "*Café du Faubourg*," and, putting my head out of the window, I saw that we were thundering into New Orleans. We reached the terminus, which was surrounded with *fiacres*, in the style of Paris. "To the Hotel St. Charles," I said to a driver, confused with the loud French and quiet English of the crowd about me. "*Oui*, yer 'onor," was the reply of my Irish-born fellow-citizen: another passenger was got, and away we rattled through narrow, dirty streets, among grimy old stuccoed walls; high, arched windows and doors, balconies and entresols, and French noises and French smells (nothing so strong, in associations, as old smells); French signs, ten to one of English, but with funny polychromatic arrangements, sometimes, from which less influential families were not excluded: thus:

APARTEMENTS TO LET.

A LA FEE AUX ROSES.

WEIN BIER EN DETAIL.

CHAMBRES A LOUER.

UPHOLSTERS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

KOSSUTH COFFEE HOUSE.

DEPOT DES GRAINES POUR LES OISEAUX.

*To Loyaute Intelligence Office, only for the girls and women
answerung ho! On demande, 50 hommes pour la chemin-de-fer.
Wanted to work in the Rail-road some men now.*

Defense d'afficher!

The other fare, whom I had not ventured to speak to, was set down at a *salle pour la vente des* somethings, and soon after the *fiacre* turned out upon a broad place, covered with bales of cotton, and casks of sugar, and weighing scales, and disclosing an astonishing number of steamboats, lying all close together in a line, the ends of which were lost in the mist, which still hung upon the river.

Now the signs became English, and the new brick buildings American. We turned into a broad street, in which shutters were being taken from great glass store-fronts, and clerks were exercising their ingenuity in the display of muslin, and silks, and shawls. In the middle of the broad street there was an open space of waste

ground, looking as if the corporation had not been able to pave the whole of it at once, and had left this interval to be attended to when the treasury was better filled. Crossing through a gap in this waste, we entered a narrow street of high buildings, French, Spanish, and English signs, the latter predominating; and at the second block, I was landed before the great Grecian portico of the stupendous, tasteless, ill-contrived and inconvenient St. Charles Hotel.

After a bath and breakfast, I returned, with great interest, to wander in the old French town, the characteristics of which I have sufficiently indicated. Among the houses, one occasionally sees a relic of ancient Spanish builders, while all the newer edifices have the characteristics of the unartistic and dollar pursuing Yankees.

I was delighted when I reached the old Place d'Armes, now a public garden, bright with the orange and lemon trees, and roses, and myrtles, and laurels, and jessamines of the south of France. Fronting upon it is the old Hotel de Ville, still the city court house, a quaint old French structure, with scaly and vermiculated surface, and deep-worn door-sills, and smooth-rubbed corners; the most picturesque and historic-looking public building, except the highly preserved, little old court house at Newport, that I can now think of in the United States.

Adjoining it is an old Spanish cathedral, damaged by paint, and late alterations and repairs, but still a fine thing in our desert of the reverend in architecture.

Enough, that while it is not new, it is not shabby, and is not tricked out with much frippery,¹ gingerbread and confectionary work. The door is open; coaches and crippled beggars are near it. A priest, with a face in which the expression of an owl and an ape are combined, is coming out. If he were not otherwise to be heartily welcomed to fresh air and sunlight, he should be so for the sake of the Sister of Charity who is following him, probably to some death-bed, with a corpse-like face herself, haggard but composed, pensive and absorbed, and with the eyes of a broken heart. I may yet meet them looking down compassionately and soothingly, in some far distant pestilent or war-hospital. In lieu of holy-water then, here is money for the poor-box, though the devil share it unfairly with good angels.

Dark shadows, and dusky light, and deep, subdued, low organ strains pervade the interior; and, on the bare floor, here are the kneeling women—"good" and "bad" women—and, ah! yes, white and black women, bowed in equality before their common Father. "Ridiculously absurd idea," say democratic Governors McDuffie and Hammond; "Self-evident," said our ancestors, and so must say the voice of conscience, in all free, humble hearts.

In the crowded market-place, there were not only the pure old Indian Americans, and the Spanish, French, English, Celtic, and African, but nearly all

¹ Contemptible; from the root "Fripper," to wear out.—WEBSTER.

possible mixed varieties of these, and no doubt of some other breeds of mankind.

The various grades of the colored people are designated by the French as follows, according to the greater or less predominance of negro blood:

Sacatra,	-	-	-	-	-	griffe and negress.
Griffe,	-	-	-	-	-	negro and mulatto.
Marabon,	-	-	-	-	-	mulatto and griffe.
Mulatto,	-	-	-	-	-	white and negro.
Quarteron,	-	-	-	-	-	white and mulatto.
Metif,	-	-	-	-	-	white and quarteron.
Meamelouc,	-	-	-	-	-	white and metif.
Quarteron,	-	-	-	-	-	white and meamelouc.
Sang-mele,	-	-	-	-	-	white and quarteron.

And all these, with the sub-varieties of them, French, Spanish, English, and Indian, and the sub-sub-varieties, such as Anglo-Indian-mulatto, I believe experts pretend to be able to distinguish. Whether distinguishable or not, it is certain they all exist in New Orleans.

They say that the cross of the French and Spanish with the African produces a finer and a healthier result than that of the more Northern European races. Certainly, the French Quadroons are very handsome and healthy in appearance; and I should not be surprised if really thorough and sufficient scientific observation would show them to be more vigorous than either of the parent races.

Some of the colored women spoke French, Spanish, and English, as their customers demanded.¹

¹ [*From the New Orleans Picayune*]

"FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, about two months ago, a bright mulatto girl, named Mary,

Three taverns, bearing the sign of "The Pig and Whistle," indicated the recent English, a cabaret to the Universal Republic, with a red flag, the French, and the *Gasthaus zum Rhein Platz*, the Teutonic contribution to the strength of our nation. A policeman, with the richest Irish brogue, directed me back to the St. Charles.

In front of a large New York clothing store, twenty-two negroes were standing in a row. They each wore a suit of blue cloth clothing, and a black hat, and each held a bundle of additional clothing, and a pair of shoes, in his hands. They were all but one, who was probably a driver having charge of them, young men, not over twenty-five, and the majority, I should think, were between eighteen and twenty-two years of age. Their owner was probably in the clothing store, settling for the outfit he had purchased for them, and they were waiting to be led to the steamboat which should convey them to his plantation. They were silent and sober, like a file of soldiers "standing at ease"; and, perhaps, were gratified by the admiration their fine manly figures and uniform dress obtained from the passers by.

"Well, now, that ar 's the likeliest lot of niggers I ever see," said one, to me. "Some feller 's bin roun,'

about twenty-five years of age, almost white, and reddish hair, front teeth out, a cut on her upper lip; about five feet five inches high; has a scar on her forehead; she passes for free; talks *French, Italian, Dutch, English, and Spanish*.

"ANDRE GRASSO.

"Upper side of St. Mary's Market."

and just made his pick out o' all the jails¹ in Orleans. Must ha' cost him a heap o' rocks. I don't reckon thar 's a nigger in that crowd that would n't fetch twelve hundred dollars, at a vandue. Twenty thousand dollars wouldn' be no banter for 'em. Dam'd if they ain't just the best gang o' cotton-hands ever I see. Give me half on 'em, and I 'd sign off—would n' ask nothing more."

Louisiana or Texas, thought I, pays Virginia twenty-odd thousand dollars for that lot of bone and muscle. Virginia's interest in continuing the business may be imagined, especially if, in their place, could come free laborers, to help her people at the work she needs to have done; but where is the advantage of it to Louisiana, and especially to Texas? Yonder is a steamboat load of the same material—bone and muscle—which, at the same sort of valuation, is worth two hundred and odd thousand dollars; and off it goes, past Texas, through Louisiana—far away yet, up the river, and Wisconsin or Iowa will get it, two hundred thousand dollars' worth, to say nothing of the thalers and silver groschen, in those strong chests—all for nothing.

In ten years' time, how many mills, and bridges, and schoolhouses, and miles of railroad, will the Germans have built? And how much cloth and fish will they want from Massachusetts, iron from Pennsylvania, and tin from Banca, hemp from Russia, tea from China, and coffee from Brazil, fruit from Spain, wine from Ohio,

¹ The private establishments in which stocks of slaves are kept for sale in New Orleans are called jails.

and oil and gold from the Pacific, silk from France, sugar from Louisiana, cotton from Texas, and rags from Italy, lead from Illinois, and antimony from Hungary, notions from Connecticut, and machines from New Jersey, and intelligence from everywhere?

And how much of all these things will the best two hundred Virginians that Louisiana can buy, at any price, demand of commerce, in ten years?

The world's prejudice against Slavery is not inconsistent with natural depravity. Every man's selfishness, everywhere, unless he is a slave-owner, or means to be one, should war with it.

But would the Germans be willing to live in the warm climate—and, if Virginia did not furnish negroes—could Texas furnish us cotton?

Hundreds of them have told me they would prefer to live in the South, were it not for Slavery, and its influences. As to whether they could, listen to Mr. Darby, the surveyor and geographer of Louisiana:

“Between the 9th of July, 1805, to the 7th of May, 1815, incredible as it may appear to many persons, I actually travelled [in Southern Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and what is now Texas] twenty thousand miles, mostly on foot. During the whole of this period, I was not confined one month, put all my indispositions together, and not one moment, by any malady attributable to climate. I have slept in the open air for weeks together, in the hottest summer nights, and endured this mode of life in the most matted woods, perhaps, in the world. During my survey of the Sabine river, myself, and the men that attended me, existed, for several weeks, on flesh and fish, without bread or salt, and without sickness, of any kind. That nine-tenths of the distempers of warm climates may be guarded against, I do not harbor a single doubt.

"If climate operates extensively upon the actions of human beings, it is principally their amusements that are regulated by proximity to the tropics. Dancing might be called the principal amusement of both sexes, in Louisiana. Beholding the airy sweep of a Creole dance, the length of time that an assembly will persevere in the sport, at any season of the year, cold or warm, indolence would be the last charge that candor could lodge against such a people."

"Copying from Montesquieu," elsewhere says Mr. Darby, himself a slaveholder, "climate has been called upon to account for stains on the human character, imprinted by the hand of political mistake. No country where Negro Slavery is established but must have part in the wounds committed on nature and justice."

A writer in *Household Words*, speaking of the "popular fallacy, that a man cannot do a hard day's work in the climate of India," says:

"I have seen as hard work, real bone and muscle work, done by citizens of the United Kingdom in the East, as was ever achieved in the cold West, and all upon rice and curry—not curry and rice—in which the rice has formed the real meal, and the curry has merely helped to give it a relish, as a sort of substantial Kitchener's zest, or Harvey's sauce. I have seen, likewise, Moormen, Malabars, and others of the Indian laboring classes, perform a day's work that would terrify a London porter, or coal-whipper, or a country navvy, or ploughman; and under the direct rays of a sun, that has made a wooden platform too hot to stand on, in thin shoes, without literally dancing with pain, as I have done many a day, within six degrees of the line."

A mechanic, English by birth, who had lived in New Orleans for several years, always going up the river in the summer, to escape the danger of fever in the city, told me that he could lay up money much more rapidly

there than in New York. The expenses of living were not necessarily greater than in New York. If a man kept house, and provided for himself, he could live much cheaper than at boarding-houses. Many unmarried mechanics, therefore, lived with colored mistresses, who were commonly vile and dishonest. He was at a boarding-house, where he paid four dollars a week. In New York he had paid three dollars, but the board was not as good as in New Orleans. "The reason," said he, "that people say it costs so much more to live here than in New York is, that what they think treats in New York they consider necessities here. Everybody lives freer, and spends his money more willingly here." When he first came to New Orleans, a New England mechanic came with him. He supposed him to have been previously a man of sober habits; but almost immediately after he got to New Orleans, he got into bad ways, and in a few months he was so often drunk, and brought so much scandal on their boarding-house, that he was turned out of it. Soon after this, he called on him, and borrowed two dollars. He said he could not live in New Orleans, it was too expensive, and he was going to Texas. This was several years before, and he had not heard from him since. He had left a family in New England; and this he said was a very common course with New England boys, who had been "too carefully brought up at home," when they came to New Orleans. The master mechanics, who bought up slaves, and took contracts for work, he said, made more money than any

others. They did so because they did very poor work—poorer than white mechanics could generally be got to do. But nearly all work was done in New Orleans more hastily and carelessly than in New York, though he thought it was bad enough there. The slave-holding bosses could get no white men to work with their slaves, except Irishmen or Germans—no man who had any regard for his position among his fellow-craftsmen would ever let himself be seen working with a negro. He said I could see any day in Canal street, “a most revolting sight”—Irishmen waiting on negro masons. He had seen, one morning as he was going to his work, a negro carrying some mortar, when another negro hailed him with a loud laugh: “Hallo! you is turned Irishman, is 'ou?” White working men were rapidly displacing the slaves in all sorts of work, and he hoped and believed it would not be many years before every negro would be driven out of the town. He thought acclimated white men could do more hard work than negroes, even in the hottest weather, if they were temperate, and avoided too stimulating food. That, he said, was the general opinion among those of them who staid over summer. Those who drank much whisky and cordials, and kept up old habits of eating, just as if they were in England, were the ones who complained most of the climate, and who thought white men were not made to work in it. He had stayed as late as July, and returned in September, and he never saw the day in which he could not do as much work as he did in London.

A New Yorker, that I questioned about this, said:

“I have worked through the very hottest weather, steadily, day after day, and done more work than any three niggers in the State, and been no worse for it. A man has only got to take some care of himself.”

Going to Lafayette, on the top of an omnibus, I heard an Irishman, somewhat over-stimulated, as Irishmen are apt to be, loudly declare himself an abolitionist; a companion endeavored in vain to stop him, or make him recant, and finally declared he would not ride any farther with him if he would not be more discreet.

The *Morehouse* (Louisiana) *Advocate*, in an article abusive of foreigners, thus describes what, if foreign-born working men were not generally so ignorant and easily imposed upon as they are, would undoubtedly be (although they certainly have not yet generally been) their sentiments with regard to Slavery:

“The great mass of foreigners who come to our shores are laborers, and consequently come in competition with slave labor. It is to their interest to abolish Slavery; and we know full well the disposition of man to promote all things which advance his own interests. These men come from nations where Slavery is not allowed, and they drink in abolition sentiments from their mothers’ breasts; they (all the white race) entertain an utter abhorrence of being put on a level with blacks, whether in the field or in the work-shop. Could Slavery be abolished, there would be a greater demand for laborers, and the prices of labor must be greatly enhanced. These may be termed the internal evidences of the abolitionism of foreigners.

“But we may find near home facts to corroborate these ‘internal’ evidences: It is well known that there exists a great antipathy among draymen and rivermen of New Orleans (who are almost to a man foreigners) to the participation of slaves in these branches of industry.”

It is obvious that free men have very much gained the field of labor in New Orleans to themselves. The majority of the cartmen, hackney-coach men, porters, railroad hands, public waiters, and common laborers, as well as of skilled mechanics, appear to be white men; and of the negroes employed in those avocations, a considerable proportion are free.

This is the case here more than in any other town in Slavery, although the climate is torrid, and inconvenient or dangerous to strangers; because New Orleans is more extensively engaged in commerce, and because there is, by the passing and sojourning immigration from Europe, constantly in the city a sufficient number of free laborers to sustain, by competition and association with each other, the habits of free-labor communities. It is plainly perceptible that the white working men in New Orleans have more business-like manners, and more assured self-respect, than those of smaller towns. They are even not without *esprit du corps*.

As commerce, or any high form of industry requires intelligence in its laborers, slaves can never be brought together in dense communities but their intelligence will increase to a degree dangerous to those who enjoy the benefit of their labor. The slave must be kept dependent, day by day, upon his master for his daily bread, or he will find, and will declare, his independence, in all respects, of him. This condition disqualifies the slave for any but the simplest and rudest forms of labor; and every attempt to bring his labor into com-

petition with free labor can only be successful at the hazard of insurrection. Hundreds of slaves in New Orleans must be constantly reflecting and saying to one another, "I am as capable of taking care of myself as this Irish hod-carrier, or this German market-gardener; why can't I have the enjoyment of my labor as well as they? I am as capable of taking care of my own family as they of theirs; why should I be subject to have them taken from me by those other men who call themselves our owners? Our children have as much brains as the children of these white neighbors of ours, who not long ago were cooks and waiters at the hotels; why should they be spurned from the school-rooms? I helped to build the school-house, and have not been paid for it. One thing I know, if I can't have my rights, I can have my pleasures; and if they won't give me wages I can take them."

That this influence of association in labor with free-men cannot fail to be appreciated by intelligent observers, will be evident from the following paragraph from the *New Orleans Crescent*, although it was probably written to show only the amusing and picturesque aspect of the slave community:

"GUINEA-LIKE. — Passing along Baronne street, between Perdido and Poydras streets, any Sunday afternoon, the white passer-by might easily suppose himself in Guinea, Caffraria, or any other thickly-peopled region in the land of Ham. Where the darkies all come from, what they do there, or where they go to, constitute a problem somewhat beyond our algebra. It seems to be a sort of nigger exchange. We know there are in that vicinity a colored church, colored ice-cream saloon, colored restaurant, colored coffee-houses, and a colored barber-

shop, which, we have heard say, has a back communication with one of the grogeries, for the benefit of slaves; but as the police have n't found it out yet, we suppose it ain't so. However, if the ebony dandies who attend Sunday evening 'change, would keep within their various retreats, or leave a path about three feet wide on the side-walk, for the free passage of people who are so unlucky as to be white, we would n't complain; but to have to elbow one's way through a crowd of woolly-heads on such a day as yesterday, their natural muskiness made more villainous by the fumes of whisky, is too much for delicate olfactories like ours. A fight, last evening, between two white men at one of the doggeries, afforded much edification to the darkies standing around, and seemed to confirm them in their opinion, that white folks, after all, ain't much."

Similar complaints to the following, which I take from the *New Orleans Crescent*, I have heard, or seen in the journals, at Richmond, Savannah, Louisville, and most other large manufacturing, or commercial towns of the South.

"PASSES TO NEGROES.—Something must be done to regulate and prescribe the manner in which passes shall be given to slaves. This is a matter that should no longer be shirked or avoided. The Common Council should act promptly. The slave population of this city is already demoralized to a deplorable extent, all owing to the indiscriminate license and indulgence extended them by masters, mistresses, and guardians, and to the practice of *forging passes*, which has now become a regular business in New Orleans. The greater portion of the evil flows from forged passes. As things now stand, any negro can obtain a pass for four bits or a dollar, from miserable wretches who obtain a living by such infamous practices. The consequence is that hundreds spend their nights drinking, carousing, gambling, and contracting the worst of habits, which not only make them *useless to their owners*, but dangerous pests to society. We know of many negroes, completely ruined, morally and physically, by such causes. The inherent vice in the negro character always comes out when unre-

strained, and there is no degradation too low for him to descend.

“Well, for the remedy to cure this crying evil. Prosecuting the forgers is out of the question; for where one conviction could be obtained, thousands of fraudulent passes would be written. *Slave evidence weighs nothing against white forgers and scoundrels.* Hence the necessity of adopting some other mode of prevention. It has been suggested to us, that if the Council would adopt a form for passes, different each month, to be obtained by masters from the Chief of Police, exclusively, that a great deal of good would be at once accomplished. We have no doubt of it. Further, we believe that all owners and guardians would cheerfully submit to the inconvenience in order to obtain so desirable an end. We trust the Common Council will pay some little attention to these suggestions.”

How many men, accustomed to the close calculations necessary to successful enterprises, can listen to these suggestions, without asking themselves whether a system, that requires to be sustained by such inconvenient defences, had not better be thrown up altogether?

First and last, I spent some weeks in New Orleans and its vicinity. I doubt if there is a city in the world, where the resident population has been so divided in its origin, or where there is such a variety in the tastes, habits, manners, and moral codes of the citizens. Although this insures civic enterprise—which the peculiar situation of the city greatly demands to be directed to means of cleanliness, convenience, comfort, and health—it also gives a greater scope to the working of individual enterprise, taste, genius, and conscience; so that nowhere are the higher qualities of man—as displayed in generosity, hospitality, benevolence, and courage—better developed, or the lower qualities, likening him to

a beast, less interfered with, by law, or the action of public opinion.

There is one, among the multitudinous classifications of society in New Orleans, which is a very peculiar and characteristic result of the prejudices, vices, and customs of the various elements of color, class, and nation, which have been there brought together.

I refer to a class composed of the illegitimate offspring of white men and colored women (mulattoes or quadroons), who, from habits of early life, the advantages of education, and the use of wealth, are too much superior to the negroes, in general, to associate with them, and are not allowed by law, or the popular prejudice, to marry white people. The girls are frequently sent to Paris to be educated, and are very accomplished. They are generally pretty, and often handsome. I have rarely, if ever, met more beautiful women, than one or two of them, that I saw by chance, in the streets. They are much better formed, and have a much more graceful and elegant carriage than Americans in general, while they seem to have commonly inherited or acquired much of the taste and skill, in the selection and arrangement, and the way of wearing dresses and ornaments, that is the especial distinction of the women of Paris. Their beauty and attractiveness being their fortune, they cultivate and cherish with diligence every charm or accomplishment they are possessed of.

Of course, men are attracted by them, associate with them, are captivated, and become attached to them,

and, not being able to marry them legally, and with the usual forms and securities for constancy, make such arrangements "as can be agreed upon." When a man makes a declaration of love to a girl of this class, she will admit or deny, as the case may be, her happiness in receiving it; but, supposing she is favorably disposed, she will usually refer the applicant to her mother. The mother inquires, like a Countess of Kew, into the circumstances of the suitor; ascertains whether he is able to maintain a family, and, if satisfied with him, in these and other respects, requires from him security that he will support her daughter in a style suitable to the habits she has been bred to, and that, if he should ever leave her, he will give her a certain sum for her future support, and a certain additional sum for each of the children she shall then have.

The wealth, thus secured, will of course, vary—as in society with higher assumptions of morality—with the value of the lady in the market; that is, with her attractiveness, and the number and value of other suitors she may have, or may reasonably expect. Of course, I do not mean that love has nothing at all to do with it; but love is sedulously restrained, and held firmly in hand, until the road of competency is seen to be clear, with less humbug than our English custom requires about it. Everything being satisfactorily arranged, a tenement in a certain quarter of the town is usually hired, and the couple move into it and go to house-keeping—living as if they were married. The woman is not, of course, to be wholly deprived of the society

of others—her former acquaintances are continued, and she sustains her relations as daughter, sister, and friend. Of course, too, her husband (she calls him so—why should n't she?) will be likely to continue, also, more or less in, and form a part of, this kind of society. There are parties and balls—*bals masqués*—and all the movements and customs of fashionable society, which they can enjoy in it, if they wish.¹ The women of this sort are represented to be exceedingly affectionate in disposition, and constant beyond reproach.

During all the time a man sustains this relation, he will commonly be moving, also, in reputable society on the other side of the town; not improbably, eventually he marries, and has a family establishment elsewhere. Before doing this, he may separate from his *placée* (so

¹ "THE GLOBE BALL ROOM,
Corner of St. Claude and St. Peter streets, abreast of the Old Basin,

WILL OPEN THIS EVENING, October 16, when a Society Ball will be given.

No ladies admitted without masks.

Gentlemen, fifty cents—Ladies, gratis.

Doors open at 9½ o'clock. Ball to commence at 10 o'clock.

No person admitted with weapons, by order of the Council.

A superior orchestra has been engaged for the season.

The public may be assured of the most strict order, as there will be, at all times, an efficient police in attendance.

Attached to the establishment is a superior Bar, well stocked with wines and liquors; also, a Restaurant, where may be had all such delicacies as the market affords.

All ladies are requested to procure free tickets in the Mask Room, as no lady will be admitted into the ball room without one.

A. WHITLOCK, Manager."

she is termed). If so, he pays her according to agreement, and as much more, perhaps, as his affection for her, or his sense of the cruelty of the proceeding, may lead him to; and she has the world before her again, in the position of a widow. Many men continue, for a long time, to support both establishments—particularly, if their legal marriage is one *de convenance*. But many others form such strong attachments, that the relation is never discontinued, but becomes, indeed, that of marriage, except that it is not legalized or solemnized. These men leave their estate, at death, to their children, to whom they may have previously given every advantage of education they could command. What becomes of the boys, I am not informed; the girls, sometimes, are removed to other countries, where their color does not prevent their living reputable lives; but, of course, mainly they continue in the same society, and are fated to a life similar to that of their mothers.

I have described this custom as it was described to me; I need hardly say in only its best aspects. The crime and heart-breaking sorrow that must frequently result from it, must be evident to every reflective reader.

A gentleman, of New England education, gave me the following account of his acquaintance with the quadroon society. On first coming to New Orleans, he was drawn into the social circles usually frequented by New England people, and some time afterwards was introduced by a friend to a quadroon family, in which there were three pretty and accomplished young

women. They were intelligent and well informed; their musical taste was especially well cultivated; they were interested in the literature of the day, and their conversation upon it was characterized by good sense and refined discrimination. He never saw any indication of a want of purity of character or delicacy of feeling in them. He was much attracted by them, and for some time visited them very frequently. Having then discontinued his intimacy, at length one of the girls asked him why he did not come to see them as often as he had formerly done. He frankly replied that he had found their society so fascinating, that he thought it best to restrict himself in the enjoyment of it, lest it should become necessary to his happiness; and out of regard to his general plans of life, and the feelings of his friends, he could not permit himself to indulge the purpose to be united to one of them, according to the usual custom with their class. The young woman was evidently much pained, but not at all offended, and immediately acknowledged and commended the propriety and good sense of his resolution.

One reason which leads this way of living to be frequently adopted by unmarried men, who come to New Orleans to carry on business, is, that it is much cheaper than living at hotels and boarding-houses. As no young man ordinarily dare think of marrying, until he has made a fortune to support the extravagant style of house-keeping, and gratify the expensive taste of young women, as fashion is now educating them, many are obliged to make up their minds never to marry. Such

a one undertook to show me that it was cheaper for him to *placer* than to live in any other way that he could be expected to in New Orleans. He hired, at a low rent, two apartments in the older part of the town; his *placée* did not, except occasionally, require a servant; she did the marketing, and performed all the ordinary duties of house-keeping herself; she took care of his clothes, and in every way was economical and saving in her habits—it being her interest, if her affection for him were not sufficient, to make him as much comfort and as little expense as possible, that he might be the more strongly attached to her, and have the less occasion to leave her. He concluded by assuring me that whatever might be said against it, it certainly was better than the way in which most young men who depended on salaries lived in New York.

While we have so little real social democracy that we manifest our respect less to character and mental and æsthetic attainments than to offices and positions, we must dress extravagantly, must be housed extravagantly, must spend an extravagant portion of time in senseless employments, must neglect the essential means of comfort and health, and must forget taste for the necessary means of display; because these are badges and signs of positions superior, at least, to those of our servants and proletaires.

A woman may have spent a year in learning how a loaf of bread and a dish of soup can be made, a steak broiled, and a potato boiled, in a perfectly wholesome and yet palatable manner; things which it is certain

that not one American man or woman among a thousand has ever seen, or has any correct idea about. She may have spent ten years in the study of beauty, of taste and domestic fine art, and thus possess an unfailing power of self-cheering and of elevating the lives of all in her house, and it will command for her, if her husband is a bookkeeper, or an editor, or an actor, on a small salary, less respect and less influence—for her children, less exterior social advantages—than the woman with no solid acquirements will possess, if her husband is able to pay a thousand dollars rent for a stone-veneered dwelling, and furnish a stylish carriage for her to send cards from.

Perhaps I am wrong in saying that this is so. I believe in New York it is not so. But such is the general opinion, and by this unfortunate opinion the mass of young minds are ruled.

But, regardless of social position and reputation with the world, how rarely are we educated to be happy, without excessive expenditure. The taste of our young men and of our young women is so little or so badly cultivated that they have hardly any conception of comfort without splendor, or of beauty beyond fashion. There are, therefore, so few houses built in our towns with prime regard to health and simple convenience, and there are so few of us sufficiently educated, as purveyors and cooks, to provide a palatable variety of good food, except at a wasteful expense, that a large income is really made necessary for a merely wholesome and comfortable family life.

Our young men, therefore, shrink from marriage until they can command business positions, from which they can safely undertake to pay rent for stone veneering, and suites of parlors, to buy theatrical furniture, and to support idle, if not sickly families, "in a style of barbaric splendor." Those less conscientious and more bold—how often are they detected in peculations and reckless gambling speculations!

And when there is generally so little comprehension of the more noble sources of pleasure which may be commanded with moderate wealth, are their passions dormant while a pure domestic life is held to be so far in the future?

The Irish are faithless of the future, improvident, passionate, and marry young. The Scotch are cool, ambitious, and penurious, and, much less often than the Irish, marry without seeing their way clear to household comfort. Is there no philosophical connection between these differences of character and the fact that licentiousness is exceedingly prevalent in Scotland, while Ireland is more free from it than any other country in the world?

It is asserted by Southerners who have lived at the North, and Northerners who have lived at the South, that although the facilities for licentiousness are much greater at the South, the evil of licentiousness is much greater at the North. Not because the average standard of "respectable position" requires a less¹ expendi-

¹ A gentleman in an inland Southern town said to me, "I have now but one servant; if I should marry, I should be

ture at the South, for the contrary is the case. But it is said licentiousness at the North is far more captivating, irresistible, and ruinous than at the South. Its very intrigues, cloaks, hazards, and expenses, instead of repressing the passions of young men, exasperate them, and increase its degrading effect upon their character, producing hypocrisy, interfering with high ambitions, destroying self-respect, causing the worst possible results to their health, and giving them habits which are inimical to future domestic contentment and virtue.

With regard to young men in towns, I think this may be true, though in rural life the advantage of the North, I believe, is incomparable.

Mrs. Douglass, a Virginia woman, who was tried, convicted, and punished, a year or two since, for teaching a number of slaves to read, contrary to law, says, in a letter from her jail:

"This subject demands the attention, not only of the religious population, but of statesmen and law-makers. It is one great evil hanging over the Southern Slave States, destroying domestic happiness, and the peace of thousands. It is summed up in the single word—*amalgamation*. This, and this only, causes the vast extent of ignorance, degradation and crime, that lies like a black cloud over the whole South. And the practice is more general than even the Southerners are willing to allow.

"Neither is it to be found only in the lower order of the white population. It pervades the entire society. Its followers are to be found among all ranks, occupations and professions. The white mothers and daughters of the South have

obliged to buy three more, and that alone would withdraw from my capital at least three thousand dollars."

suffered under it for years — have seen their dearest affections trampled upon — their hopes of domestic happiness destroyed, and their future lives embittered, even to agony, by those who should be all in all to them, as husbands, sons, and brothers. I cannot use too strong language in reference to this subject, for I know that it will meet with a heart-felt response from every Southern woman."

A negress was hung this year in Alabama, for the murder of her child. At her trial, she confessed her guilt. She said her owner was the father of the child, and that her mistress knew it, and treated it so cruelly in consequence, that she had killed it to save it from further suffering, and also to remove a provocation to her own ill-treatment.

A large planter told me the reason he sent his boys to the North to be educated was, that there was no possibility of their being brought up in decency at home. Another planter told me that he was intending to move to a free country on this account. He said that the practice was not occasional or general, it was universal. "There is not," he said, "a likely-looking black girl in this State, that is not the paramour of a white man. There is not an old plantation in which the grandchildren of the owner are not whipped in the field by his overseer. I cannot bear that the blood of the — should run in the veins of slaves." He was of an old Scotch family.

There is but one step between the way of living which I have described to be so common with young men in New Orleans, and a natural, virtuous, and commendable way of living. It is, to be sure, a step most

important and needful to a good state of society. But let any one visit the hospitals of New York, and inquire into the causes of disease, and it will be seen that there is a way of living, fearfully prevalent among us, which is but a step, and that often a short one, above the life of beasts.

Whether there is less licentiousness in New Orleans than in New York, it is impossible to more than guess; but it is certain that there is less obvious licentiousness, and that the physical penalties of it, however it may be with the moral, are less horrible and general.

The late lamented Dr. Kelly, a most sensible and religious man, for several years superintending physician at the Blackwell's Island S. hospital, has more than once expressed his conviction to me, that at least one in five of the whole population of New York city is tainted with the incurable disease which is born only in the lowest form of licentiousness. Another physician tells me that he has often been called upon by old men, of the most respectable position, and officers of the churches, who were suffering the most acute distress from the sins of their youth. When we reflect that this suffering is not only incurable, but, under some circumstances, contagious, and endlessly transmissible to offspring, we shall see the sins of society punished in it, as well as of individuals.

May it not be that the effect of our present laws, which are intended to be prohibitory of licentiousness, is only to change the form and outward appearance of the vice, and rather to increase than to diminish its

essential evil? Such has been the conclusion, as is well known, of the legislative power of Prussia and Denmark.

On Saturday morning I found that two boats, the *Swamp Fox* and the *St. Charles*, were advertised to leave in the evening, for Shreveport, on the Red River. I went to the levee, and, finding the *St. Charles* to be the better of the two, I asked her clerk if I could engage a stateroom. There was just one stateroom berth left unengaged; I was requested to place my name against its number on the passenger-book—and did so, understanding that it was thus secured for me.

Having taken leave of my friends, I had my baggage brought down, and went on board at half-past three—the boat being advertised to sail at four. Four o'clock passed, and freight was still being taken on—a fire had been made in the furnace, and the boat's big bell was rung. I noticed that the *Swamp Fox* was also firing up, and that her bell rang whenever ours did—though she was not advertised to sail till five. At length, when five o'clock came, the clerk told me he thought, perhaps, they would not be able to get off at all that night—there was so much freight still to come on board. Six o'clock arrived, and he felt certain that, if they did get off that night, it would not be till very late. At half-past six, he said the captain had not come on board yet, and he was quite sure they would not be able to get off that night. I prepared to return to the hotel, and asked if they would leave in the morning. He thought not. He was confident they would not. He

was positive they could not leave now, before Monday, at twelve o'clock—I might rely upon it.

Monday morning, *The Picayune* stated, editorially, that the floating palace, the *St. Charles*, would leave for Shreveport, at five o'clock, and, if anybody wanted to make a quick and luxurious trip up Red River, with a jolly soul, Captain Lickup was in command. It also stated, in another paragraph, that, if any of its friends had business up Red River, Captain Pitchup was a whole-souled veteran in that trade, and was going up with that remarkably low-draft favorite, the *Swamp Fox*, to leave at four o'clock that evening. Both boats were also announced, in the advertising columns, to leave at four o'clock.

As the clerk had told me the *St. Charles* would leave at noon, however, I thought there might have been a misprint in the newspaper announcements, and so went on board again before twelve. The clerk informed me that the newspaper was right—they had finally concluded not to sail till four o'clock. Before four, I returned again, and the boat again fired up, and rang her bell. So did the *Swamp Fox*. Neither, however, was quite ready to leave at four o'clock. Not quite ready at five. Even at six—not yet quite ready. At seven, the fires having burned out in the furnace, and the stevedores having gone away, leaving a quantity of freight yet on the dock, without advising this time with the clerk, I had my baggage re-transferred to the hotel.

A similar performance was repeated on Tuesday.

On Wednesday, I found the berth I had engaged occupied by a very strong man, who was not very polite, when I informed him that I believed there was some mistake—that the berth he was using had been engaged to me. I went to the clerk, who said that he was sorry, but that as I had not stayed on board at night, and had not paid for the berth, he had not been sure that I should go, and he had, therefore, given it to the gentleman who now had it in possession, and whom, he thought, it would not be best to try to reason out of it. He was very busy, he observed, because the boat was going to start at four o'clock; if I would now pay him the price of passage, he would do the best he could for me. When he had time to examine, he could probably put me in some stateroom, if not quite as good a one as that I had lost. I could, at any rate, put my baggage in his private stateroom, until the boat got off, and then he would make some satisfactory arrangements for me. I inquired if it was quite certain that the boat would get off at four; for I had been asked to dine with a friend, at three o'clock. There was not the smallest doubt that she would leave at four. They were all ready, at that moment, and only waited till four, because the agent had advertised that they would—merely a technical point of honor.

But, by some error of calculation, I suppose, she did n't go at four. Nor at five. Nor at six.

At seven o'clock, the *Swamp Fox* and *St. Charles* were both discharging dense smoke from their chimneys, blowing steam, and ringing bells. It was appar-

ent that each was making every exertion to get off before the other. The captains of both boats stood at the break of the hurricane deck, as if they were waiting impatiently for mails to come on board.

The *St. Charles* was crowded with passengers, and her decks were piled high with freight. Bumboatmen, about the bows, were offering shells, and oranges, and bananas; and newsboys, and pedlers, and tract distributors were squeezing about with their wares among the passengers. I had confidence in their instinct; there had been no such numbers of them the previous evenings, and I made up my mind, although past seven o'clock, that the *St. Charles* would not let her fires go down again.

Among the pedlers there were two of "cheap literature," and among their yellow covers, each had two or three copies of the cheap edition (pamphlet) of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. They did not cry it out as they did the other books they had, but held it forth among others, so its title could be seen. One of them told me he carried it because gentlemen often inquired for it, and he sold a good many: at least three copies were sold to passengers on the boat. Another young man, who looked like a beneficiary of the Education Society, endeavoring to pass a college vacation in a useful and profitable manner, was peddling a Bible Defence of Slavery, which he made eloquent appeals, in the manner of a pastoral visit, to us, each personally, to purchase. He said it was prepared by a clergyman of Kentucky, and every slaveholder ought to possess it.

When he came to me, I told him that I owned no slaves, and therefore had no occasion for it. He answered that the world was before me, and I perhaps yet might own many of them. I replied so decidedly that I should not, that he appeared to be satisfied that my conscience would not need the book, and turned back again to a man sitting beside me, who had before refused to look at it. He now urged again that he should do so, and forced it into his hands, open at the title-page on which was a vignette, representing a circle of colored gentlemen and ladies, sitting around a fireplace, with a white person standing behind them, like a servant, reading from a book. "Here we see the African race as it is in America, under the blessed—"

"Now you go to hell! I've told you three times, as civilly as I could, I did n't want your book. If you bring it here again, I'll throw it overboard. I own niggers; and I calculate to own more of 'em, if I can get 'em, but I don't want any damned preachin' about it."

That was the last I saw of the book pedler.

It was twenty minutes after seven when the captain observed, scanning the levee in every direction, to see if there was another cart or carriage coming towards us, "No use waiting any longer, I reckon: throw off, Mr. Heady." (The *Swamp Fox* did not leave, I afterwards heard, till Saturday.)

We backed out, winded round head up, and as we began to breast the current, a dozen of the negro boat-hands, standing on the freight, piled up on the low

forecastle, began to sing, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and shirts lashed to poles, towards the people who stood on the sterns of the steamboats at the levee. After losing a few lines, I copied literally into my notebook:

“Ye see dem boat way dah ahead.

CHORUS.—Oahoiohieu.

De San Charles is arter 'em, dey mus go behine.

CHO.—Oahoiohieu.

So stir up dah, my livelies, stir her up; (pointing to the furnaces).

CHO.—Oahoiohieu.

Dey 's burnin' not'n but fat and rosum.

CHO.—Oahoiohieu.

Oh, we is gwine up de Red River, oh!

CHO.—Oahoiohieu.

Oh, we mus part from you dah asho'.

CHO.—Oahoiohieu.

Give my lub to Dinah, oh!

CHO.—Oahoiohieu.

For we is gwine up de Red River.

CHO.—Oahoiohieu.

Yes, we is gwine up de Red River.

CHO.—Oahoiohieu.

Oh we must part from you dah oh.

CHO.—Oahoiohieu.”

[The wit introduced into these songs has, I suspect, been rather over-estimated. On another occasion I took down the following:

“John come down in de holler,

Oh, work and talk and holler,

Oh, John, come down in de holler,
Ime gwine away to-morrow.

Oh, John, etc.

Ime gwine away to marry,
Oh, John, etc.

Get my cloves in order,
Oh, John, etc.

I'se gwine away to-morrow,
Oh, John, etc.

Oh, work and talk and holler,
Oh, John, etc.

Massa guv me dollar,
Oh, John, etc.

Don't cry yer eyes out, honey,
Oh, John, etc.

I 'm gwine to get some money,
Oh, John, etc.

But I 'll come back to-morrow,
Oh, John, etc.

So work and talk and holler,
Oh, John, etc.

Work all day and Sunday,
Oh, John, etc.

Massa get de money,
Oh, John, etc."

After the conclusion of this song, and after the negroes had left the bows, and were coming aft along the guards, we passed two or three colored nurses, walking with children on the river bank; as we did so the singers jumped on some cotton bales, bowed very low to

them, took off their hats, and swung and waved them, and renewed their song:

“God bless you all, dah! ladies!
Oh, John come down in de holler,
Farwell, de Lord be wid you, honey,
Oh, John, come down, etc.
Done cry yerself to def,
Oh, John, etc.
I ’m gwine down to New Orleans,
Oh, John, etc.
I ’ll come back, dough, bime-by,
Oh, John, etc.
So far-you-well, my honey,
Oh, John, etc.
Far-you-well, all you dah, shore,
Oh, John, etc.
And save your cotton for de Dalmo!
Oh, John, etc.”]

As soon as the song was ended, I went into the cabin to remind the clerk to obtain a berth for me. I found two brilliant supper tables reaching the whole length of the long cabin, and a file of men standing on each side of both of them, ready to take seats as soon as the signal was given.

The clerk was in his room, with two other men, and appeared to be more occupied than ever. His manner was, I thought, now rather cool, not to say rude; and he very distinctly informed me that every berth was occupied, and he did n’t know where I was to sleep. He judged I was able to take care of myself; and if I

was not, he was quite sure that he had too much to do to give all his time to my surveillance. I then went to the captain, and told him that I thought myself entitled to a berth. I had paid for one, and should not have taken passage in the boat, if it had not been promised me. I was not disposed to fight for it, particularly as the gentleman occupying the berth engaged to me was a good deal bigger fellow than I, and also carried a bigger knife; but I thought the clerk was accountable to me for a berth, and I begged that he would inform him so. He replied that the clerk probably knew his business; he had nothing to do with it; and walked away from me. I then addressed myself to a second clerk, or sub-officer of some denomination, who more good-naturedly informed me that half the company were in the same condition as myself, and I need n't be alarmed, cots would be provided for us.

As I saw that the supper table was likely to be crowded, I asked if there would be a second table. "Yes, they'll keep on eatin' till they all get through." I walked the deck till I saw those who had been first seated at the table coming out; then going in, I found the table still crowded, while many stood waiting to take seats as fast as any were vacated. I obtained one for myself at length, and had no sooner occupied it than two half-intoxicated and garrulous men took the adjoining stools.

It was near nine o'clock before the tables were cleared away, and immediately afterwards the waiters began to rig in their place a frame-work for sleeping-cots. These

cots were simply canvas shelves, five feet and a half long, two wide, and less than two feet apart, perpendicularly. A waiter, whose good will I had purchased at the supper table, gave me a hint to secure one of them for myself, as soon as they were erected, by putting my hat in it. I did so, and saw that others did the same. I chose a cot as near as possible to the midship doors of the cabin, perceiving that there was not likely to be the best possible air, after all the passengers were laid up for the night, in this compact manner.

Nearly as fast as the cots were ready they were occupied. To make sure that mine was not stolen from me, I also, without much undressing, laid myself away. A single blanket was the only bed-clothing provided. I had not lain long, before I was driven, by an exceedingly offensive smell, to search for a cleaner neighborhood; but I found all the cots fore and aft, were either occupied or engaged. I immediately returned, and, that I might have a *dernier ressort*, left my shawl in that I had first obtained.

In the forward part of the cabin there was a bar, a stove, a table, and a placard of rules, forbidding smoking, gambling, and swearing in the cabin, and a close company of drinkers, smokers, card-players, and constant swearers. I went out, and stepped down to the boiler-deck. The boat had been provided with very poor wood, and the firemen were crowding it into the furnaces whenever they could find room for it, driving smaller sticks between the larger ones at the top, by a battering-ram method.

Most of the firemen were Irish born; one with whom I conversed was English. He said they were divided into three watches, each working four hours at a time, and all hands liable to be called, when wooding, or landing, or taking on freight, to assist the deck-hands. They were paid now but thirty dollars a month—ordinarily forty, and sometimes sixty—and board. He was a sailor bred. This boat life was harder than sea-faring, but the pay was better, and trips were short. The regular thing was to make two trips, and then lay up for a spree. It would be too hard upon a man, he thought, to pursue it regularly; two trips “on end” was as much as a man could stand. He must then take a “refreshment.” Working this way for three weeks, and then refreshing for about one, he did not think it was unhealthy, any more than ordinary sea-faring. He concluded, by informing me that the most striking peculiarity of the business was, that it kept a man, notwithstanding wholesale periodical refreshment, very dry. He was of opinion that after the information I had obtained, if I gave him at least the price of a single drink, and some tobacco, it would be characteristic of a gentlemen.

Going round behind the furnace, I found a large quantity of freight: hogsheads, barrels, cases, bales, boxes, nail-rods, rolls of leather, ploughs, cotton bale-rope, and fire-wood, all thrown together in the most confused manner, with hot steam pipes, and parts of the engine crossing through it. As I explored further aft, I found negroes lying asleep in all postures, upon

the freight. A single group only, of five or six, appeared to be awake, and as I drew near to them they commenced to sing a Methodist hymn, not loudly, as negroes generally do, but, as it seemed to me, with a good deal of tenderness and feeling; a few white people—men, women, and children—were lying here and there, among the negroes. Altogether, I heard we had two hundred of these deck passengers, black and white. A stove, by which they could fry bacon, was the only furniture provided for them by the boat. They carried with them their provisions for the voyage, and had their choice of the freight for beds.

As I came to the bows again, and was about to ascend to the cabin, two men came down, one of whom I recognized to have been my cot neighbor. "Where 's a bucket?" said he; "by thunder! this fellow was so strong I could not sleep by him, so I stumped him to come down and wash his feet." "I am much obliged to you," said I, and I was, very much; the man had been lying in the cot beneath mine, which I now returned to, and soon fell asleep.

I awoke about midnight. There was an unusual jar in the boat, and an evident excitement among people talking on deck. I rolled out of my cot, and stepped out on to the gallery. The steamboat *Kimball* was running head-and-head with us, and so close that one might have jumped easily from our paddle-box on to her guards. A few other passengers had turned out beside myself, and most of the waiters were leaning on the rail of the gallery. Occasionally a few words of

banter passed between them and the waiters of the *Kimball*; below, the firemen were shouting as they crowded the furnaces, and some one could be heard cheering them: "Shove her up, boys! Shove her up! Give her hell!" "She 's got to hold a conversation with us before she gets by, anyhow," said one of the negroes. "Ye har' that ar' whistlin'," said a white man; "tell ye thar an't any too much water in her bilers when ye har that." I laughed silently, but was not without a slight expectant sensation, which Mr. Burke would have called sublime. At length the *Kimball* slowly drew ahead, crossed our bow, and the contest was given up. "De ole lady too heavy," said a waiter; "if I could pitch a few ton of dat freight off her bow, I 'd bet de *Kimball* would be askin' her to show de way, mighty quick."

At half-past four o'clock a hand bell was rung in the cabin, and soon afterwards I was informed that I must get up, that the servants might remove the cot arrangement, and clear the cabin for the breakfast table.

Breakfast was not ready till half-past seven. In the mean time, having washed in the barber's shop, I walked on the hurricane deck, where I got very damp and faint. The passengers, one set after another, and then the pilots, clerks, mates, and engineers, and then the free colored people, and then the waiters, chambermaids, and passengers' body servants, having breakfasted, the tables were cleared, and the cabin was swept. The tables were then again laid for dinner. Thus the greater part of the cabin was constantly occu-

pied, and the passengers who had not staterooms to retreat to were driven to herd in the vicinity of the card tables and the bar, the lobby (Social Hall, I believe it's called), in which most of the passengers' baggage was deposited, or to go outside. Every part of the boat, except the bleak hurricane deck, was crowded; and so large a number of equally uncomfortable and disagreeable people I think I never saw elsewhere together. We made very slow progress, landing, it seems, to me, after we entered Red River, at every "bend," "bottom," "bayou," "point," and "plantation" that came in sight; often for no other object than to roll out a barrel of flour, or a keg of nails; sometimes merely to furnish newspapers to a wealthy planter, who had much cotton to send to market, and whom it was therefore desirable to please.

I was sitting one day on the forward gallery, watching a pair of ducks, that were alternately floating on the river, and flying further ahead as the steamer approached them. A man standing near me drew a long-barrelled and very finely finished pistol from his coat pocket, and, resting it against a stanchion, took aim at them. They were, I judged, full the boat's own length—not less than two hundred feet—from us and were just raising their wings to fly, when he fired. One of them only rose; the other flapped round and round, and when within ten yards of the boat, dived. The bullet had broken its wing. So remarkable a shot excited, of course, not a little admiration and conversation. Half a dozen other men drew pistols, or

revolvers, which they appeared to carry habitually, and several were fired at floating chips, or objects on the shore. I saw no more remarkable shooting, however; and that the duck should have been hit at such a distance, was generally considered a piece of luck. A man who had been "in the Rangers" said that all his company could put a ball into a tree, the size of a man's body, at sixty paces, at every shot, with Colt's army revolver, not taking steady aim, but firing at the jerk of the arm. He did not believe that any duelling-pistol could be fired with more accuracy.

This pistol episode was almost the only entertainment in which the passengers engaged themselves, except eating, drinking, smoking, conversation, and card-playing. Gambling was constantly going on, day and night. I don't think there was an interruption to it of fifteen minutes in three days. The conversation was almost exclusively confined to the topics of steam-boats, liquors, cards, black-land, red-land, bottom-land, timber-land, warrants and locations, sugar, cotton, corn, and negroes.

After the first night, I preferred to sleep on the trunks in the social hall, rather than among the cots, in the crowded cabin, and several others did the same. There were not, in fact, cots enough for all the passengers excluded from the staterooms. I found that some, and I presume most of the passengers, by making the clerk believe that they would otherwise take the *Swamp Fox*, had obtained their passage at considerably less price than I had paid.

On the third day, just after the dinner bell had rung, and most of the passengers had gone into the cabin, I was sitting alone on the gallery, reading a pamphlet, when a well-dressed, middle-aged man accosted me.

“Is that the book they call *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, you are reading, sir?”

“No, sir.”

“I did not know but it was; I see that there are two or three gentlemen on board that have got it. I suppose I might have got it in New Orleans: I wish I had. Have you ever seen it, sir?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I'm told it shows up Slavery in very high colors.”

“Yes, sir, it shows the evils of Slavery very strongly.”

He took a chair near me, and said that, if it represented extreme cases as if they were general, it was not fair.

Perceiving that he was disposed to discuss the matter, I said that I was a Northern man, and perhaps not very well able to judge; but that I thought that a certain degree of cruelty was necessary to make slave-labor profitable, and that not many were disposed to be more severe than they thought necessary. I believed there was very little wanton cruelty.

He answered, that Northern men were much mistaken in supposing that slaves were generally ill-treated. He was a merchant, and owned a plantation, and he just wished I could see his negroes.

“Why, sir,” said he, “my niggers' children go

regularly to a Sunday-school, just the same as my own, and learn verses, and catechism, and hymns. Every one of my grown-up niggers are pious, every one of them, and members of the church. I've got an old man that can pray—well, sir, I only wish I had as good a gift at praying! I wish you could just hear him pray. There are cases in which niggers are badly used; but they are not common. There are brutes everywhere. You have men, at the North, who whip their wives—and they kill them, sometimes.”

“Certainly, we have, sir; there are plenty of brutes at the North; but our law, you must remember, does not compel women to submit themselves to their power, nor refuse to receive their testimony against them. A wife, cruelly treated, can escape from her husband, and can compel him to give her subsistence, and to cease from doing her harm. A woman could defend herself against her husband's cruelty, and the law would sustain her.”

“It would not be safe to receive negroes' testimony against white people; they would be always plotting against their masters, if you did.”

“Wives are not always plotting against their husbands.”

“Husband and wife is a very different thing from master and slave.”

“Your remark, that a bad man might whip his wife, suggested an analogy, sir.”

“If the law was to forbid whipping altogether, the authority of the master would be at an end.”

“ And if you allow bad men to own slaves, and allow them to whip them, and deny the slave the privilege of resisting cruelty, and refuse testimony, except from those most unlikely to witness cruelty from a master, on his own plantation, to his own slave, do you not show that you think it is necessary to permit cruelty, in order to sustain the authority of masters, in general, over their slaves? That is, you establish cruelty as a necessity of Slavery—do you not?”

“ No more than it is of marriage, because men may whip their wives cruelly.”

“ Excuse me, sir; the law does all it can, to prevent cruelty between husband and wife; between master and slave it does not, because it cannot, without weakening the necessary authority of the master—that is, without destroying Slavery. It is, therefore, a fair argument against Slavery, to show how cruelly this necessity, of sustaining the authority of cruel and passionate men over their slaves, sometimes operates. Some people have thought that a similar argument lay against some of our Northern laws, with regard to marriage. No one objected to the case being argued, and scores of books, some of them novels, have been written about it; and, in consequence, these laws have been repealed, and marriage has become a simple, civil contract, with every relic of involuntary servitude abolished, as far as the civil law is concerned.”

He asked what it was *Uncle Tom* “tried to make out.”

I narrated the Red River episode, and asked if such things could not possibly occur.

“ Yes,” replied he; “ but very rarely. I don’t know a man, in my parish, that could do such a thing. There are two men, though, in ——, bad enough to do it, I believe; but it is n’t a likely story, at all. In the first place, no colored woman would be likely to offer any resistance, if a white man should want to seduce her.”

After further conversation, he said, that a planter had been tried for injuring one of his negroes, at the court in his parish, the preceding summer. He had had, among his girls, a favorite, and suspecting that she was unduly kind to one of his men, under an impulse of jealousy, he mutilated him. There was not sufficient testimony to convict him; “ but,” he said, “ everybody believes he was guilty, and ought to have been punished. Nobody thinks there was any good reason for his being jealous of the boy.”

I said this story corroborated the truthfulness of *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*; it showed that it was all possible.

“ Yes,” he answered, “ perhaps it may; but, then, nobody would have any respect for a man that would treat his niggers cruelly.”

I wondered, as I went into dinner, and glanced at the long rows of surly faces, how many men there were there, whose passions would be much restrained by the fear of losing the respect of their neighbors.¹

¹ John Randolph, of Roanoke, once said, on the floor of Congress (touching the internal slave-trade): “ What are the trophies of this infernal traffic? The handcuff, the manacles, the blood-stained cowhide. What man is worse received in

I think very few of them would be very much controlled by such an influence, but I should do them injustice if I neglected to add my conviction, that as a general rule the slaves of this rough, straight-forward pioneer class, enjoy privileges and are less liable to severe labor or excessive punishment than the majority of those belonging to wealthy proprietors, who work on large plantations under overseers. They are less well provided for and are more neglected in every way; but I am inclined to think that the greatest kindness that can be done to a slave, is to neglect him and so encourage, if not force him, to exercise some care over himself.

My original purpose had been to go high up Red River at this time, but the long delay in the boat's leaving New Orleans, and her slow passage, obliged me to change my plans, and I went no further than Grand Ecore. It was not till the following autumn that I was able to proceed beyond there.

When I returned to New Orleans I did so by the steamboat *Dalman*—a very pleasant and orderly boat, with very polite and obliging officers. The company of passengers was also an agreeable one, a large number of them being wealthy planters with their families, generally intelligent and somewhat cultivated people. Many were of French descent, and a few could not speak English.

A gentleman, Northern born, who had been liberally society for being a hard master? Who denies the hand of sister or daughter to such monsters? ”

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educated in New England, and had travelled abroad, but had been some years living in Texas observed to me, that he thought Carlyle had said the best thing for Slavery, and acknowledged himself a disciple to his views of it. He thought labor of mind and body, directed to the development of the material of man's comfort (and so to his mental and moral progress), was what was most needed of all men. The negroes in Africa were doing nothing for the world. If Slavery should be abolished, those here would, he assumed, do nothing. As they are, they are doing much. It was best for the world that Slavery should continue, and therefore, we must rest content with a rather low standard of mental attainments and moral character, which he admitted prevailed in the Slave States. It was Utopian to ask for the same manifestation of civilization at the South, that might be aimed at in a free country; but if it were not for the South and its Slavery, the aims of the Free States would be also Utopian. Moral and intellectual improvement, at the North and in Europe, was based, in a degree, on cheap cotton and so on Slavery. Men gave more time to study and thought, because they gave less to providing themselves with shirts.

He thought there was certainly progress and improvement at the South, and it would continue; but it was much more limited, and less calculated upon and provided for, than at the North. And while the chief labor was done by slaves, and they remained a large proportion of the people, there could be no *atmosphere*

of progress and improvement, as where all men were desirous and able to improve, and the interests of each were favored by the improvement in every way of all. At the North there was a constant electric current of progress, which no man could resist being moved by. At the South, every second man was a non-conductor and broke the chain. Individuals at the South were enterprising, but they could move only themselves.

He had little respect for the religion which the negroes acquired in Slavery. They learned to copy the manifestations of religion of the whites in a parrot-like way, and connected these manifestations with excitements of mind and body, which were in no way essentially different, or of higher nature than those which all savage tribes were accustomed to connect with their heathen worship.

But materially they were vastly better off than savages. They were generally well provided for, and seldom suffered from hunger and cold, as savages constantly did. He thought the wild, hard Texas men made the best of masters; and the slaves were, in general, better treated in Texas than in any other part of the South.

There were occasional exceptions, certainly. One had occurred lately near Nacogdoches. A man had tied up a slave in a fit of anger, and had drawn a live cat down his back, so she would strike her claws into his skin and tear it. The slave was seriously injured; and it having become notorious how he was injured, his master was brought to a regular trial. He had not

been convicted, for want of sufficient legal evidence; but there was so great a popular indignation, that he would have to move out of that region of country, to save himself from a lynching. I think he said this man's anger was also founded on jealousy.

He sneered at any other defence of Slavery, than the utilitarian one. Every man in the world ought to work for the benefit of mankind at large, as well as himself—the negroes would not do so, unless they were forced to, and Slavery was justified by its results, not to the South but to the world. It was nonsense to say that Slavery was sustained for the benefit of the negro. It was unsafe and would be uneconomical, and, therefore, bad for the world at large, to give the negro knowledge and to improve his intelligence. If he should be systematically instructed in matters, safe in themselves for him to be informed upon, as the Bible, for instance, he would instruct himself in other matters, and would soon get beyond the control of the whites, who retained authority over him only by their superior intelligence and knowledge.

There was no need to pretend that the negro was incapable of being greatly improved. No men improved faster under favorable circumstances. The difference between town-bred and plantation-bred slaves, in point of general intelligence, was always very striking. He had been in business intercourse for many years with a gentleman whose book-keeping and correspondence had been almost altogether carried on by a slave, and it was admirably done; his manner of expression

was terse, pointed, and appropriate, and his business abilities every way admirable. His owner could not possibly have obtained more valuable services from a white clerk.

He owned but one slave himself, and that was an old woman, whom he had bought purely from motives of compassion. He had supported her for several years, and had never received the smallest return from her labor.

“If you are right in your justification of Slavery,” said I, “why not knock her in the head? She’s no longer of any use to the world, only an incumbrance, using a certain amount of corn and cotton, which would otherwise go to make study cheaper, and so advance the general improvement of the world.”

“Yes,” he replied, laughing, “but then we can’t afford to throw charity overboard.”

“You throw your theory overboard in saying so, I think. To obtain cheap cotton, you would throw overboard all political morality. I think it a dear bargain.”

Would throw overboard all compromises and compacts, I might have added, when they stood in the way of greater profit from Slavery.

But he said it was fanaticism, not morality, that would be thrown overboard. Prudence would retain Slavery, and sensible morality with it. And on this point we agreed, with great friendliness, to differ.

At Grand Ecore, the Red River divides into two streams, which reunite some forty miles below; one of these, called Cane River, which was formerly the principal channel, is now only navigable when Red River

is running above its ordinary level; and the other, called Rigolet du Bon Dieu (streamlet of the good God), takes, at low stages, sometimes even the whole stream.

At Nachitoches, a few miles below Grand Ecore, on Cane River, I found a very good hotel, kept by a Mr. Brown, and I remained several days. As is very frequently the case in Southern towns, the hotel had no barroom in it; but the guests went to a large public barroom, in the immediate vicinity, for lunch and drink. This barroom had a billiard-room connected with it, and was kept by a Frenchman, and French wines seemed to be more consumed in it than whisky, or fiercer liquids. At the hotel, bottles of claret and sauterne were placed upon the table at dinner, for the free use of the guests, and the same custom prevails on most of the Louisiana steamboats. Even on the *St. Charles*, claret was every day placed upon the table, and I noticed that the coarse Texans, who most patronized the bar, and whose stomachs were most seared with whisky, availed themselves very little of it. Light wines were much more extensively consumed in Louisiana than anywhere else in the United States. In summer, among the Creoles and the wealthier Americans, claret is the usual drink at breakfast. The cheapness with which it can be imported, removes the temptation to deleterious adulterations, and I have no doubt that it is far more wholesome than water, or any of the ordinary beverages; while its habitual use, like that of light malt liquors, seems to generally satisfy that universal demand for stimulants which in America, more than

anywhere else in the world, leads mankind so strongly to gluttony, by which it is deadened, or to intemperance in the use of strong drinks, or to habitual excessive nervous or mental excitements—more or less akin to insanity. I question much, if tea, or coffee, or tobacco, as ordinarily used, or excessive labor, mental or bodily, is not worse in its effects than claret and beer, as ordinarily used in countries where these are cheap, and in general use. Insanity, fanaticisms, dyspepsia, and the disease of drunkenness are not unknown in those countries, but are much less common than in the United States, and claret and beer drinkers are less liable to them, I think, than others. Different climates and different constitutions, however, evidently demand difference of stimuli, as of food.

Wholesome water and wholesome fresh fruits are not to be obtained by the traveller, in the largest part of the United States. Bacon, fat and salt, is the stock article of diet. He must satisfy his appetite with this, or with coarse or most indigestible forms of bread. In either case he will have an unnatural thirst, and the only means ordinarily offered him at country houses, for satisfying this, will be an exceedingly dirty and unpalatable decoction of coffee, of which the people usually consume an excessive quantity, or alcoholic liquors, of the most fiery and pernicious description.

There is no reason, I believe, why every farmer in the United States should not now make a wine for his own family use, which with most persons, would be most advantageously and economically substituted for coffee

and tea, and which use would soon make more palatable than any other beverage, for ordinary purposes. I do not suppose that the general use of light wines would entirely prevent drunkenness. The drunkard is a diseased person, and drunkenness prevails more in the United States than elsewhere, from those peculiarities, whatever they are, of climate and circumstances, which produce habits of greater rapidity and intensity of action in the people, from the want of satisfactory social recreations—the church and the barroom being, in many communities, the only general friendly meeting-ground—and from ignorance of, and inability to procure simple and delicate food and stimulants, and, at the South especially, from an entire absence of education, among the white, to self-control. Immigrants, who have no advantage over us, as the poor generally have not, in this last particular, are even more subject to the disease of drunkenness, after they have been here a few years, than natives.

The intelligent foreigner, unless he has unusual opportunities of observing the fearful prevalence and virulence, and uncontrollability of the drunkard's disease, in our climate, generally deems the Maine Law wholly unjustifiable, and is astonished that it can be favored at all, by intelligent citizens; but he, invariably, soon deduces, from his personal experience, a necessity for changing the character of his stimulants, or of considerably lessening the quantity he shall use of those to which he is accustomed. Otherwise, he also soon becomes a fanatic, a dyspeptic, or a drunkard.

The Maine Law, while it will—in those communities where it can be enforced—restore many drunkards, may, perhaps, in the long run, lead to the prevalence of other excitements, not less immoral or unhealthy than drunkenness, though less obviously and notoriously so. What our people want, is less the removal of certain temptations, than the ability and the knowledge to satisfy the demands of their nature in a healthy way. Certain elements of civilization are more diffused, in some parts of our country, than they are anywhere in Europe; but others are wanting, more than anywhere else in the world. Our civilization is one-sided, irregular, and awkward. We must grow accustomed to exhaust our judgment and self-control less in matters of pure business, and to apply it more to religion and politics and the good government of our individual bodies and minds, with their various appetites, impulses, functions, and longings. Our needed temperance reformation is not to stand on one leg. Amputation of a vicious habit does not remove vice from the system. Little good will be done by an attempt to remove the sustenance of disease, if the food of health is not provided.

The Red River bottoms are nearly the best cotton lands in the world; but the crops upon them suffer, in a wet season, and sometimes are totally destroyed by “the rot,” or “the worm.” The production on the old plantations, already falls far below what it was formerly—but deep ploughing will at once restore their fertility; the soil being of unknown depth. Earth,

from the bottom of a well, forty-three feet deep, is found to produce an excessively rank growth of the cotton plant, though the production of cotton wool upon it is very small. Land, on the river, is now worth from \$15 to \$40 an acre. Improved plantations average, perhaps, \$20 in value.

At a distance of a mile or two from the river bottoms, in the vicinity of Nachitoches, the land rises into low, sandy hills, bearing pine, and some oak. Only superior tracts of this are cultivated; the cotton produced is of shorter staple, and the crop is smaller, but more uniform, being much less injured by heavy rains, and other contingencies. This land is worth from \$2 to \$6 an acre, and is comparatively healthy. Much the larger part of it belongs to the State, and is of use only for grazing, and for this is of but little value. Considerable herds of poor cattle are, however, kept upon it, by men who make it their business, and who, if they have any farms, raise nothing but maize upon them. They seldom own slaves, or more than a single family of them for house servants, but hire Spaniards, to assist them in herding cattle.

The "range" is said to be very much worse than formerly, and the quality of the cattle to have greatly deteriorated within twenty years; yet they looked to me superior to any I had seen previously in the South.

Walking out, on Sunday, in the country, I came by chance upon the negro quarters of a large plantation, which were built right upon what appeared to be a public road. They were apparently intended for the ac-

commodation of about one hundred slaves. The residents were mending clothes, washing, and cooking, and looked well fed and contented. They were generally creoles, and spoke English, French, and Spanish, among themselves. The cabins were small, built mostly of hewn plank, set upright, and chinked with rags and mud, roofed with split clapboards, and provided with stick and mud chimney. There was but one room, and no loft, to each cabin; or, where there were two rooms, they were occupied by two families. Several of them, into which, without intrusion, I was able to see, were very destitute of furniture—nothing being perceptible but two very dirty beds, and a few rude stools, standing upon a bare earth floor. There was no window, of any kind—all light and ventilation being by the door or chimney. In one, a curtain or screen, of gunny bagging, was hung across the doorway. In another, I saw a shelf of crockery. On another large plantation, I observed exceedingly comfortable, though cheap and rude, quarters for the negroes—each cabin being of good size, with brick chimney, and a broad shed or gallery before the door.

While returning to town, I met six negroes—one of them a woman—riding on horseback. Soon afterwards I saw them stop, and two rode back some distance, and then raced their horses, the others cheering, as they passed them. Nearer town, I met a group of boys and children—among them English, Spanish, and mulattoes—carrying several game cocks under their arms, and evidently being about to set them to fighting.

Two negroes that I met, carried guns. During the day many negroes were in town, peddling eggs, nuts, brooms, and fowls. I looked into the cathedral, and found a respectable, and—viewed from behind their backs—very New-England-like congregation, listening attentively to a sermon from an animated Frenchman. The negroes and all colored persons occupied distinct seats from the whites. There is, besides this Romish cathedral, a little Episcopal chapel, twenty feet by forty in size, but I believe no other church in the town.

I was told that there was more morality, and more immorality in Nachitoches than in almost any other place of its size in the United States; and that in Alexandria, a town some distance below it, on Red River, there was about as much immorality without any morality at all.

Two drovers were sitting by the fire, waiting for breakfast, at the hotel; one, who looked and spoke more like a New Englander than a Southerner, said to the other:

“ I had a high old dream, last night.”

“ What was it ? ”

“ Dreamt I was in hell.”

“ Rough country ? ”

“ Boggy—sulphur bogs. By and by I came to a great pair of doors. Something kinder drew me right to 'em, and I had to open 'em, and go in. As soon as I got in, the doors slammed to, behind me, and there I see old boss Devil lying asleep, on a red hot sofy. He woke up, and rubbed his eye, and when he see me, he

says, 'Halloo! that you?' 'Yes, *sir*,' says I. 'Where'd you come from?' says he. 'From Alexandria, sir,' says I. 'I thought so,' says he, and he took down a big book, and wrote something in it with a red hot spike. 'Well, sir, what 's going on now in Alexandria?' says he. 'Having a protracted meeting there, sir,' says I. 'Look here, my friend,' says he, 'you may stop lying, now you 've got here.' 'I ain't lying, sir,' says I. 'Oh!' says he, 'I beg your pardon; I thought it was Alexandria on Red River, you meant.' 'So it was,' says I, 'and they are having a protracted meeting there, as sure as you 're alive.' 'Hell they are!' says he, jumpin' right up; 'boy, bring my boots!' A little black devil fetched him a pair of hot brass boots, and he began to draw 'em on. 'Whose doin' is that?' says he. 'Elder Slocum's, sir,' says I. 'Elder Slocum's! Why in hell could n't you have said so, before?' says he; 'no use in my goin' if he 's round; here, boy, take away these boots;' and he kicked 'em off, and laid down again."

French blood rather predominates in the population in the vicinity of Nachitoches, but there is also a considerable amount of the Spanish and Indian mongrel breed. These are often handsome people, but vagabonds, almost to a man. Scarcely any of them have any regular occupation, unless it be that of herding cattle; but they raise a little maize, and fish a little, and hunt a little, and smoke and lounge a great deal, and are very regular in their attendance on divine worship, at the cathedral.

In the public barroom I heard a person, who I suppose would claim the appellation of a gentleman, narrating how he had overreached a political opponent, in securing the "Spanish vote" at an election, and it appeared from the conversation that it was considered entirely, and as a matter of course, purchaseable by the highest bidder. A man who would purchase votes at the North, would be very careful not to mention it publicly.

The children in the streets speak Spanish, and French, and English, with the negro dialect, indifferently; and a school-house exposes a sign, "ÉCOLE PRIMAIRE ANGLAIS ET FRANÇAIS."

There are also a considerable number of Italians in this neighborhood. Some of them are refugee revolutionists. The men are chiefly mechanics, and are represented to be well-behaved, and valuable citizens. I have met one who, coming from Trieste, could speak Italian, German, French, Russian, and English. Yankees, of course, there are, and Anglo-Saxon Americans from every quarter. The slaves are, some French and Spanish Creole negroes, and many from "Old Virginny."

There are also, in the vicinity, a large number of free colored planters. In going down Cane River, the *Dalmau* called at several of their plantations, to take on cotton, and the captain told me that in fifteen miles of a well settled and cultivated country, on the bank of the river, beginning ten miles below Nachitoches, he did not know but one pure-blooded white man. The plantations appeared noway different from the gener-

ality of those of the white Creoles; and on some of them were large, handsome, and comfortable houses. These free colored people are all descended from the progeny of old French or Spanish planters, and their negro slaves. Such a progeny, born before Louisiana was annexed to the United States, and the descendants of it, are entitled to freedom.

The first person of whom I made inquiries about them, at Nachitoches, told me that they were a lazy, beastly set—slaves and all on an equality, socially—no order or discipline on their plantations, but everything going to ruin. Also that they had sore eyes, and lost their teeth early, and had few children, and showed other scrofulous symptoms, and evidences of weak constitution, as Professor Cartwright says they must. I think this gentleman must have read De Bow's *Review*, and taken these facts for granted, without personal knowledge; for neither my own observation, nor any information that I could obtain from others, at all confirmed his statement. Two merchants, to whom I had letters of introduction, and to whom I repeated them, assured me that they were entirely imaginary. They had extensive dealings with the colored planters, and were confident that they enjoyed better health than the whites living in their vicinity. They could not recollect a single instance of those indications of weak constitution which had been mentioned to me. The colored planters, within their knowledge, had large and healthy families; they were honest, and industrious, and paid their debts quite as punctually as the

white planters, and were, so far as they could judge, without an intimate acquaintance, good citizens, in all respects. One of them had lately spent \$40,000 in a law suit, and it was believed that they were increasing in wealth. If you have occasion to call at their houses, I was told, you will be received in a gentlemanly manner, and will find they live in the same style as white people of the same wealth. They speak French among themselves, but all are able to converse in English also, and many of them are well educated.

The driver of the stage from Nachitoches towards Alexandria, described them as being rather distant and reserved towards white people with whom they were not well acquainted; but said, that he had often stayed over night at their houses, and knew them intimately, and he was nowhere else so well treated, and he never saw more gentleman-like people. He appeared to have been especially impressed by the domestic and social happiness he had witnessed in their houses.

The captain of the *Dalmau*, Mr. Brown of the Hotel, and two intelligent planters, who had frequent opportunities of intercourse with them, as far as their knowledge extended, confirmed these accounts.

The barber of the *Dalmau* was a handsome light colored young man. While he was once dressing my hair he said to me:

“ You are an Eastern man, I think, sir.”

“ Yes: how did you know?”

“ There ’s something in the appearance of an Eastern man that I generally know him by.”

“ Could n’t you tell me what it is ? ”

“ Well, sir, there ’s more refinement in an Eastern man, both in his look and his manner, than in a Southerner, in general— Are you from Massachusetts or New York, sir ? ”

“ New York.”

“ I lived in New York myself, one year: at West Troy.”

“ Ah—what were you doing there ? ”

“ I was at school, sir.”

Perceiving from this that he was a free man, I asked if he preferred living at the South to the North. He said he did n’t like the Northern winter, and he was born and bred in Louisiana, and felt more at home there. Finally he said his best reason was, that a colored man could make more money in Louisiana than at the North. There were no white barbers there, and a barber was paid nearly four times as much for his work as he was at the North.

“ I presume you have no family ? ”

“ No, sir.”

“ If you should marry would you not find it more agreeable to live at the North ? ”

“ I ’d never marry in Louisiana, sir.”

“ Why not ? ”

“ Because I ’d never be married to any but a virtuous woman, and there are no virtuous women among the colored people here ! ”

“ What do you mean ? ”

“ There are very few, sir.”

“What, among the free?”

“Very few, sir. There are some very rich colored people, planters, some of them are worth four or five hundred thousand dollars. Among them I suppose there are virtuous women; but they are very few. You see, sir, it’s no disgrace to a colored girl to *placer*. It’s considered hardly anything different from marrying.”

I asked if he knew any of the colored planters on Cane River. He did and had relatives among them. He thought there were virtuous girls there. They were rich, too, some of them. He said they rather avoided white people, because they could not associate pleasantly with them. They were uncertain of their position with them, and were afraid, if they were not reserved, they would be thought to be taking liberties, and would be subject to insults, which they could not very well resent. Yet there were some white people that they knew well, with whom they associated a good deal, and pleasantly. White men, sometimes, married rich colored girls; but he never knew a colored man to marry a white girl. (I subsequently heard of one such case.) He said that colored people could associate with whites much more easily and comfortably at the South than at the North; this was one reason he preferred to live at the South. He was kept at a greater distance from white people, and more insulted, on account of his color, at the North than in Louisiana. He thought the colored people at Cane River were thriving and happy, and there was no truth in what I had heard

about their health or their thriftlessness. He was sure they were quite as forehanded as their white creole neighbors.

He asked if I knew what the colored people at the North had concluded about emigration. He did not incline to go to Africa himself; but he would like to live in a community where he was on an equality with the rest, and he preferred it should be in a warm climate. He did n't want to go out of the United States. He was an American, and he did n't want to be anything else.

He did not think the slaves were fit to be freed all at once. They ought to be somewhat educated, and gradually emancipated, and sent to Africa. They would never come to anything here, because the white people would never give them a chance.

The New Orleans correspondent of the *New York Times*, writes, under date of April 3, 1853, as follows:

“Last year an act was passed, providing for the emancipation of slaves in this State by their owners, with the proviso, that no emancipated negro should have the privilege of remaining in the State, who was not liberated three months after the passage of the act. A number of slaves who had purchased themselves, and others who had been voluntarily emancipated by their masters, refused to take out their papers, as the three months had expired, and they would be forced to leave the State. In preference to leaving Louisiana for a Free State, they had rather remain here under a nominal Slavery; and they give as a reason, that they are better treated and respected in the South, and can make more money, than in the North! There are also a number of cases now in our Courts, where negroes are suing for their freedom, they having been once emancipated, and afterwards run off by parties and sold. In

all these cases the liveliest interest is felt, more so than by your Abolitionists, for the rights of the claimants. And there is no State in the Union where the rights of persons of every description are more respected and protected than in Louisiana; but we want no insolent interference of fanatics and hypocritical philanthropists."

It is true, that the rights of colored people to freedom, under the laws, are generally maintained with great energy in Louisiana. Suits to recover freedom are nowhere else so common, and nowhere else so successful. The crime of kidnapping and selling, as slaves, persons legally free, is evidently a very frequent one. The bar of Louisiana is more talented and respectable than that of any other Southern State, perhaps than that of any State; and is most honorably conservative of the rights of the weak. The excessive use of metaphors and figures of speech, and of rhodomontade, which characterizes Southern legal oratory in general, will as surely subject a lawyer to ridicule among his brethren in New Orleans as in New York. In many of the courts, pleadings are oftener in the French than the English language; and it is indispensable for a lawyer to have a free command of both languages.

I afterwards spent a night at the house of a white planter, who told me that, when he was a boy, he had lived at Alexandria. It was then under the Spanish rule; and, "the people they was all sorts. They was French and Spanish, and Egyptian and Indian, and Mulattoes and Niggers."

"Egyptians?"

"Yes, there was some of the real only Egyptians there then."

"Where did they come from?"

"From some of the Northern Islands."

"What language did they speak?"

"Well they had a language of their own that some of 'em used among themselves; Egyptian, I suppose it was, but they could talk in French and Spanish, too."

"What color were they?"

"They was black; but not very black. Oh! they was citizens, as good as any; they passed for white folks."

"Did they keep close by themselves, or did they intermarry with white folks?"

"They married mulattoes, mostly, I believe. There was heaps of mulattoes in Alexandria then—free niggers—their fathers was French and Spanish men, and their mothers right black niggers. Good many of them had Egyptian blood in 'em, too."

He believed the Egyptians had disappeared since then. He had lately made a visit to Alexandria, and had seen none of them. The free mulattoes were always healthy, so far as he knew. He thought they were rather more healthy than white people. Upon close questioning, he thought those of them that were nearest to white were rather weakly. A good many that he remembered were rich, and their fathers had them educated and brought up just as they did their white children.

The Egyptians were probably Spanish Gipsies; though I have never heard of any of them being in America in any other way.

Some time subsequently to my Red River trip, I made a short visit to Washington and Opelousas. Washington was formerly called Niggerville, from the number of free negroes living in the village. A German merchant, living in Washington, told me there were few now living in the place; but in the parish of Opelousas (parish, in Louisiana, is equivalent to county) there were many. Often, he said, they were wealthy and thriving, and they owned some of the best of the cotton and sugar plantations. Some of them were educated; he did not know how or where. One planter that he did business with, kept his books and wrote business letters in a better manner than most white planters.

Between Washington and Opelousas, a distance of about six miles, if I recollect rightly, three handsome houses, attached to first-rate plantations, were pointed out to me as belonging to free colored men.

On the steamboat *Alice Glaze*, running to Washington, I noticed among some Creole ladies a very plainly-dressed young woman, not as dark as the rest, but of a warmer brown, and a more nectarine-like texture of skin, remarkably well formed, with very fine, wavy black hair. Although she was plainly dressed, it was not until I saw her dining between two perfectly black women, that I thought of her being a slave. She was lighter in color than most English women, and had a

soft and downcast eye, and a modest and sensitive expression.

I have seen, I suppose, a hundred advertisements of runaway slaves, who were described as being so white that they might be mistaken for white persons. I append some specimens:

From the *Republican Banner and Nashville Whig*, July 14, 1849.

"TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, on the 23d of June last, a bright mulatto woman, named Julia, about twenty-five years of age. She is of common size, nearly white, and very likely. She is a good seamstress, and can read a little. She may attempt to *pass for white*; dresses fine. She took with her Anna, her child, eight or nine years old, and considerably darker than her mother. * * * She once belonged to a Mr. Helm, of Columbia, Tennessee.

"I will give a reward, &c.

"A. W. JOHNSON."

From the *Savannah Republican*, Oct. 8, 1855.

"FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, on the 22d ulto., my negro man, Albert, who is 27 years old, *very white, so much so that he would not be suspected of being a negro*. Has blue eyes, and very light hair. Wore, when he left, a long thin beard, and rode a chestnut sorrel horse, with about \$70 belonging to himself.

"He is about five feet eight inches high, and weighs about 140 pounds. Has a very humble and meek appearance; can neither read nor write, and is a very kind and amiable fellow; speaks much like a low country negro. He has, no doubt, been led off by some miserable wretch, during my absence in New York.

"The above reward will be paid for his delivery to me, or to Tinson & Mackey, Savannah, or for his apprehension and confinement in any jail where I can get him.

"I. M. TISON.

"BETHEL, Glynn Co., Ga."

From the *New Orleans Picayune*.

“TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, last November, *a white negro man*, about thirty-five years old, hight about five feet eight or ten inches, blue eyes, has a yellow woolly head, very fair skin (particularly under his clothes). * * * Said negro man was raised in Columbia, S. C., and is well known by the name of Dick Frazier. * * * He was lately known to be working on the rail-road in Alabama, near Moore's Turnout, and *passed as a white man*, by the name of Jesse Teams. I will give the above reward, &c.

"BARNWELL COURT HOUSE, S. C. J. D. ALLEN.

“P.S.—Said man has a good-shaped foot and leg; and his foot is very small and hollow.”

From the *Richmond* (Virginia) *Whig*.

“ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD will be given for the apprehension of my negro, Edmund Kenney. He has straight hair, and complexion so nearly white that it is believed a stranger would suppose there was no African blood in him. He was with my boy Dick, a short time since, in Norfolk, and offered him for sale, and was apprehended, but escaped under pretense of being a white man.

"ANDERSON BOWLES."

An intelligent man, whom I met at Washington, who had been travelling most of the time for two years, in the planting districts of the Louisiana, having business with planters, told me that the free negroes of the State in general, so far as he had observed, were just equal, in all respects, to the white Creoles. Much the largest part of them, he said, are poor, thriftless, unambitious, and live wretchedly; but there are many, opulent, intelligent, and educated. The best house and most tasteful grounds that he had visited in the State, belong to a nearly full-blooded negro—a very dark man. He and his family are well educated, and though French

is their habitual tongue, they speak English with freedom; and one of them with much more elegance than most liberally educated whites in the South. They had a private tutor in their family. They owned, he presumed, a hundred slaves.

Court was in session at Opelousas during my visit, and among the crowd of people in attendance, there were a number of well-dressed, and self-respecting-looking colored men; but they kept together, in groups by themselves, not mingling or conversing at all with the whites.

Opelousas is a pleasant village, with shaded streets, and many substantial mansions, and pretty cottages. The soil in the vicinity is very rich, and there are many large plantations.

Washington is a mean, scattering village, on a narrow bayou, and is the shipping port of Opelousas, and of a large planting and grazing district. The inhabitants seemed to be mostly Germans. In the inn yard were five German pedlers' wagons. These pedlers, I ascertained, usually purchased their outfit of their countrymen in Washington, and were present in unusual numbers at the time of my visit, to give evidence in the court sitting at Opelousas. They testified that they each had been in the habit of purchasing from one house, goods to the value of from one to two hundred dollars a month. There were also several other Germans, travellers, and clerks, in the village, boarding at the hotel.

The educated German, who has grafted upon the

thoroughness, the conscientiousness, and the pleasant, social traits of his countrymen, the rapidity, directness, and self-reliance of the American is the most agreeable, and if not yet the most useful, certainly the most promising man in our country. But I don't know any people so disagreeable, or so despicable as those young Germans, who have learned to copy all that is vulgar and vicious in the American character, and who are ashamed of their own natural characteristics. They speak, even to each other, all the while, a bastard English; and their chief accomplishment is to decorate it with a profusion of cant, and profane and obscene phrases and words. Those at Washington carried knives in their bosoms, and were constantly offering familiar observations to me, and the other New Yorker, at the hotel, nearly always commencing with the exclamation, "Oh! Christ! gents." One of them told me, aside, with great contempt, that the rest were Jews, but that they pretended to be infidels.

The house was well filled with guests, and my friend and myself were told that we must sleep together. In the room containing our bed, there were three other beds; and although the outside of the house was pierced with windows, nowhere more than four feet apart, not one of them opened out of our room. A door opened into the hall, another into the dining-room, and at the side of our bed was a window into the dining-room, through which, betimes in the morning, we could, with our heads on our pillows, see the girls setting the breakfast-tables. Both the doors were provided with

glass windows, without curtains. Hither, about eleven o'clock, we *retired*. Soon afterwards, hearing something moving under the bed, I asked, "Who 's there?" and was answered by a girl, who was burrowing for eggs; part of the stores of the establishment being kept in boxes, in this convenient locality. Later, I was awakened by a stranger attempting to enter my bed. I expostulated, and he replied that it was his bed, and nobody else had a right to his place in it. Who was I, he asked, angrily, and where was his partner. "Here I am," answered a voice from another bed; and without another word, he left us. I slept but little, and woke feverish, and with a headache, caused by the want of ventilation.

While at the dinner table, a man asked, as one might at the North, if the steamer had arrived, if there had been "any fights to-day." After dinner, while we were sitting on the gallery, loud cursing, and threatening voices were heard in the direction of the barroom, which, as at Nachitoches, was detached, and at a little distance from the hotel. The company, except myself and the other New Yorker, immediately ran towards it. After ten minutes, one returned, and said:

"I don't believe there 'll be any fight; they are both cowards."

"Are they preparing for a fight?"

"O, yes; they are loading pistols in the coffee-room, and there 's a man outside, in the street, who has a revolver and a knife, and who is challenging another to

come out. He swears he 'll wait there till he does come out; but in my opinion he 'll think better of it, when he finds that the other feller 's got pistols, too."

"What 's the occasion of the quarrel?"

"Why, the man in the street says the other one insulted him this morning, and that he had his hand on his knife, at the very moment he did so, so he could n't reply. And now he says he 's ready to talk with him, and he wants to have him come out, and as many of his friends as are a mind to may come with him; he 's got enough for all of 'em, he says. He 's got two revolvers, I believe."

We did not hear how it ended; but, about an hour afterwards, I saw three men, with pistols in their hands, coming from the barroom.

The next day, I saw, in the streets of the same town, two boys running from another, who was pursuing them with a large, open dirk-knife in his hand, and every appearance of ungovernable rage in his face.

The boat, for which I was waiting, not arriving, I asked the landlady—who appeared to be a German Jewess—if I could not have a better sleeping-room. She showed me one, which she said I might use for a single night; but, if I remained another, I must not refuse to give it up. It had been occupied by another gentleman, and she thought he might return the next day, and would want it again; and, if I remained in it, he would be very angry that they had not reserved it for him, although they were under no obligation to. "He is a dangerous man," she observed, "and my

husband, he 's a quick-tempered man, and, if they get to quarrelling about it, there 'll be knives about, sure. It always frightens me to see knives drawn."

A Texas drover, who stayed over night at the hotel, being asked, as he was about to leave in the morning, if he was not going to have his horse shod, replied:

"No, sir it 'll be a damned long spell 'fore I pay for having a horse shod. I reckon if God Almighty had thought it right hosses should have iron on thar feet, he 'd a put it thar himself. I don't pretend to be a pious man myself; but I a'nt a-goin' to run agin the will of God Almighty, though thar 's some, that calls themselves ministers of Christ, that does it."

I attended a Creole ball, while at Washington. The ladies were, on an average, more beautiful, better formed, and more becomingly dressed, as well as much better dancers, than they would ever be found in a country ballroom at the North; but, what was chiefly remarkable, was the exquisite skill and taste displayed in the dressing of their hair. The ball was conducted with the greatest propriety; and broke up earlier than public balls usually do at the North.

Nearly all of the large number of people, in attendance on the court, who came in from the country, rode on horseback. The majority of them were of French blood; but the leading and richest men seemed to be all English. Pleadings were made by each counsel—first in the English, and afterwards in the French language. A juryman mentioned, at dinner, that the man who sat beside him, on the jury, was a

Spaniard, and understood very little French, and scarcely a word of English; and was constantly asking him what it was that was being said. There were also a good many Germans, and, as I before mentioned, several free colored persons: I saw not one Irishman. The court-room was strewed, to the depth of an inch or two, with saw-dust, to absorb the tobacco juice; and the spitting was incessant, by men of every race.

On the gallery of the hotel, after dinner, a fine-looking man—who was on the best of terms with every one—familiar with the judge—and who had been particularly polite to me, at the dinner table, said to another:

“ I hear you were very unlucky with that girl you bought of me, last year ? ”

“ Yes, I was; very unlucky. She died with her first child, and the child died too.”

“ Well, that was right hard for you. She was a fine girl. I don’t reckon you lost less than five thousand dollars, when she died.”

“ No, sir; not a dollar less.”

“ Well, it came right hard upon you—just beginning so.”

“ Yes, I was foolish, I suppose, to risk so much on the life of a single woman; but I’ve got a good start again now, for all that. I’ve got two right likely girls; one of them’s got a fine boy, four months old, and the other’s with child—and old Pine Knot’s as hearty as ever.”

“ Is he? Has n’t been sick at all, eh ? ”

“ Yes; he was sick very soon after I bought him of you; but he got well soon.”

“ That ’s right. I ’d rather a nigger would be sick early, after he comes into this country; for he ’s bound to be acclimated, sooner or later, and the longer it ’s put off, the harder it goes with him.”

The man was a regular negro trader. He told me that he had a partner in Kentucky, and that they owned a farm there, and another one here. His partner bought negroes, as opportunity offered to get them advantageously, and kept them on their Kentucky farm; and he went on occasionally, and brought the surplus to their Louisiana plantation—where he held them for sale.

“ So-and-so is very hard upon you,” said another man, to him as he still sat, smoking his cigar, on the gallery, after dinner.

“ Why so? He ’s no business to complain; I told him just exactly what the nigger was, before I sold him (laughing, as if there was a concealed joke). It was all right—all right. I heard that he sold him again for a thousand dollars; and the people that bought him, gave him two hundred dollars to let them off from the bargain. I ’m sure he can’t complain of me. It was a fair transaction. He knew just what he was buying.”

Of the Creoles, in general, the commercial traveller said, that the greater part live very poorly. He had sometimes found it difficult to get food, even when he was in urgent need of it, at their houses. The lowest

class live much from hand to mouth; and are often in extreme destitution. This was more particularly the case with those who lived on the rivers; those who resided on the prairies were seldom so much reduced. The former now live only on those parts of the river to which the back-swamp approaches nearest; that is, where there is but little valuable land, that can be appropriated for plantation purposes. They almost all reside in communities, very closely housed in poor cabins. If there is any considerable number of them, there is always to be found, among the cluster of their cabins, a church, and a billiard and a gambling room and the latter is always occupied, and play going on.

They almost all appear excessively apathetic, sleepy, and stupid, if you see them at home; and they are always longing and waiting for some excitement. They live for excitement, and will not labor, unless it is violently, for a short time, to gratify some passion.

This was as much the case with the women as the men. The women were often handsome, stately, and graceful, and, ordinarily, exceedingly kind; but languid, and incredibly indolent, unless there was a ball, or some other excitement, to engage them. Under excitement, they were splendidly animated, impetuous, and eccentric. One moment they seemed possessed by a devil, and the next by an angel.

The Creoles are inveterate gamblers—rich and poor alike. The majority of wealthy Creoles, he said, do nothing to improve their estate; and are very apt to live beyond their income. They borrow and play, and

keep borrowing to play, as long as they can; but they will not part with their land, and especially with their home, as long as they can help it, by any sacrifice.

The men are generally dissolute. They have large families, and a great deal of family affection. He did not know that they had more than Anglo-Saxons; but they certainly manifested a great deal more, and, he thought, had more domestic happiness. If a Creole farmer's child marries, he will build a house for the new couple, adjoining his own; and, when another marries, he builds another house—so, often his whole front on the river is at length occupied. Then he begins to build others, back of the first—and so there gradually forms a little village wherever there is a large Creole family owning any considerable piece of land. The children are poorly educated, and are not brought up to industry, at all.

The planters living near them, as their needs increase, lend them money, and get mortgages on their land, or, in some way or other, if it is of any value, force them to part with it. Thus they are every year reduced, more and more, to the poorest lands; and the majority now are able to get but a very poor living, and would not be able to live at all, in a Northern climate. They are, nevertheless,—even the poorest of them,—habitually gay and careless, as well as kind-hearted, hospitable, and dissolute, working little, and spending much of their time at church, or at balls, or at the gaming-table.

There are very many wealthy Creole planters, who

are as cultivated and intelligent as the better class of American planters, and usually more refined. The Creoles, he said, did not work their slaves as hard as the Americans; but, on the other hand, they did not feed or clothe them nearly as well, and he had noticed universally, on the Creole plantations, a large number of "used-up hands"—slaves, sore and crippled, or invalided for some cause. On all sugar plantations, he said, they work the negroes excessively, in the grinding season; often cruelly. Under the usual system, to keep the fires burning and the works constantly supplied, eighteen hours' work was required of every negro, in twenty-four—leaving but six for rest. The work of most of them, too, was very hard. They were generally, during the grinding season, liberally supplied with food and coffee, and were induced, as much as possible, to make a kind of frolic of it; yet, on the Creole plantations, he thought they did not, even in the grinding season, often get meat.

I remarked that the law, in Louisiana, required that meat should be regularly served to the negroes.

"Oh! those laws are very little regarded."

"Indeed?"

"Certainly. Suppose you are my neighbor: if you maltreat your negroes, and tell me of it, or I see it, am I going to prefer charges against you to the magistrates? I might possibly get you punished, according to law; but if I did, or did not, I should have you, and your family and friends, far and near, for my mortal enemies. There is a law of the State that negroes shall

not be worked on Sundays; but I have seen negroes at work almost every Sunday, when I have been in the country, since I have lived in Louisiana.¹ I spent a Sunday once with a gentleman, who did not work his hands at all on Sunday, even in the grinding season; and he had got some of his neighbors to help him build a schoolhouse—which was used as a church on Sunday. He said, there was not a plantation on either side of him, as far as he could see, where the slaves were not generally worked on Sunday; but that, after the church was started, several of them quit the practice, and made their negroes go to the meeting. This made others discontented; and, after a year or two, the planters voted new trustees to the school, and these forbade the house to be used for any other than school purposes. This was done, he had no doubt, for the purpose of breaking up the meetings, and to lessen the discontent of the slaves which were worked on Sunday.”

It was said that the custom of working the negroes on Sunday was much less common than formerly; if so, he thought that it must have formerly been universal.

He had lived, when a boy, for several years on a farm in Western New York, and afterwards, for some time, at Rochester, and was well acquainted with the people generally, in the valley of the Genesee.

I asked him if he thought, among the intelligent class

¹ I also saw slaves at work every Sunday that I was in Louisiana. The law permits slaves to be worked, I believe, on Sunday; but requires that some compensation shall be made to them when they are — such as a subsequent holiday.

of farmers and planters, people of equal property lived more happily in New York or Louisiana. He replied immediately, as if he had carefully considered the topic, that, with some rare exceptions, farmers worth forty thousand dollars lived in far greater comfort, and enjoyed more refined and elegant leisure, than planters worth three hundred thousand, and that farmers of the ordinary class, who labored with their own hands, and were worth some six thousand dollars, in the Genesee valley, lived in far greater comfort, and in all respects more enviably, than planters worth forty thousand dollars in Louisiana. The contrast was especially favorable to the New York farmer, in respect to books and newspapers. He might travel several days, and call on a hundred planters, and hardly see in their houses more than a single newspaper apiece in most cases, perhaps none at all: nor any books except a Bible, and some Government publications that had been franked to them through the post-office, and perhaps a few religious tracts or school-books.

The most striking difference that he observed between the Anglo-Americans of Louisiana and New York, was the impulsive and unreflective habit of the former, in doing business. He mentioned, as illustrative of this, the almost universal passion among the planters for increasing their negro stock. It appeared evident to him, that the market price of negroes was much higher than the prices of cotton and sugar warranted; but it seemed as if no planter ever made any calculation of that kind. The majority of planters, he

thought, would always run in debt to the extent of their credit for negroes, whatever was asked for them, without making any calculation of the reasonable prospects of their being able to pay their debts. When any one made a good crop, he would always expect that his next one would be better, and make purchases in advance upon such expectation. When they were dunned, they would attribute their inability to pay to accidental short crops, and always were going ahead risking everything, in confidence that another year luck would favor them, and a big crop make all right.

If they had a full crop, probably there would be good crops everywhere else, and prices would fall, and then they would whine and complain, as if the merchants were to blame for it, and would insinuate that no one could be expected to pay his debts when prices were so low, and that it would be dangerous to press such an unjust claim. And, if the crops met with any misfortune, from floods, or rot, or vermin, they would cry about it like children when rain falls upon a holiday, as if they had never thought of the possibility of such a thing, and were very hard-used.

The following resolutions were proposed (and perhaps passed) in the Southern Commercial Convention, at New Orleans, this year (1855):

“Resolved, That this Convention strongly recommends the Chambers of Commerce and Commission Merchants of our Southern and Southwestern cities to adopt such a system of laws and regulations as will put a stop to the dangerous practice, heretofore existing, of making advances to planters, in anticipation of their crops—a practice entirely at variance

with everything like safety in business transactions, and tending directly to establish the relations of master and slave between the merchant and planter, by bringing the latter into the most abject and servile bondage.

"Resolved, That this Convention recommend, in the most urgent manner, that the planters of the Southern and South-western States patronize exclusively our home merchants, and that our Chambers of Commerce, and merchants generally, exert all their influence to exclude foreign agents from the purchase and sale of produce in any of our Southern and Southwestern cities.

"Resolved, further, That this Convention recommend to the Legislatures of the Southern and South-Western States to pass laws, making it a penitentiary offense for the planters to ask of the merchants to make such pecuniary advances."

He had talked with many sugar planters who were very strong Cuba war and annexation men, and had rarely found that any of these had given the first thought to the probable effect the annexation of Cuba would have on their home interests. It was mainly a romantic excitement and enthusiasm, inflamed by senseless appeals to their patriotism and their combativeness. They had got the idea that patriotism was necessarily associated with hatred and contempt of any other country but their own, and the only foreigners to be regarded with favor were those who desired to surrender themselves to us.

They never reflected that the annexation of Cuba would necessarily be attended by the removal of the duty on sugar, and would bring them into competition with the sugar planters of that island, where the advantages for growing cane were so much greater than in Louisiana.

To some of the very wealthy planters who favored the movement, and who were understood to have taken some of the Junta stock, he gave credit for greater sagacity. He thought it was the purpose of these men, if Cuba could be annexed, to get possession of large estates there: then, with the advantages of their greater skill in sugar-making, and better machinery than that which yet was in use in Cuba, and with much cheaper land and labor, and a far better climate for cane growing than that of Louisiana, it would be easy for them to accumulate large fortunes in a few years; but he thought the sugar planters who remained in Louisiana would be ruined by it.

The principal subscribers to the Junta stock at the South, he thought, were land speculators: persons who expected that, by now favoring the movement, they would be able to obtain from the revolutionary government large grants of land in the island, as gratuities in reward of their services or at nominal prices, which after annexation would rise very rapidly in value; or persons who now owned wild land in the States, and who thought that if Cuba were annexed the African slave trade would be re-established, either openly or clandestinely, with the States, and their lands be increased in value, by the greater cheapness with which they could then be stocked with laborers.

I find these views confirmed in a published letter from a Louisiana planter to one of the members of Congress from that State; and I insert an extract of that letter, as it is evidently from a sensible and far-

thinking man, to show on how insecure a basis rests the prosperity of the slave-holding interest in Louisiana. The fact would seem to be, that, if it were not for the tariff on foreign sugars, sugar could not be produced at all by slave labor; and that a discontinuance of sugar culture would almost desolate the State.

“The question now naturally comes up to you and to me, Do we Louisianians desire the possession of Cuba? It is not what the provision dealers of the West, or the ship-owners of the North may wish for, but what the State of Louisiana, as a State, may deem consistent with her best interests. My own opinion on the subject is not a new one. It was long ago expressed to high officers of our Government, neither of whom ever hesitated to acknowledge that it was, in the main, correct. That opinion was and is, *that the acquisition of Cuba would prove the ruin of our State*. I found this opinion on the following reasons: Cuba has already land enough in cultivation to produce, when directed by American skill, energy, and capital, twenty millions of tons of sugar. In addition to this she has virgin soil, only needing roads to bring it, with a people of the least pretension to enterprise, into active working, sufficient nearly to double this; all of which would be soon brought into productiveness were it our own, with the whole American market free to it. If any man supposes that the culture of sugar in our State can be sustained in the face of this, I have only to say that he can suppose anything. We have very nearly, if not quite, eighty millions invested in the sugar culture. My idea is that *three-fourths of this would, so far as the State is concerned, be annihilated at a blow*. The planter who is in debt would find his negroes and machinery sold and dispatched to Cuba for him, and he who is independent would go there in self-defense. What will become of the other portion of the capital? It consists of land, on which I maintain there can be produced no other crop but sugar, under present auspices, that will bear the contest with cocoa,¹ and

¹ Cocoa is a grass much more pernicious, and more difficult of extirpation when it once gets a footing upon a sugar planta-

the expense and risk of levees, as it regards the larger part of it, and the difficulty of transportation for the remainder. But supposing that it will be taken up by some other cultivation, that in any case must be a work of time, and in this case a very long time for unacclimated men. It is not unreasonable, then, to suppose that this whole capital will, for purposes of taxation, be withdrawn from Louisiana. From whence, then, is to come the revenue for the support of our State Government, for the payment of the interest on our debt, and the eventual redemption of the principal? Perhaps repudiation may be recommended; but you and I, my dear sir, are too old-fashioned to rob in that manner, or in any other. The only resort, then, is double taxation on the cotton planter, which will drive him, without much difficulty, to Texas, to Arkansas, and Mississippi."

I came to Mr. R.'s plantation by a steamboat, late at night. As the boat approached the shore, near his house, her big bell having been rung some ten minutes previously, a negro came out with a lantern to meet her. The boat's bow was run boldly against the bank; I leaped ashore, the clerk threw out a newspaper and a package, saying to the negro, "That 's for your master, and that 's for so and so, tell your master, and ask him to give it to him." The boat bounded off by her own elasticity, the starboard wheel was backed for a turn or two, and the next minute the great edifice was driving up the stream again—not a rope having been lifted, nor any other movement having been made on board, except by the pilot and engineer.

"Do you belong to Mr. R.?" I asked the negro. "Yes, sir; is you going to our house, master?" "Yes." "I 'll show you the way, then, sir"; and he tion, than the Canada thistle, or any other weed known at the North. Several plantations have been ruined by it, and given up as worthless by their owners.

conducted me in, leaving the parcels the clerk had thrown out, where they had fallen, on the bank.

A negro woman prepared a bed for me, waited at the door till I had put out my light, and then returned to tuck in the mosquito-bar tightly about the bed. This was merely from custom, as there were no mosquitoes at that season. In the morning the same woman awakened me, opened the curtains, and asked me to take the money which she had found in the pockets of my clothing, while she took it out to be brushed.

Mr. R. is a Southerner by birth, but was educated at the North, where, also, and in foreign countries, he has spent a large part of his life. He is a man of more than usual precision of mind, energetic and humane; and while his negroes seemed to be better disciplined than any others I had seen, they evidently regarded him with affection, respect, and pride.

He had been ill for some weeks previous to my visit, and when he walked out with me, on the second day, it was the first time since the commencement of his illness that his field-hands had seen him.

The first negroes we met were half a dozen women, who were going up to the nursery to suckle their children—the overseer's bell having been just rung (at eleven o'clock) to call them in from work for that purpose. Mr. R. said that he allowed them two hours to be with their children while nursing at noon, and to leave work an hour earlier at night than the other field-hands. The women all stopped as we met them, and asked, with much animation:

“ Oh, master! how is ou ? ”

“ Well, I ’m getting up. How are you, girls ? ”

“ Oh, we ’s well, sir.”

“ The children all well ? ”

“ Yes, master, all but Sukey’s, sir.”

“ Sukey’s ? What, is n’t that well yet ? ”

“ No, master.”

“ But it ’s getting well, is it not ? ”

“ Yes, master.”

Soon after we met a boy, driving a cart. He pulled up as he came against us, and, taking off his hat, asked, “ How is ’ou, master ? ”

“ I ’m getting well, you see. If I don’t get about, and look after you, I ’m afraid we shan’t have much of a crop. I don’t know what you niggers will do for Christmas money.”

“ Ha!—look heah, massa!—you jus’ go right straight on de ways you ’s goin’; see suthin’ make you laugh, ha! ha!” (meaning the work that had been done while he was ill, and the good promise of a crop).

The plantation contained about nine hundred acres of tillage land, and a large tract of “ swamp,” or woodland, was attached to it. The tillage land was inclosed all in one field by a strong cypress post-and-rail fence, and was drained by two canals, five feet deep, running about twenty feet apart, and parallel—the earth from both being thrown together, so as to make a high, dry road between them, straight through the middle of the plantation.

Fronting upon the river, and but six or eight rods

from the public road, which everywhere runs close along the shore inside the levee, was the mansion of the proprietor: an old Creole house, the lower story of brick and the second of wood, with a broad gallery, shaded by the extended roof, running all around it; the roof steep, and shedding water on four sides, with ornaments of turned wood where lines met, and broken by several small dormer windows. The gallery was supported by round brick columns, and arches. The parlors, library, and sleeping-rooms of the white family were all on the second floor. Between the house and the street was a yard, planted formally with orange trees and other evergreens. A little on one side of the house stood a large two-story, square dove-cot, which is a universal appendage of a sugar planter's house. In the rear of the house was another large yard, in which, irregularly placed, were houses for the family servants, a kitchen, stable, carriage-house, smoke-house, etc. Behind this rear yard there was a vegetable garden, of an acre or more, in the charge of a negro gardener; a line of fig trees were planted along the fence, but all the ground inclosed was intended to be cropped with vegetables for the family, and for the supply of "the people." I was pleased to notice, however, that the negro gardener had, of his own accord, planted some violets and other flowering plants. From a corner of the court a road ran to the sugar works and the negro settlement, which were five or six hundred yards from the house.

The negro houses were exactly like those I described

on the Georgia rice plantation, except that they were provided with broad galleries in front. They were as neat and well-made externally as the cottages usually provided by large manufacturing companies in New England, to be rented to their workmen. The clothing furnished the negroes, and the rations of bacon and meal, were the same as on other good plantations. During the grinding season extra rations of flour were served, and hot coffee was kept constantly in the sugar-house, and the hands on duty were allowed to drink it almost *ad libitum*. They were also allowed to drink freely of the hot *siròp*, of which they were extremely fond. A generous allowance of *siròp*, or molasses, was also given out to them, with their other rations, every week during the winter and early summer. In extremely hot weather it was thought to be unfavorable to health, and was discontinued. Rations of tobacco were also served. At Christmas, a sum of money, equal to one dollar for each hogshead of sugar made on the plantation, was divided among the negroes. The last year this had amounted to over two dollars a head. It was usually given to the heads of families. If any had been particularly careless or lazy, it was remembered at this Christmas dole. Of course, the effect of this arrangement, small as was the amount received by each person, was to give the laborers a direct interest in the economical direction of their labor: the advantage of it was said to be very evident.

Mr. R. had purchased the plantation but three years before of a Creole, and afterwards had somewhat

increased its area by buying out several poor people, who had owned small farms adjoining. He had greatly extended and improved the drainage, and had nearly doubled the force of negroes employed upon it, adding to the number that he purchased with the land nearly as many more whom he had inherited, and whom he transferred to it from an old cotton plantation that he had formerly lived upon.

He had considerably more than doubled the stock of mules and oxen; had built entirely new cabins for all the negroes, and new sugar works and stables. His whole capital, he said, when he first bought the plantation, would not have paid half the price of it and of the cost of stocking it as he had done. Most men when they buy a plantation, he informed me, go very heavily in debt; frequently the purchase is made three quarters on credit.

“Buying a plantation,” were his words, “whether a sugar or cotton plantation, in this country, is usually essentially a gambling operation. The capital invested in a sugar plantation of the size of mine ought not to be less than \$150,000. The purchaser pays down what he can, and usually gives security for the payment of the balance in six annual instalments, with interest (10 per cent. per annum) from the date of the purchase. Success in sugar as well as cotton planting is dependent on so many circumstances, that it is as much trusting to luck as betting on a throw of dice. If his first crop proves a bad one, he must borrow money of the Jews in New Orleans to pay his first note; they will

sell him this on the best terms they can, and often at not less than twenty-five per cent. per annum. If three or four bad crops follow one another, he is ruined. But this is seldom the case, and he lives on, one year gaining a little on his debts, but almost as often enlarging them. Three or four years ago there was hardly a planter in Louisiana or Mississippi that was not in very embarrassed circumstances, nearly every one having his crop pledged to his creditors long before they were secured. The good prices and good crops of the last few years have set them all on their legs again; and this year all the jewelers' shops, and stores of rich furniture and dry-goods, in New Orleans, were cleared out by the middle of the season, and everybody feels strong and cheerful. I have myself been particularly fortunate; I have made three good crops in succession. Last year I made six hundred and fifty hogsheads of sugar, and twelve hundred barrels of molasses. The molasses alone brought me a sum sufficient to pay all my plantation expenses; and the sugar yields me a clear profit of twenty-five per cent. on my whole investment. If I make another crop this year as good as that, I shall be able to discount my outstanding notes, and shall be clear of debt at the end of four years, instead of six, which was the best I had hoped for."

On another plantation that I visited, where the working force was considered equal to one hundred field-hands, the sugar works cost \$40,000, and seven hundred barrels of sugar had been made. On this

plantation there was a steam-pump, which drained the rear of the plantation over a levee, when the back-water from the swamp would have prevented perfect drainage.

Mr. R. modestly credited his extraordinary success to "luck"; but I was satisfied, upon examining his improvements, and considering the reasons, which he readily gave me, for every operation which he showed, or described to me, that intelligence, study, and enterprise had seldom better claims to reward. Adjoining his plantation there was another of nearly twice the size, on which an equal number of negroes and only half the number of cattle were employed; and the proprietor, I was told, had had rather bad luck: he had, in fact, made but little more than half the quantity of sugar which Mr. R. had done. I inquired of the latter if there was any advantage in his soil over that of his neighbor's. "I think not," he replied; "my best cane was made on a piece of land adjoining his, which, before I bought it, was thought unfit for cultivation. The great advantage I had over him last year mainly arose from my having secured a more complete drainage of all my land."

The soil of the greater part of the plantation was a fine, dark, sandy loam; some of it, at the greatest distance from the river, was lighter in color, and more clayey; and in one part, where there was a very slight depression of the surface over about fifty acres, there was a dark, stiffish soil. It was this to which Mr. R. alluded as having produced his best cane. It had

been considered too low, wet, tenacious, and unfertile to be worthy of cultivation by the former owner, and was covered with bushes and weeds when he took it. The improvement had been effected entirely by draining and fall-ploughing. In fall ploughing, as a remedy for tenacity of soil, this gentleman's experience had given him great faith. At various points on my tour, I found most conflicting opinions upon this point, many (among them the President of a State Agricultural Society) having invariably observed pernicious effects to result from it.

The sugar-cane is a perennial-rooted plant, and the stalk does not attain its full size, under favorable circumstances, in less growing time than twelve months; and seed does not usually form upon it until the thirteenth or fourteenth month. This function (termed *arrowing*) it performs only in a very hot and steadily hot climate, somewhat rarely even in the West Indies. The plant is, at all stages, extremely susceptible to cold, a moderate frost not only suspending its growth, but disorganizing it so that the chemical qualities of its sap are changed, and it is rendered valueless for sugar-making.

As frosts of considerable severity are common in all parts of Louisiana, during three months of the year, of course the sugar-cane is there never permitted to attain its full growth. To so much greater perfection does it arrive in the West Indies, that the cane produced on one acre will yield from 3000 to 6000 lbs. of sugar, while in Louisiana 1000 is considered the

average obtained. "I could make sugar in the climate of Cuba," said a Louisiana planter to me, "for half the price that, under the most favorable circumstances, it must cost here." In addition to the natural uncongeniality of the climate, the ground on which it grows in Louisiana, being lower than the surface of the river, is much of the time made cold by the infiltration of moisture. It is, therefore, only by reason of the extreme fertility of this alluvial deposit, assisted by a careful method of cultivation, that the cane is forced to a state of maturity which enables it to yield an amount of sugar which, with the assistance of a governmental protection against foreign competition, will be remunerative to the planter.

I must confess that there seems to me room for grave doubt if the capital, labor, and especially the human life, which have been and which continue to be spent in converting the swamps of Louisiana into sugar plantations, and in defending them against the annual assaults of the river, and the fever and the cholera, could not have been better employed somewhere else. It is claimed as a great advantage of Slavery, as well as of Protection, that what has been done for this purpose never would have been done without it. If it would not, the obvious reason is, that the wages, or prospect of profit would not have been sufficient to induce free men to undergo the inconveniences and the danger incident to the enterprise. There is now great wealth in Louisiana; but I question if greater wealth would not have been obtained by the same expend-

iture of human labor, and happiness, and life, in other directions.

Planting commences immediately after the sugar-manufacturing season is concluded—usually in January. New or fallow land is prepared by ploughing the whole surface: on this plantation the plough used was made in Kentucky, and was of a very good model, ploughing seven to nine inches deep, with a single pair of mules. The ground being then harrowed, drills are opened with a double-mould-board plough, seven feet apart. Cuttings of cane for seed are to be planted in them. These are reserved from the crop in the autumn, when some of the best cane on the plantation is selected for this purpose, while still standing.¹ This is cut off at the roots, and laid up in heaps or stacks in such a manner that the leaves and tops protect the stalks from frost. The heaps are called mattresses; they are two or three feet high, and as many yards across. At the planting season they are opened, and the cane comes out moist, and green, and sweet, with the buds or eyes, which protrude at the joints, swelling. The immature top parts of the stalk are cut off, and they are loaded into carts, and carried to the ground prepared for planting. The carts used are

¹ It is only on the best plantations that the seed-cane is selected with this care. On another plantation that I visited during the planting season, I noticed that the best part of the stalk had been cut off for grinding, and only the less valuable part saved for seed; and this, I apprehend, is the general practice. The best cuttings probably produce the most vigorous plants.

large, with high side boards, and are drawn by three mules—one large one being in the shafts, and two lighter ones abreast, before her. The drivers are boys, who use the whip a great deal, and drive rapidly.

In the field I found the laborers working in three divisions—the first, consisting of light hands, brought the cane by armfuls from the cart, and laid it by the side of the furrows; the second planted it, and the third covered it. Planting is done by laying the cuttings at the bottom of the furrow in such a way that there shall be three always together, with the eyes of each a little removed from those of the others—that is, all “breaking joints.” They are thinly covered with earth, drawn over them with hoes. The other tools were so well selected on this plantation, that I expressed surprise at the clumsiness of the hoes, particularly as the soil was light, and entirely free from stones. “Such hoes as you use at the North would not last a negro a day,” said the planter.

Cane will grow for several years from the roots of the old plants, and, when it is allowed to do so, a very considerable part of the expense is avoided; but the vigor of the plant is less when growing from this source than when starting from cuttings, and the crop, when thus obtained, is annually less and less productive, until, after a number of years, depending upon the rigor of the seasons, fresh shoots cease to spring from the stubble. This sprouting of cane from the stools of the last crop is termed “ratooning.” In the West India plantations the cane is frequently allowed to ratoon for

eight successive crops. In Louisiana it is usual to plant once in three years, trusting to the ratooning for two crops only, and this was the practice on Mr. R.'s plantation. The cost of sugar growing would be very greatly increased if the crop needed planting every year; for all the cane grown upon an acre will not furnish seed for more than four acres—consequently one twelfth of the whole of each crop has to be reserved for the planting of the following crop, even when two-thirds of this is to be of ratoon cane.

Planting is finished, in a favorable season, early in March. Tillage is commenced immediately afterwards, by ploughing *from* the rows of young cane, and subsequently continued very much after the usual plan of tillage for potatoes, when planted in drills, with us. By or before the first of July, the crop is all well earthed up, the rows of cane growing from the crest of a rounded bed, seven feet wide, with deep water-furrows between each. The cane is at this time five or six feet high; and that growing from each bed forms arches with that of the next, so as to completely shade the ground. The furrows between the beds are carefully cleaned out; so that in the most drenching torrents of rain, the water is rapidly carried off into the drains, and thence to the swamp; and the crop then requires no further labor upon it until frost is apprehended, or the season for grinding arrives.

The nearly three months' interval, commencing at the intensest heat of summer, corresponds in the allotment of labor to the period of winter in Northern

agriculture, because the winter itself, on the sugar plantations, is the planting season. The negroes are employed in cutting and carting wood for boiling the cane juice, in making necessary repairs or additions to the sugar-house, and otherwise preparing for the grinding season.

The grinding season is the harvest of the sugar planter; it commences in October, and continues for two or three months, during which time, the greatest possible activity and the utmost labor of which the hands are capable are required to secure the product of the previous labor of the year. Mr. R. assured me that during the last grinding season nearly every man, woman, and child on his plantation, including his overseer and himself, were at work fully eighteen hours a day. From the moment grinding first commences, until the end of the season, it is never discontinued; the fires under the boiler never go out, and the negroes rest only for six hours in the twenty-four, by relays—three-quarters of them being constantly at work.

Notwithstanding the severity of the labor required of them at this time, Mr. R. said that his negroes were as glad as he was himself to have the time for grinding arrive, and they worked with greater cheerfulness than at any other season. How can those persons who are always so ready to maintain that the slaves work less than free laborers in free countries, and that for that reason they are to be envied by them, account for this? That at Mr. R.'s plantation it was the case that the slaves enjoyed most that season of the year when

the hardest labor was required of them, I have, in addition to Mr. R.'s own evidence, good reason to believe, which I shall presently report. And the reason of it evidently is, that they are then better paid; they have better and more varied food and stimulants than usual, but especially they have a degree of freedom, and of social pleasure, and a variety of occupation which brings a recreation of the mind, and to a certain degree gives them strength for, and pleasure in, their labor. Men of sense have discovered that when they desire to get extraordinary exertions from their slaves, it is better to offer them rewards than to whip them; to encourage them, rather than to drive them.

If the season has been favorable, so that the cane is strong, and well matured, it will endure a smart early frost without injury, particularly if the ground is well drained; but as rapidly as possible, after the season has arrived at which frosts are to be expected, the whole crop is cut, and put in mattresses, from which it is taken to the grinding-mill as fast as it can be made to use it.

The business of manufacturing sugar is everywhere carried on in connection with the planting of the cane. The shortness of the season during which the cane can be used is the season assigned for this: the proprietors would not be willing to trust to custom-mills to manufacture their produce with the necessary rapidity. If cane should be cultivated in connection with other crops—that is, on small farms, instead of great “sugar only” plantations—neighborhood custom-mills would

probably be employed. The profit of a sugar plantation is now large, much in proportion to its size (if it be proportionately stocked); because only a very large supply of cane will warrant the proprietor in providing the most economical manufacturing apparatus. In 1849 there were 1,474 sugar estates in Louisiana, producing 236,547 hhds. of sugar; but it is thought that half of this quantity was produced on less than two hundred estates—that is, that one-eighth of the plantations produced one-half the sugar. The sugar works on some of the large estates cost over \$100,000, and many of them manufacture over 1,000,000 lbs. per annum. The profits of these, in a favorable season, are immense.

The apparatus used upon the better class of plantations is very admirable, and improvements are yearly being made, which indicate high scientific acquirements, and much mechanical ingenuity on the part of the inventors. The whole process of sugar manufacturing, although chemical analysis proves that a large amount of saccharine is still wasted, has been within a few years greatly improved, principally by reason of the experiments and discoveries of the French chemists, whose labors have been directed by the purpose to lessen the cost of beet sugar. Apparatus for various processes in the manufacture, which they have invented or recommended, has been improved, and brought into practical operation on a large scale on some of the Louisiana plantations, the owners of which are among the most intelligent, enterprising, and wealthy men of busi-

ness in the United States. Forty-three plantations in the State are now furnished with apparatus constructed in accordance with the best scientific knowledge on the subject; and 914 are driven by steam-engines—leaving but 560 to be worked by horse power. Mr. R.'s sugar-house, for making brown sugar, was furnished with the best kind of apparatus, at a cost of \$20,000. Preparations were making for the addition of works for the manufacture of white loaf sugar, which would cost \$20,000 more. I visited one plantation on which the sugar works were said to have cost over \$100,000.

The first operation in the manufacture of sugar from cane is, to express the saccharine juice it contains; this is done by passing it twice between rollers, on the same plan that apples are crushed in our best cider mills. A great deal of ingenuity has been applied to the construction of the mills for this purpose, and they have been, from time to time, improved, but are yet far from satisfactory in their operation, as it is known that the crushed cane still retains nearly one-third of its original moisture, with a large share of the saccharine principle which belonged to it before it was passed between the rollers. No plan has yet been devised by which this can be economically secured.

The expressed juice is strained into a vessel, in which it is heated to a temperature of about 140° F., when it is clarified by the application of lime, the chemical action of which is not, I believe, perfectly understood; the effect is, to cause a precipitate of impurities, and to give a yellow color to the juice. In

addition to this, the juice is sometimes further clarified by filtration. The next operation is the reduction of the cane juice—by the evaporation of the greater part of its constituent water—to syrup. This is effected by the action of heat, which is applied in different ways, according to the apparatus used. There are seven different forms of this, in general use in Louisiana. In the simplest and rudest, the juice is boiled in open kettles; in the most improved, it is boiled in vacuo, on the principle that liquids boil at lower temperature, as the pressure of the atmosphere is removed. The sugar made by the latter process is much superior to that made by the former, which is always much burnt, and less pure, and it is also obtained at a much less expenditure for fuel.

The syrup having reached the proper degree of concentration, is next drawn off into vessels, in which it remains until granulation takes place. To separate the uncrystallizable syrup from the granulated sugar, in the more usual method, the mass of saccharine matter is placed in hogsheads, in the bottoms of which are holes, in which are inserted pieces of cane, which reach above the contents. As the granulation proceeds, a contraction takes place, which leaves an opening about the canes, by which the remaining liquid drains to the bottom, and, the canes being loosely inserted, it flows through the holes, out of the hogshead, leaving the comparatively dry sugar now completely granulated. The hogsheads are set upon a staging, or loose floor, over a large vat, in which the drainage is collected.

This drainage is molasses. It is afterwards pumped out of the tanks into barrels, for market; commonly the purchaser buys it in the tank and provides barrels for its removal. Seventy gallons of molasses for each hogshead of sugar is considered a large estimate. The sugar is now in the condition known as "Muscovado," or raw brown sugar. Its color and quality depend on the caution and skill that have been used in the manufacture, and the excellence of the apparatus employed. The best Louisiana sugar is not inferior to any other plantation sugar of the world.

The raw sugar is further improved by filtering it (in the state of syrup), through animal black, or charcoal, made from bones, in the same way that liquors are "fined." This is done on several plantations. But the business of refining sugars is mainly carried on in well-known establishments, in all our large cities, and I need not describe it. In New York, alone, one thousand hogsheads a day are refined, and one house alone supplies to commerce as much as the whole manufacture of France. The difference between raw or brown sugar, and refined or white sugar, is simply one of cleanliness and purity.

Modern improvements have so greatly reduced the cost of refining sugar, that the consumption of the pure article, proportionately to that of the raw, has very rapidly increased; and it is probable that in a few years the use of the latter will be almost entirely discontinued for general purposes. Refined, or cleaned sugar is, doubtless, more wholesome, and can only be

thought less palatable from habit or association. Pure sugar is now generally considered, by the best authorities, to be a very digestible and nutritious article of diet to most persons—even to infants—and the old idea that it injures the teeth, except mechanically, is considered a fallacy. But this is true only, I believe, of sugar in a pure crystallized or grained state; when cooked in the form of confectionery, or in combination with fatty substances, it seems to be very unwholesome.

At one corner of Mr. R.'s plantation, there was a hamlet of Acadians (descendants of the refugees of Acadia), about a dozen small houses or huts, built of wood or clay, in the old French peasant style. The residents owned small farms, on which they raised a little corn and rice; but Mr. R. described them as lazy vagabonds, doing but little work, and spending much time in shooting, fishing, and play. He wanted very much to buy all their land, and get them to move away. He had already bought out some of them, and had made arrangements to get hold of the land of some of the rest. He was willing to pay them two or three times as much as their property was actually worth, to get them to move off. As fast as he got possession, he destroyed their houses and gardens, removed their fences and trees, and brought all their land into his cane plantation.

Some of them were mechanics. One was a very good mason, and he employed him in building his sugar works and refinery; but he would be glad to get rid of them all, and should then depend entirely on

slave mechanics—of these he had several already, and he could buy more when he needed them.

Why did he so dislike to have these poor people living near him? Because, he said, they demoralized his negroes. The slaves seeing them living in apparent comfort, without much property and without steady labor, could not help thinking that it was not necessary for men to work so hard as they themselves were obliged to; that if they were free they would not need to work. Besides, the intercourse of these people with the negroes was not favorable to good discipline. They would get the negroes to do them little services, and would pay them with luxuries which he did not wish them to have. It was better that negroes never saw anybody off their own plantation; that they had no intercourse with other white men than their owner or overseer; especially, it was best that they should not see white men who did not command their respect, and whom they did not always feel to be superior to themselves, and able to command them.

The nuisance of petty traders dealing with the negroes, and encouraging them to pilfer, which I found everywhere a great annoyance to planters, seems to be greater on the Mississippi "Coast" than anywhere else. The traders generally come on boats, which they moor at night on the shore, adjoining the negro-quarters, and float away whenever they have obtained any booty, with very small chance of detection. One day, during my visit at Mr. R.'s a neighbor called to apprise him that one of these trading-boats was in the vicinity,

that he might take precautions to prevent his negroes dealing with it. "The law," he observed, with much feeling, "is entirely inadequate to protect us against these rascals; it rather protects them than us. They easily evade detection in breaking it; and we can never get them punished, except we go beyond or against the law ourselves." To show me how vexatious the evil was, he mentioned that a large brass cock and some pipe had lately been stolen from his sugar works, and that he had ascertained that one of his negroes had taken it and sold it on board one of these boats for seventy-five cents, and had immediately spent the money, chiefly for whisky, on the same boat. It had cost him thirty dollars to replace it. Mr. R. said that he had lately caught one of his own negroes going towards one of the "chicken thieves," (so the traders' boats are called) with a piece of machinery that he had unscrewed from his sugar works, which was worth eighty dollars, and which might very likely have been sold for a drink. If the negro had succeeded in reaching the boat, as he would if he had not been on the watch, he could never have recovered it. There would have been no witnesses to the sale; the stolen goods would have been hid on board until the boat reached New Orleans; or, if an officer came to search the boat, they would have been dropped into the river, before he got on board.

This neighbor of Mr. R.'s was a Creole, and had been educated in France. Conversing on the inconveniences of Slavery, he acknowledged that it was not

only an uneconomical system, but a morally wrong one; "but," he said, "it was not instituted by us—we are not responsible for it. It is unfortunately fixed upon us; we could not do away with it if we wished; our duty is only to make the best of a bad thing; to lessen its evils as much as we can, so far as we have to do with it individually."

Mr. R. himself also acknowledged Slavery to be a very great evil, morally and economically. It was a curse upon the South; he had no doubt at all about it: nothing would be more desirable than its removal, if it were possible to be accomplished. But he did not think it could be abolished without instituting greater evils than those sought to be remedied. Its influence on the character of the whites was what was most deplorable. He was sorry to think that his children would have to be subject to it. He thought that eventually, if he were able to afford it, he would free his slaves and send them to Africa.

When I left Mr. R.'s, I was driven about twenty miles in a buggy, by one of his house servants. He was inclined to be talkative and communicative; and as he expressed great affection and respect for his owner, I felt at liberty to question him on some points upon which I had always previously avoided conversing with slaves. He spoke rapidly, garrulously; and it was only necessary for me to give a direction to his thoughts by my inquiries. I was careful to avoid leading questions, and not to show such an interest as would lead him to reply guardedly. I charged my memory

as much as possible with his very words, when this was of consequence, and made the following record of the conversation, within half an hour after I left him.

He first said that he supposed that I would see that he was not a "Creole nigger"; he came from Virginia. He reckoned the Virginia negroes were better looking than those who were raised here; there were no black people anywhere in the world who were so "well made" as those who were born in Virginia. He asked if I lived in New Orleans, and where. I told him that I lived at the North. He asked:

"Da 's a great many brack folks dah, massa?"

"No; very few."

"Da 's a great many in Virginia; more 'n da is heah?"

"But I came from beyond Virginia—from New York."

He had heard there were a great many black folk in New York. I said there were a good many in the city; but few in the country. Did I live in the country? What people did I have for servants? Thought, if I hired all my labor, it must be very dear. He inquired further about negroes there. I told him they were all free, and described their general condition; told him what led them to congregate in cities, and what the effect was. He said the negroes, both slave and free, who lived in New Orleans, were better off than those who lived in the country. Why? Because they make more money, and it is "gayer" there, and there is more "society." He then drew a contrast between Virginia

—as he recollected it—and Louisiana. There is but one road in this country. In Virginia, there are roads running in every direction, and often crossing each other. You could see so much more “society,” and there was so much more “variety” than here. He would not like now to go back to Virginia to live, because he had got used to this country, and had all his acquaintances here, and knew the ways of the people. He could speak French. He would like to go to New Orleans, though; would rather live in New Orleans than in any other place in the world.

After a silence of some minutes, he said, abruptly:

“If I was free, I would go to Virginia, and see my old mudder.” He had left her when he was thirteen years old. He reckoned he was now thirty-three. “I don’t well know, dough, exactly, how old I is; but, I rec’lect, de day I was taken away, my ole mudder she tell me I was tirteen year old.” He did not like to come away at all; he “felt dreadful bad;” but, now he was used to it, he liked living here. He came across the Blue Ridge, and he recollected that, when he first saw it, he thought it was a dark piece of sky, and he wondered what it would be like when they come close to it. He was brought, with a great many other negroes, in wagons, to Louisville; and then they were put on board a steamboat, and brought down here. He was sold to a Creole, and was put on this plantation, and had been on it ever since. He had been twice sold, along with it. Folks did n’t very often sell their servants here, as they did in Virginia. They were selling

their servants, in Virginia, all the time; but, here, they did not very often sell them, except they ran away. When a man would run away, and they could not do anything with him, they always sold him off. The people were almost all French. "Were there any French in New York?" he asked. I told him there were; but not as many as in Louisiana. "I s'pose dah is more of French people in Lusiana, dan dah is any whar else in all de world—a'nt dah, massa?"

"Except in France."

"Wa's dat, sar?"

"France is the country where all the Frenchmen came from, in the first place."

"Wa's dat France, massa?"

"France is a country across the ocean, the big water, beyond Virginia, where all the Frenchmen first came from; just as the black people all came first from Africa, you know."

"I've heered, massa, dat dey sell one anoder dah, in de fus place. Does you know, sar, was dat so?" This was said very gravely, and with some expression of emotion.

I explained the savage custom of making slaves of prisoners of war, and described the constant wars of the native Africans. I told him that they were better off here than they would be to be the slaves of cruel savages, in Africa. He turned, and looked me anxiously in the face, like a child, and asked:

"Is de brack folks better off to be here, massa?"

I answered that I thought so; and described the

heathenish barbarism of the people of Africa. I made exception of Liberia, knowing that his master thought of some time sending him there, and described it as a place that was settled by negroes, who went back there from this country. He said he had heard of it, and that they had sent a great many free negroes from New Orleans there.

After a moment's pause, he inquired, very gravely, again:

"Why is it, massa, when de brack people is free, dey wants to send 'em away out of dis country?"

The question took me aback. After bungling a little—for I did not like to tell him the white people were afraid to have them stay here—I said that it was thought to be a better place for them there. But, he should think, that, when they had got used to this country, they would be better off here. He would not like to go out of this country. He would n't like even to go to Virginia, though Virginia was such a pleasant country; he had been here so long, seemed like this was the best place for him to live. To avoid discussion of the point, I asked what he would do, if he were free?

"If I was free, massa; if I was free (with great animation), I would——well, sar, de fus thing I would do, if I was free, I would go to work for a year, and get some money for myself,—den—den—den, massa, dis is what I do—I buy me, fus place, a little house, and little lot land, and den—no; den—den—I would go to old Virginny, and see my old mudder. Yes, sar, I would like to do dat fus thing; den, when I com back,

de fus thing I 'd do, I 'd get me a wife; den, I 'd take her to my house, and I would live with her dar; and I would raise things in my garden, and take 'em to New Orleans, and sell 'em dar, in de market. Dat 's de way I would live, if I was free."

He said, in answer to further inquiries, that there were many free negroes all about this region. Some of them were very rich. He pointed out to me three plantations, within twenty miles, which were owned by colored men. These bought black folk, he said, and had servants of their own. They were very bad masters, very hard and cruel—had n't any feeling. "You might think, master, dat dey would be good to dar own nation; but dey is not. I will tell you de truth, massa; I know I 'se got to answer; and it 's a fact, dey is very bad masters, sar. I 'd rather be a servant to any man in de world, dan to a brack man. If I was sold to a brack man, I 'd drown myself. I would dat—I 'd drown myself!—dough I should n't like to do dat nudder; but I would n't be sold to a colored master for anyting."

If he had got to be sold, he would like best to have an American master buy him. The French people did not clothe their servants well; though they now did much better than when he first came to Louisiana. The French masters were very severe, and "dey whip dar niggers most to deff—dey whip de flesh off of 'em."

Nor did they feed them as well as the Americans did. "Why, sometimes, massa, dey only gives 'em dry corn—don't give out no meat at all." I told him this could

not be so, for the law required that every master should serve out meat to his negroes. "Oh, but some on 'em don't mind Law, if he does say so, massa. Law never here; don't know anything about him. *Very often*, dey only gives 'em dry corn—I knows dat; I sees de niggers. Did n't you see de niggers on our plantation, sar? Well, you nebber see such a good-looking lot of niggers as ours on any of de French plantations, did you, massa? Why, dey all looks fat, and dey 's all got good clothes, and dey look as if dey all had plenty to eat, and had n't got no work to do, ha! ha! ha! Don't dey? But dey does work, dough. Dey does a heap of work. But dey don't work so hard as dey does on some ob de French plantations. Oh, dey does work *too* hard on dem, sometimes."

"You work hard, in the grinding season, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; den we works hard; we has to work hard den: harder dan any oder time of year. But, I tell 'ou, massa, I likes to hab de grinding season come; yes, I does—rader dan any oder time of year, dough we works so hard den. I wish it was grinding season all de year roun' only Sundays."

"Why?"

"Because—oh, because it 's merry and lively. All de brack people like it when we begin to grind."

"You have to keep grinding Sundays?"

"Yes, can't stop, when we begin to grind, till we get tru."

"You don't often work Sundays, except then?"

“ No, massa; nebber works Sundays, except when der crap 's weedy, and we want to get tru 'fore rain comes; den, wen we work a Sunday, massa gives us some oder day for holiday—Monday, if we get tru.”

He said that, on the French plantations, they oftener work Sundays than on the American. They used to work almost always on Sundays, on the French plantations, when he was first brought to Louisiana; but they did not so much now.

We were passing a hamlet of cottages, occupied by Acadians, or what the planters call *habitans*, poor white, French Creoles. The negroes had always been represented to me as despising the *habitans*, looking upon them as their own inferiors; but William spoke of them respectfully; and, when I tempted him to sneer at their indolence and vagabond habits, he refused to do so, but insisted very strenuously that they were “ very good people,” orderly and industrious. He assured me that I was mistaken in supposing that the Creoles, who did not own slaves, did not live comfortably, or that they did not work as hard as they ought to for their living. There were no better sort of people than they were, he thought.

Some of the cottagers were engaged in threshing rice, which they performed by the ancient process of treading with horses walking in a circle. There were five horses, and three men driving them. He explained this operation to me, and told me that the negroes beat out the rice with sticks. He asked if wheat was not threshed by engines. In answer to inquiries, he said

that the negroes raised rice in considerable quantity in wet places on the edge of the swamp, in the rear of the plantation. They also raised corn, potatoes, and pumpkins. His master allowed them land for this, and they sold their crop, or consumed it themselves; generally they sold it. They worked at night, and on Sundays on their patches, and after the sugar and corn crops of the plantation were "laid by," his master allowed them to have Saturday afternoons to work their own crops in. He again recurred to the fortunate condition of the negroes on his master's plantation. He thought it was the best plantation in the State, and he did not believe there was a better lot of negroes in the State; some few of them, whom his master had brought from his plantation, were old; but altogether, they were "as right good a lot of niggers" as could be found anywhere. They could do all the work that was necessary to be done on the plantation. On some old plantations they had not nearly so many negroes as they needed to make the crop, and they "drove 'em awful hard;" but it was n't so on his master's: they could do all the work, and do it well, and it was the best worked plantation, and made the most sugar to the hand, of any plantation he knew of. All the niggers had enough to eat, and were well clothed; their quarters were good, and they got a good many presents.

"Well, now, would n't you rather live on such a plantation than to be free, William?"

"Oh! no, sir, I'd rather be free! Oh, yes, sir, I'd like it better to be free; I would dat, master."

“ Why would you ? ”

“ Why, you see, master, if I was free—if I was *free*, I ’d have *all* my time to myself. I ’d rather work for myself. I ’d like dat better.”

“ But then, you know, you ’d have to take care of yourself, and you ’d get poor.”

“ No, sir, I would not get poor, I would get rich; for you see, master, then I ’d work *all de time* for myself.”

“ Suppose all the black people on your plantation, or all the black people in the country were made free at once, what do you think would become of them?—what would they do, do you think? You don’t suppose there would be much sugar raised, do you? ”

“ Why, yes, master, I do. Why not, sir? What *would* de brack people do? Would n’t dey hab to work for dar libben? and de wite people own all de land—war dey goin’ to work? Dey hire demself right out again, and work all de same as before. And den, wen dey work for demself, dey work *harder* dan dey do now to get more wages—a heap harder. I tink so, sir. *I* would do so, sir. I would work for hire. I don’t own any land: I hab to work right away again for massa, to get some money.”

Perceiving from the readiness of these answers that the subject had been a familiar one with him, I immediately asked: “ The black people talk among themselves about this, do they; and they think so, generally? ”

“ Oh! yes, sir; dey talk so; dat ’s wat dey tink.”

“Then they talk about being free a good deal, do they?”

“Yes, sir. Dey—dat is, dey say dey wish it was so; dat ’s all dey talk, master—dat ’s all, sir.”

His caution was evidently excited, and I inquired no further. We were passing a large old plantation, the cabins of the negroes upon which were mere hovels—small, without windows, and dilapidated. A large gang of negroes were at work by the roadside, planting cane. Two white men were sitting on horseback, looking at them, and a negro driver was walking among them, with a whip in his hand.

William said that this was an old Creole plantation, and the negroes on it were worked very hard. There was three times as much land in it as in his master’s, and only about the same number of negroes to work it. I observed, however, that a good deal of land had been left uncultivated the previous year. The slaves appeared to be working hard; they were shabbily clothed, and had a cowed expression, looking on the ground, not even glancing at us, as we passed, and were perfectly silent.

“Dem ’s all Creole niggers,” said William: “ain’t no Virginny niggers dah. I reckon you did n’t see no such looking niggers as dem on our plantation, did you, master?”

After answering some inquiries about the levee, close inside of which the road continually ran, he asked me about the levee at New York; and when informed that we had not any levee, asked me with a good deal of

surprise, how we kept the water out? I explained to him that the land was higher than the water, and was not liable, as it was in Louisiana, to be overflowed. I had much difficulty in making him understand this. He seemed never to have considered that it was not the natural order of things that land should be lower than water, or that men should be able to live on land, except by excluding water artificially. At length, when he got the idea, he made a curious observation.

"I suppose dis State is de lowest State dar is in de world. Dar ain't no odder State dat is so low as dis is. I s'pose it is five thousand five hundred feet lower dan any odder State."

"What?"

"I s'pose, master, dat dis heah State is *five thousand five hundred feet* lower down dan any odder, ain't it, sir?"

"I don't understand you."

"I say dis heah is de lowest ob de States, master. I s'pose it's *five thousand five hundred feet* lower dan any odder; lower *down*, ain't it, master?"

"Yes, it's very low."

This is a very good illustration of the childlike manner and habits of the negroes, which in him were particularly observable, notwithstanding the shrewdness of some of his observations. Such a mingling of simplicity and shrewdness, ingenuousness and slyness, detracted much from the weight of his opinions and purposes in regard to freedom. I could not but have a strong doubt if he would keep to his word, if the op-

portunity were allowed him to try his ability to take care of himself.

In the year 1846, the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States addressed a circular of inquiries to persons engaged in various business throughout the country, to obtain information of the national resources. In reply to this circular, forty-eight sugar planters, of St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana, having compared notes, made the following statement of the usual expenses of a plantation, which might be expected to produce, one year with another, one hundred hogsheads of sugar:

Statement.

Household and family expenses, - - - - -	\$1,000
Overseer's salary, - - - - -	400
Food and clothing for 15 working hands, at \$30, - -	450
Food and clothing for 15 old negroes and children, at \$15, - - - - -	225
1½ per cent. on capital invested (which is about \$40,000), to keep it in repair, - - - - -	600
	<hr/>
	2,675
50 hogsheads sugar, at 4 cents per pound (net proceeds), - - - - -	\$2,000
25 hogsheads sugar at 3 cents per pound (net proceeds), - - - - -	750
25 hogsheads sugar, at 2 cents per pound (net proceeds), - - - - -	500
4,000 gallons of molasses, at 10 cents, - - - - -	400
	<hr/>
	3,650
	<hr/>
Leaving a profit of - - - - -	\$975

Another gentleman furnished the following estimate of the expenses of one of the larger class of plantations,

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working one hundred slaves, and producing, per annum, four to five hundred hogsheads of sugar:

Overseer, - - - - -	\$1,500
Physician's attendance (by contract, \$3 a head, of all ages,) - - - - -	300
Yearly repairs to engine, copper work, resetting of sugar kettles, etc., at least - - - - -	900
Engineer, during grinding season, - - - - -	200
Pork, 50 pounds per day—say, per annum, 90 hogsheads, at \$12, - - - - -	1,080
Hoops, - - - - -	80
Clothing, two full suits per annum, shoes, caps, hats, and 100 blankets, at least \$15 per slave, - - - - -	1,500
Mules or horses, and cattle to replace, at least - - - - -	500
Implements of husbandry, iron, nails, lime, etc., at least - - - - -	1,000
Factor's commission, 2½ per cent., - - - - -	500
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	\$7,560

It may be noticed, that in this estimate the working force is considered as being equal, in first class hands, to but one-third of the whole number of slaves.

In the report of an Agricultural Society, the gross product of one hand, on a well-regulated sugar estate, is put down at the cultivation of five acres—producing 5000 pounds of sugar, and 125 gallons of molasses; the former valued on the spot at 5½ cents per pound, and the latter at 18 cents per gallon—together, \$297.50. The annual expenses, per hand, including wages paid, horses, mules, and oxen, physician's bills, etc., \$105. An estate of eighty negroes annually costs \$8330. The items are as follows: Salt meat, and spirits, \$830; clothing, \$1200; medical attendance and medicines, \$400;

Indian corn, \$1090;¹ overseer and sugar-maker's salary, \$1000; taxes, \$300. The capital invested in 1200 acres of land, with its stock of slaves, horses, mules, and working-oxen, is estimated at \$147,200. One-third, or 400 acres, being cultivated annually in cane, it is estimated, will yield 400,000 pounds, at 5½ cents, and 10,000 gallons molasses at 18 cents—together, \$23,800. Deduct annual expense, as before, \$8330, an apparent profit remains of \$15,470, or 10¾ per cent. interest on the investment. The crop upon which these estimates were based, has been considered an uncommonly fine one.

These estimates are all made by persons anxious to maintain the necessity of protection to the continued production of sugar in the United States, and who are, therefore, under temptation, from this desire, if nothing else, to overestimate expenditures.

I want those who believe that the free competitive system of labor is less humane to the laborer than the slave system, to observe the estimates, which are undoubtedly generous ones, at least, made by these most respectable planters, of the cost of maintaining their slaves. In the first statement, the cost of clothing and boarding a first-rate, hard-working man is stated to be \$30 a year. A suit of winter clothing and a pair of thin pantaloons for summer, a blanket for bedding, a pair of shoes and a hat, must at least be included under the head of clothing, we must suppose; and these, how-

¹ Total for food and drink of negroes, and other live stock, \$24 per head of the negroes, per annum. For clothing, \$15.

ever poor, could not certainly cost, altogether, less than ten dollars. For food, then, we must infer that \$20 a year is a fair estimate, which is $5\frac{1}{2}$ cents a day. This is for the best hands; light hands are estimated at half this cost. Does the food of a first-rate laborer, anywhere in the free world, cost less? The lowest price paid by agricultural laborers in the Free States of America, for board, is 21 cents a day, that is, \$1.50 a week; in manufacturing towns they oftener pay at least twice that.

On most plantations, I suppose, but by no means on all, the slaves cultivate "patches," and raise poultry for themselves. The produce is nearly always sold to get money to buy tobacco and Sunday finery. But these additions to the usual allowance cannot be said to be provided for them by their masters. The labor expended in this way for themselves does not average half a day a week per slave; and many planters will not allow their slaves to cultivate patches, because it tempts them to reserve for and to expend in the night-work the strength they want employed in their service during the day, and also because the produce thus obtained is made to cover much plundering of their master's crops, and of his live stock. The free laborer, also, in addition to his board, nearly always spends something for luxuries—tobacco, fruit and confectionery, to say nothing of dress and intellectual luxuries and recreations.¹

¹ "Most persons allow their negroes to cultivate a small crop of their own. For a number of reasons the practice is a bad

The fact is that ninety-nine in a hundred of our free laborers, from choice and not from necessity—for the same provisions cost more in Louisiana than they do anywhere in the Northern States—live, in respect to food, at least four times as well as the average of the hardest worked slaves on the Louisiana sugar plantations. And for two or three months in the year, it is known that these are worked with much greater severity than free laborers at the North ever are. For on no farm, and in no factory or mine, even when double wages are paid for night-work, did I ever hear of men or women working regularly eighteen hours a day. If ever done, it is only when some accident makes it especially desirable during a very few days.

I have not compared the comfort of the light hands, in which, besides the aged and children, are evidently included most of the females of the plantation, with that of factory girls and apprentices; but who of those at the North was ever expected to find board at four cents a day, and obliged to save money enough out of

one. It is next to impossible to keep them from working the crop on the Sabbath. They labor at night when they should be at rest. There is no saving more than to give them the same amount; for, like all other animals, the negro is only capable of doing a certain amount of work without injury. To this point he may be worked at his regular task, and any labor beyond this is an injury to both master and slave. They will pilfer to add to what cotton or corn they have made. If they sell the crop and trade for themselves, they are apt to be cheated out of a good portion of their labor. They will have many things in their possession, under color of purchases, which we know not whether they have obtained honestly.”—*Southern Cultivator*.

such an allowance to provide him or herself with clothing? but that, manifestly and beyond the smallest doubt of error (except in favor of free labor), expresses the condition of the Louisiana slave. Forty-eight of the most worthy planters of the State attest it in an official document, published by order of Congress.

There is no reason for supposing that the slaves are much, if any, better fed elsewhere than in Louisiana. I was expressly told in Virginia that I should find them better fed in Louisiana, because the laws of this State made it necessary for owners to give them a certain allowance of meat and corn. In the same Report of Mr. Secretary Walker, a gentleman in South Carolina testifies that he considers that the "furnishing" (food and clothing) of "full-tasked hands" costs fifteen dollars a year.¹

The United States army is generally recruited from our laboring class, and a well-conditioned and respectable laborer is seldom induced to join it. The following, taken from an advertisement, for recruits, in the *Richmond Enquirer*, shows the food provided:

"DAILY RATIONS.—One and a quarter pounds of beef, one and three-sixteenths pounds of bread; and at the rate of eight quarts of beans, eight pounds of sugar, four pounds of coffee, two quarts of salt, four pounds of candles, and four pounds of soap, to every hundred rations."

From an advertisement for slaves to be hired by the year, to work on a canal, in the *Daily Georgian*:

¹ P. W. Fraser, p. 574, Pub. Doc. VI., 1846.

“WEEKLY ALLOWANCE.—They will be provided with three and a half pounds of pork or bacon, and ten quarts of gourd seed corn per week, lodged in comfortable shanties, and attended by a skilful physician.”

The expense of boarding, clothes, taxes, and so forth, of a male slave, is estimated by Robt. C. Hall, a Maryland planter, at \$45 per annum; this in a climate but little milder than that of New York, and in a breeding state. By J. D. Messenger, Jerusalem, Virginia: “the usual estimate for an able-bodied laborer—three barrels of corn, and 250 pounds of well-cured bacon, seldom using beef or pork; peas and potatoes substitute about one-third the allowance of bread” (maize). By R. G. Morris, Amherst County, Va.: “not much beef is used on our estates; bacon, however, is used much more freely, three pounds a week being the usual allowance. The quantity of milk used by slaves is frequently considerable.”—*Pat. Office Report*, 1848.

The following “Essay on the Management of Slaves, by Robert Collins, of Macon, Georgia,” has been printed in many of the Southern papers, and will show the ideal of slave life, under the most intelligent and humane owners, and in the most favorable circumstances.

“In attempting an essay upon this subject, we can gather but little aid from the long historical record which we have of the institution; for, although we learn that slaves were nearly always employed in labor, we yet see no account of how they were clothed or fed; nor find any data of comparative results of different modes of treatment, or labor, whereby we can be guided in our search after a system, comprising the greatest

benefits. We must, therefore, rely upon the observation, experience, and practice of the present time, as the only sources of useful and correct information upon the subject.

“The writer has been accustomed to Slavery, from his earliest days, and, for thirty years, has been much interested in their management, both on plantations and public works; and has, therefore, been prompted, by his own interests, as well as inclination, to try every reasonable mode of management, treatment, living, and labor; and the results of a long experience have fully satisfied him, and proven beyond doubt, that the best interests of all parties are most promoted by a kind and liberal treatment on the part of the owner, and the requirement of proper discipline and strict obedience on the part of the slave. Indeed, the Creator seems to have planted in the negro an innate principle of protection against the abuse of arbitrary power; and it is this law of nature which imperatively associates the true interest of the owner with the good treatment and comfort of the slave. Hence, abuses and harsh treatment carry their own antidote, as all such cases recoil upon the head of the owner. Every attempt to force the slave beyond the limits of reasonable service, by cruelty or hard treatment, so far from extorting more work, only tends to make him unprofitable, unmanageable—a vexation and a curse.

“It being, therefore, so manifestly against the interest of all parties, as well as opposed to the natural feelings of humanity, and refinement, and the civilization of the age, a case of cruelty, or abuse of a slave by his owner, is seldom known, and universally condemned.

“NEGRO HOUSES.

* * * * * *

“The houses should be placed, if possible, under the shades of the native forests; but, where that cannot be done, the china, or mulberry, or some quick growth should be immediately transplanted, so as to cover the buildings, in some degree, from the rays of the summer’s sun. The buildings should be placed about two feet above the ground, so that the air can pass freely under them, and also be well ventilated with doors and windows. They should be sufficiently large—say about sixteen by twenty feet—and but one family should be put in a house; there is nothing more injurious to health, or demoraliz-

ing in feeling, than crowding them together. They had much better sleep in the open air, than in crowded, tight houses. Each house, or family, should be furnished with suitable bedding and blankets; for while a proper outfit costs a few dollars in the beginning, they save twice as much in the end—they add greatly to the comfort and health of the slave, and enable him much better to perform the labor required.

“FEEDING OF SLAVES.

“In former years, the writer tried many ways and expedients to economize in the provision of slaves, by using more of the vegetable and cheap articles of diet, and less of the more costly and substantial. But time and experience have fully proven the error of a stinted policy; and, for many years, the following uniform mode has been adopted, with much success and satisfaction both to the owner and to the slave.

“The allowance now given per week to each hand—men, women, boys, and girls, that are old enough to go in the field to work—is five pounds of good, clean bacon, and one quart of molasses, with as much good bread as they require; and in the fall or sickly season of the year, or on sickly places, the addition of one pint of strong coffee, sweetened with sugar, every morning, before going to work. These provisions are given out on some designated night of each week; and, for families, it is put together; but, to single hands, it is given to each separately, and they then unite in squads, or messes, and have their meat cooked for them, by a woman who is detailed for that purpose, or keep it to themselves, as they please. Their bread is baked daily, in loaves, by a woman who is kept for that duty. Each house, or family, should have a garden attached, for raising their own vegetables.

“This mode of allowancing relieves their owner from much trouble, in daily supervising their provisions, and is much more satisfactory to the slave. Under this system of treatment, a word of complaint, in relation to their living, is seldom heard. Some planters, however, differ on this subject, and prefer the plan of cooking and eating at one common table; and, it is possible, with a small number of hands, and where the owner is willing to devote a good deal of attention to that matter, that he may save a small amount; but it will not be as

satisfactory, and it will, probably, not gain enough to pay for the trouble. Children, of course, must be fed and attended to, as their wants require; they are not likely to be neglected, as they pay a good interest upon the amount of care and expense bestowed upon them.

“NEGRO CLOTHING.

“The proper and usual quantity of clothes, for plantation hands, is two suits of cotton, for spring and summer, and two suits of woolen, for winter; four pair of shoes, and three hats, which, with such articles of dress as the negro merits, and the owner chooses to give, make up the year’s allowance. Neatness in dress is important to the health, comfort, and pride of a negro—all of which should be encouraged by the owner. They should be induced to think well of themselves; and the more pride and self-respect you can instill into them, the better they will behave, and the more serviceable they will be; so they should always be aided and encouraged in dressing, and their own peculiar fancies indulged to a reasonable extent.

“HOURS OF WORK.

“In the winter time, and in the sickly season of the year, all hands should take breakfast before leaving their houses. This they can do, and get to work by sunrise, and stop no more until twelve o’clock; then rest one hour for dinner; then work until night. In the spring and summer, they should go to work at light, and stop at eight o’clock, for breakfast; then work until twelve o’clock, and stop two hours for dinner; and work from two till night. All hands stop on Saturday, at twelve o’clock, and take the afternoon for cleaning up their houses and clothes, so as to make a neat appearance on Sunday morning.

“TASK WORK.

“The usual custom of planters is, to work without tasks, during the cultivation of their crops; but, in gathering cotton, tasks are common, and experience has proven that, whenever work is of that kind of character, it is much better to do so. If the overseer has judgment, he will get more work, and the negroes will be better satisfied; he will generally make an effort, and gain time, to devote to his own jobs or pleasures.

"NEGRO CROPS.

"It was, at one period, much the custom of planters, to give each hand a small piece of land, to cultivate on their own account, if they chose to do so; but this system has not been found to result well. It gives an excuse for trading, and encourages a traffic on their own account, and presents a temptation and opportunity, during the process of gathering, for an unscrupulous fellow to mix a little of his master's produce with his own. It is much better to give each hand, whose conduct has been such as to merit it, an equivalent in money at the end of the year; it is much less trouble, and more advantageous to both parties.

"DISCIPLINE.

"In regard to the general management or discipline on plantations or public works, it is of great consequence to have perfect system and regularity, and a strict adherence to the rules that may be adopted for the government of the place. Each hand should know his duty, and be required to perform it; but, as before intimated, the owner has nothing to gain by oppression or over-driving, but something to lose: for he cannot, by such means, extort more work. But still, if it becomes necessary to punish the negro for not doing his duty, or the violation of rules, it does not make him revengeful, as it would an Indian or white man, but it rather tends to win his attachment, and promote his happiness and well-being. Slaves have no respect or affection for a master who indulges them overmuch, or who, from fear, or false humanity, fails to assume that degree of authority necessary to promote industry, and enforce good order. At the same time, proper and suitable indulgences and privileges should be granted for the gratification and amusement of the negro; but they should always be exercised by special permission — for they are a people ever ready to practice upon the old maxim of 'give an inch, and take an ell.'

"Negroes are by nature tyrannical in their dispositions; and, if allowed, the stronger will abuse the weaker; husbands will often abuse their wives and mothers their children — so that it becomes a prominent duty of owners and overseers to keep peace, and prevent quarreling and disputes among them; and summary punishment should follow any violation of this rule.

“Slaves are also a people that enjoy religious privileges. Many of them place much value upon it; and, to every reasonable extent, that advantage should be allowed them. They are never injured by preaching, but thousands become wiser and better people, and more trustworthy servants, by their attendance at church. Religious services should be provided and encouraged on every plantation. A zealous and vehement style, both in doctrine and manner, is best adapted to their temperament; they are good believers in mysteries and miracles, ready converts, and adhere with much pertinacity to their opinions, when formed.

“No card-playing, nor gambling of any description should be allowed, under severe penalties. And the Maine liquor law should be rigidly enforced on every estate.

“MARRYING AMONG SLAVES.

“Taking wives and husbands among their fellow-servants, at home, should be as much encouraged as possible; and although inter-marrying with those belonging to other estates should not be absolutely prohibited, yet is always likely to lead to difficulties and troubles, and should be avoided as much as possible. They cannot live together as they ought, and are constantly liable to separation, in the changing of property. It is true they usually have but little ceremony in forming these connections, and many of them look upon their obligation to each other very lightly; but in others, again, is found a degree of faithfulness, fidelity, and affection, which owners admire; and hence they always dislike to separate those manifesting such traits of character.

“SICKNESS.

“Proper and prompt attention, in cases of sickness, is a vastly important matter among slaves. Many plantations are inconvenient to medical aid; therefore owners and overseers should always understand the treatment of such common cases as usually occur on places under their charge. This is easily done; and many times a single dose of some mild and well understood medicine, given at the beginning of a complaint, removes the cause, and effects a cure at once, when delay or neglect might render it a serious one. A few common medi-

cines, with plain and proper directions pasted on each bottle, should be kept on all plantations.

“A bountiful supply of red pepper should be cultivated, and kept on hand, and used freely, in damp sections, where sore throats are apt to prevail, and also in all fall complaints. It acts by creating a glow over the whole body, without any narcotic effect; it produces general arterial excitement, and prevents, in a considerable degree, that languor and apathy of the system which renders it susceptible to chills and fevers; it may be given in any way or form which their taste or fancy may dictate.”

Mr. M. W. Phillips, an ardent and constant writer on agricultural economy, in connection with Slavery, and a most philanthropic man, writing to the *New York Tribune*, for the very purpose of proving that the condition of the slaves is better than that of free-laborers, says, of his own model plantation:

“We now have in this estate 1,168 acres of land; on the place 66 negroes, twenty work horses and mules, five yoke of choice oxen.

“We plant 270 or 280 acres in cotton, and 125 in corn.

“We send to the field thirty-four negroes, old and young, rating them at thirty hands; have one carpenter; a woman who cooks for the above, with all children in charge.

“There are five women, one boy of 14, a girl of 7, and two small boys of 3 and 4 (which have been rather puny to endure ordinary treatment), about the house. Another woman cooks and washes for overseer (belonging to him). Thus ten are deducted from the sixty-six, leaving fifty-six, who get, weighed out daily, twenty-two to twenty-four pounds of fat bacon. Of these, three are children from 2 months to 6 years old (seven and a half ounces of bacon a day each; three pounds a week). In addition, they have unlimited access to vegetables and meal. No cooking permitted in negro houses—all cooked by the cook at her house, thirty-two by sixteen, with large brick chimney and brick oven. I do not know what meat each one gets, only that all are satisfied. I prefer that children should have

at dinner the pot-liquor and bread, with not much meat, finding our children are healthier. We churn for butter every day, negroes getting all sour milk, but excluding from children.

"We have an overseer at \$600; we furnish meat and bread for himself, wife and three children, a house with two rooms and a passage, a kitchen, store-room and horse bed. Our rule is, to eat breakfast before going to work from middle of October to March, then an hour for dinner; in the summer they take breakfast out with them, and eat from six to seven; come to dinner at twelve. About 1st of May, all hands stop from twelve till three o'clock, at which time nothing is done, unless to wash babes by mothers; this is nooning.

"We give two summer suits, and a straw hat, two winter suits, a wool hat and two pair of shoes; a blanket worth two dollars, every two years.

"All wood is hauled for fires in winter, and for cooking; washing done every Saturday afternoon by all the females; all clothing made by house women. Cistern water used entirely.

"We lost one of our best fellows a year ago. His death was caused by a mule, though he lived for months after the injury, not having his mind, or able to go about. Also, three children, born at a birth, not living an hour. This comprises all deaths for some five to ten years. Our children are as hearty and as saucy boys and girls as can be shown anywhere.

"We require all negroes to attend family worship every Sabbath morn and eve—at the latter time an hour is spent in instruction by myself, or frequently by some visiting preacher. They all are required to attend preaching one Sabbath in each month, two and a half miles off, and can go further another Sabbath if they desire it. We permit no wives or husbands off the place, require marriages with a proper ceremony, *always providing partners*.

"Our women with young children come to the cook-house to nurse their children at breakfast, at nine and a half, twelve, and in the afternoon (nooning, of course, excepted, as they are then in, but always three times a day, besides the noon). Each family has a house 16 x 18, brick chimney, and house two to three feet above earth.

"Many negroes here have as comfortable quarters as any man would need, even to sleeping between sheets. My carpenter is employed at home. We make corn and meat usu-

ally. For twenty-three years I have sold more of each than I have bought by a fair margin.

“Negroes have no need of furniture; they have bedsteads, bedding and seats, with chests or trunks for clothes — about as much as laborers have anywhere. This is unimportant, yet I like to be square up before all people.

“We might make more money by a different treatment, and we might spend more money on our negroes, if we would listen to questionable friends, of neither negroes nor ourselves. We act from principle, and never cared to shape our course to please man. I have examined much into the treatment of slaves, having, some twenty years ago, practiced medicine, with an opportunity to see how different diet and treatment affected health. Half pound of sound bacon, with vegetables and bread in plenty, and cistern-water, is, in my opinion, a certain preventive of disease; but the cook must be watched, and water carriers noticed. Negroes fed on three-quarters of a pound of bacon and bread are more prone to disease than if with less meat, but with vegetables.

“We do not permit negroes to stir out before day, nor to get wet if possible, nor do any night work, save feeding horses and shelling corn. We allow no swearing, calling harsh names, wrangling, nor any encroachment on each other's rights. We give a day, or a half-day's holiday occasionally during the summer, two to four days at Christmas, and a dance when the young ones desire it. No work done yesterday or to-day, having had to work very hard to get out of the grass, and, working so faithfully without trouble, we gave two days' holiday. Although very hard work this year, owing to so much rain, no grown negro has required more than calling his name, and telling him to hurry. Our present manager has been here three years, and in the vicinity another year.

“I have written thus freely to let many of your readers see that all negroes are not treated here as many would make out. I believe I could show families treated much better than my own is; but my own know all the circumstances, and are as well content as any laborers are on this broad earth.

“I write not to please, having nothing to gain by it, nor with any expectation of adding one mite to the happiness of many of your readers who make themselves miserable by trying to attend to other people's affairs. I belong to the South-

ern wing of the Democracy, and have nothing to ask for. Yet I would desire that all my fellow-citizens of this Republic would work for the common good, so that we may fulfill the great object of our mission—serve God with fidelity.

“I saw more destitution in Philadelphia, in the winter of 1828, than I have seen in the South in forty years. I have seen a negro in Philadelphia buy one cent’s worth of wood. I never saw negroes beg for food *but those belonging to one man*. These are facts. We have hard masters here, but they are more talked against than hard masters are there. I have seen an able-bodied negro woman in Philadelphia—a good cook, washer and ironer—work for months for her food only, while here, even if free, she would have been paid \$10 to \$20 per month.

“*The poor white folks of the South fare worse than slaves.* Laziness fares not well anywhere.

“Yours, with respect, etc.,

“M. W. PHILLIPS.

“LOG HALL, EDWARDS, MISS., July 9, 1854.”

What advantage have the slaves, under this most enlightened and humane management, over the occupants of our poor-houses? In all the items of food, oversight, clothing, bedding, furniture, religious instruction, medical attendance, defence from quarrelling—in everything except the amount of labor, and the provision of partners, our poor-houses provide (so far as I know, and I have visited not a few), at least equally well. But our laboring people are not generally anxious to be admitted to the poor-house. Far from it. They universally consider it a deplorable misfortune which obliges them to go to it. Our poor-houses are seldom crowded. They seldom, in the rural districts, contain any but a few imbeciles and cripples.

Louisiana is the only State in which meat is required,

by law, to be furnished the slaves. I believe it is four pounds a week, with a barrel of corn (flour barrel of ears of maize) per month, and salt. In North Carolina the prescribed allowance is "a quart of corn per day." In no other States does the law define the quantity, but it is required, in general terms, to be sufficient for the health of the slave; and I have no doubt that suffering from want of food is exceedingly rare. The food is everywhere, however, coarse, crude, and wanting in variety; much more so than that of our prison convicts. In fact, under favorable circumstances, on the large plantations the slave's allowance does not equal either in quantity or quality that which we furnish the rogues in our penitentiaries. In the New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania state-prisons, the weekly allowance of meat (which is in variety—not merely bacon) is always from one to three pounds more than that recommended by Mr. Collins, and which his slaves received with "much satisfaction," after "a stinted policy" had been given up, and three to five pounds more than that provided by Mr. Phillips. A greater variety of vegetables and condiments is also provided; and in New Hampshire, Vermont, and Pennsylvania, the quantity of potatoes or porridge furnished is officially reported to be "unlimited." Our laborers certainly do not generally look with envying eyes upon the comforts of a prison.

Does argument, that the condition of free laborers is, on the whole, better than that of slaves, or that simply they are generally better fed, and more comfortably

provided, seem to any one to be unnecessary? Many of our newspapers, of the largest circulation, and certainly of great influence among people—probably not very reflective, but certainly not fools—take the contrary for granted, whenever it suits their purpose. The Southern newspapers, so far as I know, do so, without exception. And very few Southern writers, on any subject whatever, can get through a book, or even a business or friendly letter, to be sent North, without, in some form or other, asserting that Northern laborers might well envy the condition of the slaves. A great many Southern gentlemen—gentlemen whom I respect much for their moral character, if not for their faculties of observation—have asserted it so strongly and confidently, as to shut my mouth, and by assuring me that they had personally observed the condition of Northern laborers themselves, and really knew that I was wrong, have for a time half convinced me against my own long experience. (And perhaps I should say that my experience has been gained, not only as an employer, in different parts of the North, but as a laborer; for I have been a farm laborer, associating and faring equally with the generality of Northern laborers, myself.) I have, since my return, received letters to the same effect; I have heard the assertion repeated by several travellers, and even by Northerners, who had resided long in the South; I have heard it publicly repeated in Tammany Hall, and elsewhere, by Northern Democrats; I have seen it in European books and journals; I have, in times past, taken its truth for

granted, and repeated it myself. Such is the effect of the continued iteration of falsehood.

Since my return I have made it a subject of careful and extended inquiry. I have received reliable and unprejudiced information in the matter, or have examined personally the food, the wages, and the habits of the laborers in more than one hundred different farmers' families, in every free State (except California), and in Canada. I have made personal observations and inquiries of the same sort in Great Britain, Germany, France, and Belgium. In Europe, where there are large landed estates, which are rented by lordly proprietors to the peasant farmers, or where land is divided into such small portions that its owners are unable to make use of the best modern labor-saving implements, the condition of the laborer, as respects food, often is as bad as that of the slave often is—never worse than that sometimes is. But, in general, even in France, I do not believe it is generally or frequently worse; I believe it is, in the large majority of cases, much better than that of the majority of slaves. And as respects higher things than the necessities of life—in their intellectual, moral, and social condition, with some exceptions on large farms and large estates in England, bad as is that of the mass of European laborers, the man is a brute or a devil who, with my information, would prefer that of the American slave. As to our own laborers, in the Free States, I have already said enough for my present purpose.

But it is time to speak of the extreme cases, of which

so much use has been made, in the process of destroying the confidence of the people of the United States in the freedom of trade, as applied to labor.

In the year 1855, the severest winter ever known occurred at New York, in conjunction with unprecedentedly high prices of food and fuel, extraordinary business depression, unparalleled marine disasters, and the failure of establishments employing large numbers of men and women. At the same time, there continued to arrive, daily, from five hundred to one thousand of the poorer class of European peasantry. Many of these came, expecting to find the usual demand and the usual reward for labor, and were quite unprepared to support themselves for any length of time, unless they could obtain work and wages. There was consequently great distress.

We all did what we thought we could, or ought, to relieve it; and with such success, that not one single case of actual starvation is known to have occurred in a close compacted population of over a million, of which it was generally reported, fifty thousand were out of employment. Those who needed charitable assistance were, in nearly every case, recent foreign immigrants, sickly people, cripples, drunkards, or knaves taking advantage of the public benevolence, to neglect to provide for themselves. Most of those who received assistance would have thrown a slave's ordinary allowance in the face of the giver, as an insult; and this often occurred with more palatable and suitable provisions. Hundreds and hundreds, to my personal

knowledge, during the worst of this dreadful season, refused to work for money wages that would have purchased them ten times the slave's allowance of the slave's food. In repeated instances, men who represented themselves to be suffering for food, refused to work for a dollar a day. A laborer, employed by a neighbor of mine, on wages and board, refused to work unless he was better fed. "What 's the matter," said my neighbor; "don't you have enough?" "Enough; yes, such as it is." "You have good meat, good bread, and a variety of vegetables; what do you want else?" "Why, I want pies and puddings, too, to be sure." Another laborer left another neighbor of mine, because he never had any meat offered him, except beef and pork; he "did n't see why he should n't have chickens."

And these men went to New York, and joined themselves to that army on which our Southern friends exercise their pity—of laborers out of work—of men who are supposed to envy the condition of the slave, because "the slave never dies for want of food."¹

¹ Among the thousands of applicants for soup, and bread, and fuel, as charity, I never saw, during "the famine" in New York, one negro. The noble Five Points Pease said to me, "The negro seems to be more provident than the Celt. The poor blacks always manage to keep themselves more decent and comfortable than the poor whites. They very rarely complain, or ask for charity; and I have often found them sharing their food with white people, who were too poor to provide for themselves." A great deal of falsehood is circulated and accredited about the sufferings of the free negroes at the North. Their condition is bad enough, but no worse than that of any men educated and treated as they are, must be; and it is, I think, on an average, far better than that of the slave.

In the depth of winter, a reliable man wrote us from Indiana :

“Here at Rensselaer, a good mechanic, a joiner or shoemaker, for instance—and numbers are needed here—may obtain for his labor in one week:

2 bushels of corn,
1 bushel of wheat,
5 pounds of sugar,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of tea,
10 pounds of beef,

25 pounds of pork,
1 good turkey,
3 pounds of butter,
1 pound of coffee,
1 bushel of potatoes,

and have a couple of dollars left in his pocket, to start with the next Monday morning.”

The moment the ice thawed in the spring, the demand for mechanics exceeded the supply, and the workmen had the master hand of the capitalists. In June, the following rates were willingly paid to the different classes of workmen—some of the trades being on strike for higher:

	Per Week
Boiler-maker, - - - - -	\$12 to \$20
Blacksmith, - - - - -	12 to 20
Baker, - - - - -	9 to 14
Barber, - - - - -	7 to 10
Bricklayer, - - - - -	14 to 15
Boat-builder, - - - - -	15
Cooper, - - - - -	8 to 12
Carpenter (house), - - - - -	15
Confectioner, - - - - -	8 to 12
Cigar-maker, - - - - -	9 to 25
Car-driver (city cars), - - - - -	10
Car-conductor, “ - - - - -	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Engineer, common, - - - - -	12 to 15
Engineer, locomotive, - - - - -	15
Harness-maker, - - - - -	10
Mason, - - - - -	10 to 15
Omnibus-driver, - - - - -	10
Printer, - - - - -	10 to 25
Plumber, - - - - -	15
Painter (house), - - - - -	15
Piano-forte maker, - - - - -	10 to 14
Shipwright, - - - - -	18
Ship-caulker, - - - - -	18

	Per Week
Ship-fastener, - - - - -	\$ 18
Shoemaker, - - - - -	16
Sign painter, - - - - -	25 to 30
Sail-maker, - - - - -	15
Tailor, - - - - -	8 to 17

At this time I hired a gardener, who had been boarding for a month or two in the city, and paying for his board and lodging \$3 a week. I saw him at the dinner table of his boarding-house, and I knew that the table was better supplied with a variety of wholesome food, and was more attractive, than that of the majority of slave-owners with whom I have dined.

Amasa Walker, formerly Secretary of State in Massachusetts, is the authority for the following table, showing the average wages of a common (field-hand) laborer in Boston (where immigrants are constantly arriving, and where, consequently, there is often a necessity, from their ignorance and accidents, of charity, to provide for able-bodied persons), and the prices of ten different articles of sustenance, at three different periods:

WAGES OF LABOR AND FOOD AT BOSTON.

	1836. Wages \$1.25 per Day.	1840. Wages \$1.00 per Day.	1843. Wages \$1.00 per Day.
1 barrel flour.....	\$9.50	\$5.50	\$4.75
25 lbs. sugar, at 9c.....	2.25	2.00	1.62
10 gals. molasses, 42½c.....	4.25	2.70	1.80
100 lbs. pork.....	4.50	8.50	5.00
14 lbs. coffee, 12½c.....	1.75	1.50	5.00
28 lbs. rice.....	1.25	1.00	75
1 bushel corn meal.....	96	65	62
1 do. rye meal.....	1.08	83	73
30 lbs. butter, 22c.....	6.60	4.80	4.20
20 lbs. cheese, 10c.....	2.00	1.60	1.40
	<hr/> \$34.14	<hr/> \$29.08	<hr/> \$25.87

This shows that in 1836 it required the labor of twenty-seven and a half days to pay for the commodities mentioned; while in 1840 it required the labor of twenty-nine days, and in 1843 that of only twenty-six days to pay for the same. If we compare the ordinary allowance of food given to slaves per month—as, for instance, sixteen pounds pork, one bushel corn meal, and, say one quart of molasses, on an average, and a half pint of salt—with that which it is shown by this table the free laborer is usually able to obtain by a month's labor, we can estimate the comparative general comfort of each.

I am not at all disposed to neglect the allegation that there is sometimes great suffering among our free laborers. Our system is by no means perfect; no one thinks it so: no one objects to its imperfections being pointed out. There was no subject so much discussed in New York that winter as the causes, political and social, which rendered us liable to have laborers, under the worst possible combination of circumstances, liable to difficulty in procuring satisfactory food.

But this difficulty, as a serious thing, is a very rare and exceptional one (I speak of the whole of the Free States): that it is so, and that our laborers are ordinarily better fed and clothed than the slaves, is evident from their demands and expectations, when they are deemed to be suffering. When any real suffering does occur, it is mainly a consequence and a punishment of their own carelessness and improvidence, and is in the nature of a remedy.

And in every respect, for the laborer the competitive system, in its present lawless and uncertain state, is far preferable to the slave system; and any laborer, even if he were a mere sensualist and materialist, would be a fool to wish himself a slave.

One New York newspaper, having a very large circulation at the South, but a still larger at the North, in discussing this matter, last winter, fearlessly and distinctly declared—as if its readers were expected to accept the truth of the assertion at once, and without argument—that the only sufficient prevention of destitution among a laboring class was to be found in Slavery; that there was always an abundance of food in the Slave States, and hinted that it might yet be necessary, as a security against famine, to extend Slavery over the present Free States. This article is still being copied by the Southern papers, as testimony of an unwilling witness to the benevolence and necessity of eternal Slavery.

The extracts following, from Southern papers, will show what has occurred in the Slave country, in the meanwhile:

“For several weeks past, we have noticed accounts of distress among the poor in some sections of the South, for the want of bread, particularly in Western Georgia, East and Middle Alabama. Over in Coosa, corn-cribs are lifted nightly; and one poor fellow (corn thief) lately got caught between the logs, and killed! It is said there are many grain-hoarders in the destitute regions, awaiting higher prices! The L—d pity the poor, for his brother man will not have any mercy upon his brother.”—*Pickens Republican, Carrolton, Ala., June 5, 1855.*

"We regret that we are unable to publish the letter of Governor Winston, accompanied by a memorial to him from the citizens of a portion of Randolph county, showing a great destitution of breadstuffs in that section, and calling loudly for relief.

"The Claiborne *Southerner* says, also, that great destitution in regard to provisions of all kinds, especially corn, prevails in some portions of Perry county."—*Sunny South, Jacksonville, Ala., May 26, 1855.*

"As for wheat, the yield in Talladega, Tallapoosa, Chambers, and Macon is better even than was anticipated. Flour is still high, but a fortnight will lower the price very materially. We think that wheat is bound to go down to \$1.25 to \$1.50 per bushel, though a fine article commands now \$2.25.

"Having escaped famine—as we hope we have—we trust the planting community of Alabama will never again suffer themselves to be brought so closely in view of it. Their want of thrift and foresight has come remarkably near placing the whole country in an awful condition. It is only to a kind Providence that we owe a deliverance from a great calamity, which would have been clearly the result of man's short-sightedness."—*Montgomery Mail, copied in Savannah Georgian, June 25, 1855.*

"Wheat crops, however, are coming in good, above an average; but oats are entirely cut off. I am issuing commissary, this week, for the County, to distribute some corn, bought by the Commissioner's Court, for the destitute of our County; and could you have witnessed the applicants, and heard their stories, for the last few days, I am satisfied you could draw a picture that would excite the sympathy of the most selfish heart. I am free to confess that I had no idea of the destitution that prevails in this County. Why, sir, what do you think of a widow and her children living, for three days and nights, on boiled weeds, called pepper grass?—yet such, I am credibly informed, has been the case in Chambers County."—*From a letter to the editor of the Montgomery (Ala.) Journal, from Hon. Samuel Pearson, Judge of Probate, for Chambers County, Alabama.*

"FAMINE IN UPPER GEORGIA.—We have sad news from the north part of Georgia. The *Dalton Times* says that many people are without corn, or means to procure any. And,

besides, there is none for sale. In some neighborhoods, a bushel could not be obtained for love or money. Poor men are offering to work for a peck of corn a day. If they plead 'our children will starve,' they are answered, 'so will mine, if I part with the little I have.' Horses and mules are turned out into the woods, to wait for grass, or starve. The consequence is, that those who have land can only plant what they can with the hoe — they cannot plough. It is seriously argued that, unless assisted soon, many of the poor class of that section will perish."—*California Paper*.¹

No approach to anything like such a state of things as these extracts portray (which extended over parts of three agricultural States) ever occurred, I am sure, in any rural district of the Free States. Even in our most thickly-peopled manufacturing districts, to which the staple articles of food are brought from far distant regions, assistance from abroad, to sustain the poor, has never been asked; nor do I believe the poor have ever been reduced, for weeks together, to a diet of corn. But this famine at the South occurred in a region where most productive land can be purchased for from three to seven dollars an acre; where maize and wheat grow kindly; where cattle, sheep, and hogs, may be pastured over thousands of acres, at no rent; where fuel

¹ In the obscure country papers, of Northern Alabama and Georgia, and Western South Carolina, I have seen many more descriptions, similar to these, of this famine; but I cannot now lay my hand on them. These I have by accident, not having taken pains to collect them for this purpose. In a district of the Slave States, where it is boasted that more than a hundred bushels of maize to the acre have been raised, and where not one out of five hundred of the people is engaged in any other than agricultural industry, I have myself bought maize, which had been raised by free labor, in Ohio, at two dollars a bushel.

has no value, and at a season of the year when clothing or shelter is hardly necessary to comfort.

It is a remarkable fact that this frightful famine, unprecedented in North America, was scarcely noticed, in the smallest way, by any of those Southern papers which, in the ordinary course of things, ever reach the North. In the Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile papers, received at our commercial reading-rooms, I have not been able to find any mention of it at all—a single, short, second-hand paragraph in a market report, excepted. But these journals had columns of reports from our papers, and from their private correspondents, as well as pages of comment, on the distress of the laborers in New York City, the preceding winter.

In 1837, the year of repudiation in Mississippi, a New Orleans editor describes the effects of the money pressure upon the planters, as follows:

“They are now left without provisions, and the means of living and using their industry for the present year. In this dilemma, planters, whose crops have been from 100 to 700 bales, find themselves forced to sacrifice many of their slaves, in order to get the common necessities of life, for the support of themselves and the rest of their negroes. In many places, heavy planters compel their slaves to fish for the means of subsistence, rather than sell them at such ruinous rates. There are, at this moment, thousands of slaves in Mississippi, that know not where the next morsel is to come from. The master must be ruined, to save the wretches from being starved.”

Absolute starvation is as rare, probably, in Slavery, as in freedom; but I do not believe it is more so. An instance is just recorded in the *New Orleans Delta*. Other papers omit to notice it—as they usually do facts

which it may be feared will do discredit to Slavery—and even the *Delta*, as will be seen, is anxious that the responsibility of the publication should be, at least, shared by the Coroner:

“INQUEST—DEATH FROM NEGLECT AND STARVATION.—The body of an old negro, named Bob, belonging to Mr. S. B. Davis, was found lying dead in the woods, near Marigny Canal, on the Gentilly Road, yesterday. The Coroner held an inquest; and, after hearing the evidence, the Jury returned a verdict of ‘Death from starvation and exposure, through neglect of his master.’ It appeared from the evidence, that the negro was too old to work any more, being near seventy; and so they drove him forth into the woods to die. He had been without food for forty-eight hours, when found by Mr. Wilbank, who lives near the place, and who brought him into his premises on a wheelbarrow, gave him something to eat, and endeavored to revive his failing energies, which had been exhausted from exposure and want of food. Every effort to save his life, however, was unavailing, and he died shortly after being brought to Mr. Wilbank’s. The above statement we publish, as it was furnished us by the Coroner.”—*Sept.* 18, 1855.

This is the truth, then—is it not?—The slaves are generally sufficiently well fed to be in good physical working condition; but not as well as our free laborers generally are: Slavery, in practice, affords no safety against occasional suffering for want of food among laborers, or even against their starvation, any more than the democratic, or free system; while it withholds all encouragement from the laborer to improve his faculties and his skill; destroys his self-respect; misdirects and debases his ambition, and withholds all the natural motives, which lead men to endeavor to increase their capacity of usefulness to their country and the world.

To all this, the *occasional suffering* of the free laborer is favorable, on the whole. The occasional suffering of the slave has no such advantage. To deceit, indolence, malevolence, and thievery, it may lead, as may the suffering—though it is much less likely to—of the free laborer; but to industry, cultivation of skill, perseverance, economy, and virtuous habits, neither the suffering, nor the dread of it as a possibility, ever can lead the slave, as it generally does the free laborer, unless it is by inducing him to run away.

I cannot leave this subject, without expressing my conviction of the great evil which the necessity felt by so many, to apologize for Slavery at every convenient opportunity, is working in our own society. It is to be attributed, very much, to this source, I think—the growing disposition to look upon the laborer, the artisan, the handicraftsman—the man who is employed at any of those callings in which it is commonly thought safe and proper to educate slaves—as a less fortunate and respectable man than the tradesman, the clerk, the “professional” man. To make Slavery less hateful, the condition and prospects of free laboring people are habitually disparaged. Our children are familiarized with comparisons unfavorable to the happiness and respectability of our own working class, and are led to believe that men who work for a living are seldom successful; that they are peculiarly dependent on others; that others have to be careful of them, and often provide for them out of charity and pity. And many of our working men are themselves influenced

by this idea, and look upon their customers as in some way their superiors; and in consequence of this feeling they get a habit of thinking themselves ill-used, and unfortunate, poorly compensated for their labor; therefore, also, they work—the majority of our native mechanics—less soundly, and thoroughly, artistically, conscientiously, and with love and pride in their craft; more slightly, carelessly, mechanically, and like to slaves than they formerly did. Our most conscientious and reliable workmen are no longer natives; they are from Germany, where yet the ancient guilds, with their honors to WORKMANSHIP, and conferring FREEDOM on passed and accepted workmen, are not quite lost.

This mischievous influence of Slavery upon ourselves, is rarely appreciated as it should be. Clarence Cook, in his admirable lecture, "The Head and the Hand," is almost the only one of our public instructors by whom I have heard it at all adequately recognized.

This book is already so much too large, that I cannot dwell upon the subject; but I must declare my conviction, that the common notions, not only in the comparison of our free workmen with slaves, but of free workmen with free men of sedentary and effeminate callings, are fallacies, and have no other foundation than the political degradation of workmen in our own Slave communities, and the undemocratic communities of Europe. Certain I am, that is my experience, the young men of good sense, sobriety, and industry, who have been educated as artisans, have been more successful, in every view, than the young men of similar

quality, who have been educated as clerks. Where, too, so much capital as is necessary to prepare a man for the learned professions has been used to prepare workers in the industrial fields of science, it has been better, sooner, and with more honor, repaid in results. There is infinitely more room and need for the genius of Michael Angelo in a garden, or a shipyard, or a blacksmith's or a carpenter's shop, than in the sales-room, the counting-house, the pulpit, or the courthouse. Nor need the cobbler's stall, if a man have by nature great endowments for statesmanship, be the smallest restriction upon their development. I believe, in fact, it yet is not; and that it is still easier for a great mind to direct itself to great things, and to gain a position to make great things, in hammering leather, than in engrossing pleas and filing declarations.

And I consider the skilled workman to be always more independent of charity—to be in a more reliable and respectable position, actually, in society, than the skilled clerk, or the skilled professional man; so far, that is to say, as the mere callings of each are concerned. A larger proportion of the clergymen, lawyers, doctors, salesmen, tradesmen, merchants, speculators in land, and planters, of the United States, are involved in debt, and will never pay their debts, than of the laborers, yeoman farmers, mechanics, and artisans. The former class are more likely to become hopelessly bankrupt from personal accidents than the latter. The mechanic may lose his right hand, and his acquired skill being no longer available, he will be compara-

tively helpless; but the physician and the lawyer may lose their eyes, or their hearing; the clergyman may suffer in his throat; the tradesman in his lungs; the planter and speculator, by fire, or rot, or worm, or war, and thus become equally incapable of self-support with the crippled mechanic.

As to success of the farm laborer in gaining wealth, I cannot now speak with equal confidence as of the mechanic; but that sensible and industrious farmers, who have started in life with no capital but a good common-school education, and a good farm-boy's skill and strength for labor, more often spend a happy and grateful old age among children and children's children, of whom they are proud, than men of any other calling in our country, I have not a doubt.

In every way, I repeat it, the idea that a muscular or handicraft occupation, if directed with the genius and thought it always may and should be, is lower or less fortunate, and less likely to be attended with honor in a free country, than the occupations of transfer, scheming, copying and adapting of forms and precedents, is a most false and pernicious one. It is true, only, that a man without any education may be a bad workman, while he cannot well be even a bad clerk, lawyer, or physician. But genius, taste, energy, and dexterity, as well as capital in general knowledge, and culture of the mind, are even more valuable, and are at this time more wanted in our market, and are better paid for in the artisan and mechanic, than they are in the tradesman, or the professional man. The only basis for the

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contrary notion that I know of is, that slaves are excluded from trade and "the professions," and that therefore, wherever the influence of Slavery extends, those occupations to which slaves are condemned are considered to belong to a lower *caste* of the community, and so to degrade those who engage in them.

APPENDIX A

FROM a native Virginian, who has resided in New York:

"To the Editor of the N. Y. Daily Times.

"SIR:—You will not object, I think, to receive an endorsement from a Southern man of the statements contained in number seven of 'Letters on the productions, industry, and resources of the Southern States,' published in your issue on Thursday last. * * *

"Where you would see one white laborer on a Northern farm, scores of blacks should appear on the Virginia plantation, *the best of them only performing each day one-fourth a white man's daily task and all requiring an incessant watch to get even this small modicum of labor.* Yet they eat as much again as a white man, must have their two suits of clothes and shoes yearly, and although the heartiest, healthiest looking men and women anywhere on earth, actually lose for their owners or employers one-sixth their time on account of real or pretended sickness. Be assured, our model Virginia farmer has his hands full, and is not to be envied as a jolly fox hunting idler, lording it over 'ranks of slaves in chains.' No, sir; he must be up by 'the dawn's early light,' and head the column, direct in person the commencing operations, urging, and coaxing; must praise and punish—but too glad to reward the meritorious, granting liberty (*i. e.* leave of absence,) often to his own servant, that he dare not take himself, because he must not leave home for fear something will go wrong ere his return. Hence but too many give up, to overseers or other irresponsible persons, the care and management of their estates, rather than undergo such constant annoyance and confinement. Poor culture, scanty crops, and worn-out land, is the inevitable result; and yet, harassed and trammelled as they are, no one but a Southerner regards them with the slightest degree of

compassion or even forbearance, and our good friends, the Abolitionists, would have 'all the rest of mankind' rank them with pirates and cut-throats. But my object in this communication is not to sympathize with nor ask sympathy on behalf of slave-holders. For, however sinning or sinned against, they seem quite able to take their own part, if molested; and are remarkably indifferent, withal, as to the opinions expressed by ignorant ranters concerning them.

"If I have the ability, my desire is to draw a parallel between the state and condition of Northern and Southern farmers and farming. The Northern farmer does undoubtedly experience a full share of those troubles and cares attendant even upon the most easy and favorable system of farming; but, sir, can he have any such responsibility as that resting upon the owner of from 50 to 300 ignorant, lazy negroes?

* * * * * * * * * *

"You must plow deep, follow up quickly, and sow with powerful fertilizers, attend closely to the growing crop, gather in rapidly before blight or mildew can come and destroy, says our Northern farmer. On a farm of three hundred acres, thus managed with five hands, two extra during harvest, I can raise thirty bushels of wheat to the acre. Now picture the condition of him South, and hear his answer. With from three to fifteen hundred acres of land, and a host of negroes great and small, his cares and troubles are without end. 'The hands,' able men and women, to say nothing of children, and old ones laid by from age or other infirmity, have wants innumerable. Some are sick, others pretend to be so, many obstinate, indolent, or fractious—each class requires different treatment; so that without mentioning the actual daily wants, as provisions, clothing, etc., etc., the poor man's time, and thoughts—indeed, every faculty of mind—must be exercised on behalf of those who have no minds of their own.

"His answer, then, to the Northern farmer is: 'I have not one hand on my place capable and willing to do the work you name.' They tell me that 'five of them could not perform the task required of one.' They have never been used to do it, and no amount of force or persuasion will induce them to try; their task is so much per day, all over that I agree to pay them for, at the same rate I allow free laborers—but 't is seldom

they make extra time, except to get money enough to buy tobacco, rum, or sometimes fine clothes. Can it be wondered at that systematic farming, such as we see North and East, is unknown or not practiced to any great degree South? The two systems will not harmonize.

“R. J. W.”

From a native New Yorker, who has resided in Virginia:

“*To the Editor of the New York Daily Times.*”

“I have read with deep interest the series of letters from the South published in your columns. Circumstances have made me quite familiar with the field of your correspondent’s investigation, much more familiar than he is at present, and yet I am happy to say, that his letters are more satisfactory than any I have ever seen relating to the South. It is now about ten years since, going from this State, I first became familiar with those facts in regard to the results of slave-labor, etc., that your correspondent and his readers are so much surprised at. I have talked those subjects over as he is doing, with the planters along the shores of the Chesapeake, and on both sides of the James River, through the Tidewater, the middle and the mountainous districts east of the Blue Ridge, and in many of those rich counties in the Valley of Virginia. I may add that subsequently, spending my winters at the South for my health, I have become well nigh as familiar with the States of North and South Carolina, and Georgia, as I am with Virginia. I have, therefore, almost of necessity, given not a little thought to the questions your correspondent is discussing.

“His statement, in regard to the comparative value of slave and free-labor, will surprise those who have given little or no attention to the subject. I wish to confirm his statements on this subject. In Eastern Virginia I have repeatedly been told that the task of one cord of wood a day, or five cords a week, rain or shine, is the general task, and one of the most profitable day’s work that the slave does for his master. And this, it should be remembered, is generally pine wood, cut from trees as straight and beautiful as ever grew. The reason of this ‘profitableness’ is the fact that the labor requires so little mental

effort. The grand secret of the difference between free and slave-labor is, that the latter is without intelligence, and without motive. If the former, in Western New York, has a piece of work to perform, the first thought is, how it can be done with the least labor, and the most expeditiously. He thinks, he plans, before he commences, and while about his labor. His mind labors as much as his body, and this mental labor saves a vast deal of physical labor. Besides this, he is urged on by the strongest motives. He enjoys the products of his labor. The more intelligent and earnest his labors, the richer are his rewards. Slave-labor is exactly the opposite of this. It is unintelligent labor—labor without thought—without plan—without motive. It is little more than brute force. To one who has not witnessed it, it is utterly inconceivable how little labor a slave, or a company of slaves, will accomplish in a given time. Their awkwardness, their slowness, the utter absence of all skill and ingenuity in accomplishing the work before them, are absolutely painful to one who has been accustomed to seeing work done with any sort of spirit and life. Often they spend hours in doing what, with a little thought, might be dispatched in a few moments, or perhaps avoided altogether. This is a necessary result of employing labor which is without intelligence and without motive. I have often thought of a remark made to me by a planter, in New Kent County, Virginia. We were riding past a field where some of his hands were making a sort of wicker-work fence, peculiar to Eastern Virginia. ‘There,’ said he, in a decidedly fretted tone, ‘those “boys” have been—days in making that piece of fence.’ I expressed my astonishment that they could have spent so much time, and yet have accomplished so very little. He assured me it was so—and after a slight pause, the tones of his voice entirely changed, said: ‘Well, I believe they have done as well as I would in their circumstances!’ And so it is. The slave is without motive, without inducement to exertion. His food, his clothing, and all his wants are supplied as they are, without care on his part, and when these are supplied he has nothing more to hope for. He can make no provision for old age, he can lay up nothing for his children, he has no voice at all in the disposal of the results of his earnings. What cares he whether his labor is productive or unproductive. His principal care seems to be to accomplish just as little as possible. I

have said that the slaves were without ingenuity—I must qualify that remark. I have been amused and astonished at their exceeding ingenuity in avoiding and slighting the work that was required of them. It has often seemed to me that their principal mental efforts were in this direction, and I think your correspondent will find universal testimony that they have decided talent in this line.

H. W. P.”

In a volume entitled *Notes on Uncle Tom's Cabin; being a Logical Answer to its Allegations and Inferences against Slavery as an Institution*, by the Rev. E. J. Stearns, of Maryland (much the most thorough review of that work made from the Southern standpoint), the author, who is a New-Englander by birth, shows, by an elaborate calculation, that in Maryland, the cost of a negro, at twenty-one years of age, has been, to the man who raised him, eight hundred dollars. Six per cent. interest on this cost, with one and three-quarters per cent. for life insurance, per annum, makes the lowest wages of a negro, under the most favorable circumstances, sixty-two dollars a year (or five dollars a month), *paid in advance*, in the shape of food and clothing. The author, whose object is to prove that the slave-holder is not guilty, as Mrs. Stowe intimates, of *stealing* the negroes' labor, proceeds, as follows, to show that he pays a great deal more for it than Mrs. Stowe's neighbors in New England do, for the labor they hire:

“If now we add to this, (what every New-Englander who has lived at the South *knows*,) that Quashy does not do more than one-third, or, at the very utmost, one-half as much work as an able-bodied laborer on a farm at the North; and that, for this he receives, besides the five dollars above-mentioned, his

food, clothing and shelter, with medical attendance and nursing when sick, and no deduction for lost time, even though he should be sick for years, while the 'farm-hand' at the North gets only ten or twelve dollars, and has to clothe himself out of it, and pay his own doctor's and nurse's bill in sickness, to say nothing of lost time, I think we shall come to the conclusion if there has been stealing anywhere, it has not been from Quashy."—p. 25.

"I recollect, the first time I saw Quashy at work in the field, I was struck by the lazy, listless manner in which he raised his hoe. It reminded me of the working-beam of the engine on the steam-boat that I had just landed from—fifteen strokes a minute; but there was this difference: that, whereas the working-beam kept steadily at it, Quashy, on the contrary, would stop about every five strokes and lean upon his hoe, and look around, apparently congratulating himself upon the amount of work he had accomplished.

"Mrs. Stowe may well call Quashy 'shiftless.' One of my father's hired men—who was with him seven years—did more work in that time than an average negro would do in his whole life. Nay, I myself have done more work in a day,—and followed it up, too—than I ever saw a negro do, and I was considered remarkably lazy with the plow or hoe."—p. 142.

The *Journal of Commerce*, of April 21, has a communication from a slave-holder, urging an immigration of emigrant-laborers to Virginia and North Carolina, where, he says, the Irish and Germans are destined to drive out the negroes:

"The latter are too costly an article of Virginia luxury to be kept any longer. A good able-bodied negro costs now-a-days \$1,000, and at this price is very unprofitable property. A mortgage on a flock of partridges is almost as certain. He may die, be maimed for life, or be induced by his philanthropic Northern friends to *vamose*; whereas, if 'Paddy' or 'Hans' shuffles off his mortal coil, you suffer no pecuniary loss; you don't even bury him, or pay his doctor's bill, but get another hand in his place.

"Hundreds of farmers and planters, mill owners, tobacco-nists, cotton factories, iron works, steam-boat owners, master builders, contractors, carpenters, stage proprietors, canal-boat owners, rail-road companies, and others are, and have been, short of hands these five years past, in Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas. They pay \$150 or \$200 per year, each hand, and his board and stealing, and if that hand be present or absent, sick or well, it is all the same. His clothes cost say \$30 more, and in many cases the hirer has to pay his policy of life insurance. *A white man will do three times the work*, and will be five times better cared for, than in the Northern States in similar circumstances.

"White men are badly wanted in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. Thousands of negroes have gone from there last year to Louisiana and Texas; their places must be filled. By all means let our Emigration Society encourage them to go South."

In another Condemnatory Review of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by H. M. Brackenridge, published in the *National Intelligencer*, Dec., 1852, containing many very sensible observations on Slavery, resulting, as is announced, from ten years' personal observation of slaves, by the writer, and much reflection, it is stated that "the day's labor of the slave is notoriously not more than half that of the white man; and, if left to himself" (that is, not *driven*), "not more than half that."

APPENDIX B

THE statement that Georgia had disused the slave basis of representation for her own Legislature, was made upon information given me by a Georgia planter. Since the plate of page 170 was cast, I have endeavored, without success, to verify it; and am now inclined to think I had been misinformed. According to the latest authorities in the Astor and Law Libraries, in New York, it is strictly true with regard only to the election of the State Senate, which alone is representative of the citizens in their equality of political rights; in the lower House, thirty-seven counties, having the greatest population, counting all free white persons, and two-fifths of the people of color (not merely the slaves), have two votes each, which, however, represent the interests only of the whites; the remaining fifty-six poorer counties, but one each. By this arrangement, five hundred slaveholding citizens might exercise double the power of five thousand non-slaveholding citizens in the House, while the latter might have ten times more power than they in the Senate. This is evidently one of those absurd arrangements, based on no principle at all, which are hatched by compromises. The slave basis has not been given up, if this arrangement still holds; but, on the other hand, it has not been honestly sustained. In more than one of the post-revolutionary Slave States,

the slave basis of representation, for their internal legislation, is entirely discarded, and there is no doubt it soon would be in all, but for the argument *ad hominem*, repeated by Mr. Howison. For consistency's sake, the slave owners are, in some States, still allowed this entirely unnecessary advantage, for maintaining their control of legislation.

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This Index was made by D. M. MATTESON

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